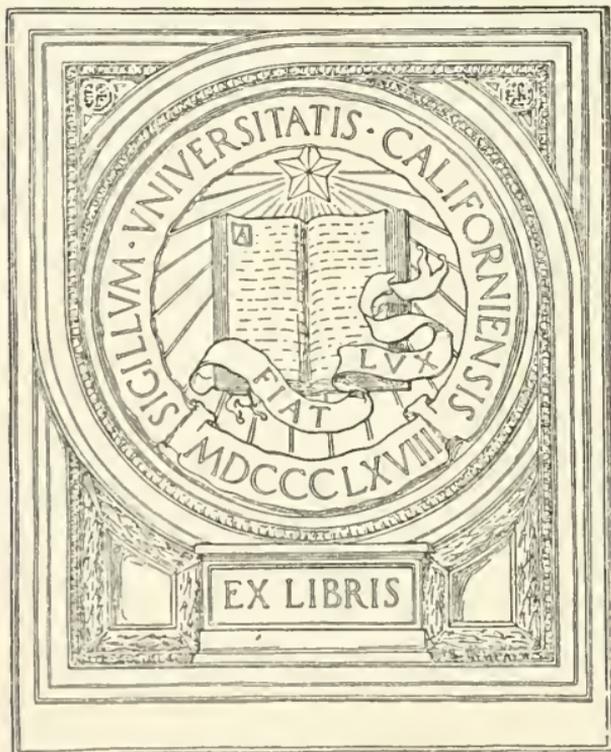


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KENILWORTH CASTLE (iv. 9).

HARPER'S LIBRARY EDITION

SHAKESPEARE'S
COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

VOL. II.

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1898

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SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY
OF
KING HENRY VI. PART II.



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INTRODUCTION
TO THE
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE
SIXTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* are so connected that they are properly considered together.

The two plays, in their present form, were first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623. They are recasts of two earlier plays, published in 1594 and 1595. The one

upon which 2 *Henry VI.* is founded was issued in quarto form with the following title-page:

The | First part of the Con- | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | *Suffolke*, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall | of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade*: | *And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the | Crowne.* | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters | Church in Cornwall. | 1594.

The play which formed the basis of 3 *Henry VI.* was printed in small octavo, with the following title:

The | true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke*, and the death of | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke*, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura- | ble the Earle of Pem- | brooke his seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling- | ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder | *Saint Peters Church in | Cornwall*, 1595.

Second editions of both these plays appeared in 1600; and in 1619 a third edition of the two together appeared with the following title:

The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragical ends of the good Duke | Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, | and King Henrie the | sixt.* | Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and | enlarged. Written by *William Shake- | speare*, Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T. P.

About 3240 lines of these old plays appear either in the same or in an altered form in 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, the remainder of these latter, or about 2740 lines, being entirely new.

Various theories have been advanced with respect to the authorship of the earlier plays, and their relation to the

later ones. The more important of these theories are briefly as follows: *

(1.) Malone argued that Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps others, wrote the *Contention* and the *True Tragedie*, and that Shakespeare put these into the form in which they appear in the folio. Collier, Gervinus, and others adopt this view.

(2.) Johnson, Steevens, Knight, Ulrici, Delius, and the Germans generally, contend that Shakespeare wrote both the earlier and the later plays.

(3.) White holds that Shakespeare wrote the earlier plays in connection with Marlowe and Greene (and perhaps Peele), and used his own portion of the work, with additions, for the later plays.

This is substantially the view of Hudson, who, in his "Harvard" edition, sums up the matter thus: "That as early, perhaps, as 1590, Shakespeare, in connection with Greene and Marlowe, had written the original form of the two plays; and that some time before Greene's death he had withdrawn from all partnership or joint authorship with those worthies, and had rewritten the plays into the form they now bear, throwing out the most of what the others had done, but retaining or slightly altering more or less of their work; enough to give some colour at least to the charge of having beautified himself with their feathers" [see below].

(4.) Fleay (*Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1875, and *Introd. to Shakes. Study*) believes the whole of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* to be by Peele and Marlowe, and that Shakespeare merely revised the plays about 1601. The *Contention* and *True Tragedie* "are clearly shorthand versions, taken down at the theatre piratically, and not first sketches."

(5.) Miss Jane Lee takes the ground that Marlowe and Greene (and possibly Peele) were the authors of the old plays; and that Shakespeare and Marlowe, working together,

* For a concise statement of these and many others, see Miss Lee's paper mentioned below, pp. 276-279.

recast these into the later ones. In the old plays, the parts of King Henry, Cardinal Beaufort, York (many of whose speeches, however, are by Greene), Suffolk, the two Cliffords, and Richard are assigned by Miss Lee to Marlowe, "with the reservation that in certain scenes written by Greene the parts of these characters were written by Greene also;" while Duke Humphrey (in a measure), the Duchess Eleanor, Clarence, Edward IV., Elizabeth, Sir John Hume, and Jack Cade belong to Greene.

"The *Third Part of Henry VI.*," as Miss Lee remarks, "underwent a much less thorough revision than the Second. Out of 3075 lines in *Part II.* there are 1715 new lines, some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered), and some 520 old lines. In *Part III.*, out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and about 1010 old lines. Hence it is that in *Part III.* there are fewer resemblances of thought and verbal expression to Shakespeare's undoubted writings than in *Part II.*"*

The earliest allusion to any of these plays, and one that has a significant bearing upon the question of their authorship, is in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, a pamphlet written a short time before his death in September, 1592. In the parting words addressed "To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies," he says: "Yes, trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." By "Shake-scene" it is certain that

* For a fuller presentation of the theories we have mentioned, see Malone's Essay in the *Variorum* of 1821, vol. xviii., pp. 557-596; Knight's Essay in the *Pictorial Shakspeare*, vol. ii. of "Histories," pp. 401-485; White's, in his edition, vol. vii. pp. 403-468; and Miss Lee's, in the *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1875-76, pp. 219-279.

he meant Shakespeare; and the "Tygers heart," etc., is a parody of 3 *Henry VI.* i. 4. 137: "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!" Some believe that the reference here is to Shakespeare as a player, and not as a writer; but the more probable meaning is that Shakespeare had borrowed from Greene and his friends, and that the line parodied was one of his plagiarisms.

That Marlowe had a hand in the *Contention* and the *True Tragedie* is admitted by nearly all the critics who do not assign their authorship exclusively to Shakespeare; but Greene's share in them is denied by Fleay, Ward, and others. To our thinking, however, White has made out a very clear case for Greene from the internal evidence of style; and his conclusions are confirmed by Miss Lee's careful study of the plays, though she gives Greene certain parts which he believes to be Shakespeare's.

The external evidence also tends to sustain the indirect claim to a share in the plays which Greene seems to make in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, and the insinuation that Shakespeare had appropriated portions of this matter. Greene died before his pamphlet was published, and it was brought out by his friend Henry Chettle. The latter afterwards repented of what he had done, and in the preface to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, written in December, 1592, referring to the fact that two persons had been offended by Greene's attack, he says: "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be: The other [Shakespeare?] whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had . . . I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe haue seene his demeanor no less ciuill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that aprooues his Art." This is friendly and complimentary, but it will be observed that it

is not a distinct retraction of Greene's charge of plagiarism.

It is also to be noted that the *True Tragedie* was acted by Lord Pembroke's company, of which, as Nash tells us, Greene was "chief agent," and for which he wrote "more than four other" plays.

There are difficulties in all these theories, and these multiply as we study the plays more minutely. It is not easy, on the one hand, to deny Shakespeare a share in the early plays. The humorous Jack Cade scenes in the *Contention*, for instance, are too good for Greene, to whom they must be ascribed if they are not Shakespeare's. Miss Lee admits that they are "almost too good" for Greene, and says that we see him here at his best, while we see him at his worst in the earlier comic parts of the play. On the other hand, some of the passages which appear for the first time in *Henry VI.* are more like Marlowe than Shakespeare. Dowden points out a "striking example" of this in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 1-11. Miss Lee conjectures that Marlowe wrote the following portions of the revised plays: 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 1-58 (?); iii. 1. 142-199, 282-330, 357-383 (?); iii. 2. 43-121 (with Shakespeare); iv. 1. 1-147; iv. 10. 18-90; v. 1. 1-160, 175-195; v. 2. 10, 11, 19-30 (?), 31-65; 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 5-76; ii. 1. 81-86, 200-204; ii. 2. 6, 53, 56, 79, 83, 143, 146-148 (?); ii. 3. 49-56; ii. 4. 1-4, 12, 13; ii. 5. 114-120 (?); ii. 6. 31-36, 47-50, 58, 100-102; iii. 3. 4, 43-47, 48, 67-77, 110-120, 134-137, 141-150, 156-161, 191-201, 208-218, 221, 226, 233-238, 244-255 (?); iv. 2. 19-30; v. 1. 12-16, 21, 22, 31-33, 39, 48-57, 62-66, 69-71, 78, 79, 87-97; v. 3. 1-24.

Furnivall ("Leopold" ed. p. xxxviii.) says: "Certainly parts of the revision were done by Marlowe, or one of his school, and some parts, I think, by Greene, or one of his school; and if Marlowe and Greene were, with Peele, as I am content to think they were, the authors of the earlier

plays,* I am not surprised to find their hands besides Shakspeare's in the revised one. I believe that the revision of these plays is to some extent like the conversion of *A Shrew* into *The Shrew*, and that another adapter's hand than Shakspeare's is to be largely recognized in them. He may have retouched and strengthened them after Greene (died Sept. 5, 1592) and Marlowe (stabbed June 1, 1593) had reworked them. The humour of Cade is thoroughly Shakspearean, and may claim to stand alongside, though it is earlier in date than, that of Sly and Grumio."

As to the date of the plays, all that can be said is that the earlier ones at least must have been written before 1592, when Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* was written; and the revision, if Marlowe had a hand in it, must have been made before his death in 1593. Even if the later plays are all Shakespeare's, they cannot well be dated later than 1594, as they preceded *Richard III.*, which was probably written in 1594 or 1595 (see our ed. p. 11).

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The *Contention* and the *True Tragedie* appear to have been founded on Hall's Chronicle rather than Holinshed's; but in the revision of the plays the latter was also used, as the quotations in the *Notes* will show.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Mrs. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women.*" †]

Malone has written an essay to prove, from external and internal evidence, that the three parts of *Henry VI.* were not originally written by Shakspeare, but altered by him from two old plays, with considerable improvements and addi-

* He has before said, in qualification of this, that "it cannot be certain that S. had no share in the original sketch of Jack Cade."—*Ed.*

† American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 396 fol.

tions of his own. . . . "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The only arbiter in such a case is one's own individual taste and judgment. To me it appears that the three parts of *Henry VI.* have less of poetry and passion, and more of unnecessary verbosity and inflated language, than the rest of Shakspeare's works; that the continual exhibition of treachery, bloodshed, and violence is revolting, and the want of unity of action, and of a pervading interest, oppressive and fatiguing; but also that there are splendid passages in the Second and Third Parts, such as Shakspeare alone could have written: and this is not denied by the most sceptical.*

Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays, the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakspeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters, we are

* I abstain from making any remarks on the character of Joan of Arc, as delineated in *1 Henry VI.*; first, because I do not in my conscience attribute it to Shakspeare, and secondly, because in representing her according to the vulgar English traditions, as half sorceress, half enthusiast, and, in the end, corrupted by pleasure and ambition, the truth of history and the truth of nature, justice and common-sense, are equally violated. Schiller has treated the character nobly, but in making Joan the slave of passion, and the victim of love, instead of the victim of patriotism, has committed, I think, a serious error in judgment and feeling; and I cannot sympathize with Madame de Staël's defence of him on this particular point. There was no occasion for this deviation from the truth of things, and from the dignity and spotless purity of the character. This young enthusiast, with her religious reveries, her simplicity, her heroism, her melancholy, her sensibility, her fortitude, her perfectly feminine bearing in all her exploits (for though she so often led the van of battle unshrinking, while death was all around her, she never struck a blow, nor stained her consecrated sword with blood—another point in which Schiller has wronged her), this heroine and martyr, over whose last moments we shed burning tears of pity and indignation, remains yet to be treated as a dramatic character, and I know but one person capable of doing this.

struck at once by the want of family likeness ; Shakspeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters. I discern his hand in particular parts, but I cannot recognize his spirit in the conception of the whole : he may have laid on some of the colours, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness, very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigour, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakspeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism ; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which would excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes ; and this too in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere “ Amazonian trull,” with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity ; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation ; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a soul.

The old chronicler Hall informs us that Queen Margaret “ excelled all other as well in beauty and favour as in wit and policy, and was in stomach and courage more like to a man than to a woman.” He adds that, after the espousals of Henry and Margaret, “ the king's friends fell from him ; the lords of the realm fell in division among themselves ; the Commons rebelled against their natural prince ; fields were foughten ; many thousands slain ; and, finally, the king was deposed, and his son slain, and his queen sent home again

with as much misery and sorrow as she was received with pomp and triumph."

This passage seems to have furnished the groundwork of the character as it is developed in these plays with no great depth or skill. Margaret is portrayed with all the exterior graces of her sex; as bold and artful, with spirit to dare, resolution to act, and fortitude to endure; but treacherous, haughty, dissembling, vindictive, and fierce. The bloody struggle for power in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother—that last stronghold of our feminine nature! So far the character is consistently drawn: it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease, of Shakspeare's manner. There are fine materials not well applied; there is poetry in some of the scenes and speeches; the situations are often exceedingly poetical; but in the character of Margaret herself there is not an atom of poetry. In her artificial dignity, her plausible wit, and her endless volubility, she would remind us of some of the most admired heroines of French tragedy, but for that unlucky box on the ear which she gives the Duchess of Gloster—a violation of tragic decorum, which of course destroys all parallel.

Having said thus much, I shall point out some of the finest and most characteristic scenes in which Margaret appears. The speech in which she expresses her scorn of her meek husband, and her impatience of the power exercised by those fierce, overbearing barons, York, Salisbury, Warwick, Buckingham, is very fine, and conveys as faithful an idea of those feudal times as of the woman who speaks. The burst of female spite with which she concludes, is admirable:

"Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
 Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter."

Her intriguing spirit, the facility with which she enters into the murderous confederacy against the good Duke Humphrey, the artful plausibility with which she endeavours to turn suspicion from herself—confounding her gentle consort by mere dint of words—are exceedingly characteristic, but not the less revolting.

Her criminal love for Suffolk (which is a dramatic incident, not an historic fact) gives rise to the beautiful parting scene in the third act ; a scene which it is impossible to read without a thrill of emotion, hurried away by that power and pathos which forces us to sympathize with the eloquence of grief, yet excites not a momentary interest either for Margaret or her lover. The ungoverned fury of Margaret in the first instance, the manner in which she calls on Suffolk to curse his enemies, and then shrinks back overcome by the violence of the spirit she had herself evoked, and terrified by the vehemence of his imprecations ; the transition in her mind from the extremity of rage to tears and melting fondness, have been pronounced, and justly, to be in Shakspeare's own manner :

"Go, speak not to me—even now begone.
 O go not yet ! Even thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die :
 Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee !"

which is followed by that beautiful and intense burst of passion from Suffolk—

“Tis not the hand I care for, wert thou hence :
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company ;
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world,
 And where thou art not, desolation !”

In 3 *Henry VI.*, Margaret, engaged in the terrible struggle for her husband's throne, appears to rather more advantage. The indignation against Henry, who had pitifully yielded his son's birthright for the privilege of reigning unmolested during his own life, is worthy of her, and gives rise to a beautiful speech. We are here inclined to sympathize with her ; but soon after follows the murder of the Duke of York ; and the base revengeful spirit and atrocious cruelty with which she insults over him, unarmed and a prisoner—the bitterness of her mockery, and the unwomanly malignity with which she presents him with the napkin stained with the blood of his youngest son, and “bids the father wipe his eyes withal,” turn all our sympathy into aversion and horror. York replies in the celebrated speech beginning—

“She-wolf of France, and worse than wolves of France,
 Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth”—

and taunts her with the poverty of her father, the most irritating topic he could have chosen :

“Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
 Unless the adage must be verified,
 That beggars, mounted, ride their horse to death.
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine ;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.

* * * * *

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child

To bid the father wipe his face withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible,
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless!"

By such a woman as Margaret is here depicted such a speech could be answered only in one way—with her dagger's point—and thus she answers it.

It is some comfort to reflect that this trait of ferocity is not historical: the body of the Duke of York was found, after the battle, among the heaps of slain, and his head struck off; but even this was not done by the command of Margaret.

In another passage, the truth and consistency of the character of Margaret are sacrificed to the march of the dramatic action, with a very ill effect. When her fortunes were at the very lowest ebb, and she had sought refuge in the court of the French king, Warwick, her most formidable enemy, upon some disgust he had taken against Edward IV., offered to espouse her cause, and proposed a match between the prince her son and his daughter Anne of Warwick—the "gentle Lady Anne" who figures in *Richard III.* In the play, Margaret embraces the offer without a moment's hesitation:* we are disgusted by her versatile policy, and a meanness of spirit in no way allied to the magnanimous forgiveness of her terrible adversary. The Margaret of history sternly resisted this degrading expedient. She should not, she said, pardon from her heart the man who had been the primary cause of all her misfortunes. She mistrusted Warwick, despised him for the motives of his revolt from Edward, and considered that to match her son into the family of her enemy from mere policy was a species of degradation.

* See 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 199:

"*Queen Margaret.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend."

It took Louis XI., with all his art and eloquence, fifteen days to wring a reluctant consent, accompanied with tears, from this high-hearted woman.

The speech of Margaret to her council of generals before the battle of Tewksbury (v. 4. 1 fol.) is as remarkable a specimen of false rhetoric as her address to the soldiers, on the eve of the fight, is of true and passionate eloquence.

She witnesses the final defeat of her army, the massacre of her adherents, and the murder of her son; and though the savage Richard would willingly have put an end to her misery, and exclaims very pertinently—

“Why should she live to fill the world with words?”

she is dragged forth unharmed, a woful spectacle of extremest wretchedness, to which death would have been an undeserved relief. If we compare the clamorous and loud exclams of Margaret after the slaughter of her son to the ravings of Constance, we shall perceive where Shakspeare's genius did *not* preside, and where it *did*. Margaret, in bold defiance of history, but with fine dramatic effect, is introduced again in the gorgeous and polluted court of Edward IV. There she stalks around the seat of her former greatness, like a terrible phantom of departed majesty, uncrowned, unscptred, desolate, powerless—or like a vampire thirsting for blood—or like a grim prophetess of evil, imprecating that ruin on the head of her enemies which she lived to see realized. The scene following the murder of the princes in the Tower, in which Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York sit down on the ground bewailing their desolation, and Margaret suddenly appears from behind them, like the very personification of woe, and seats herself beside them revelling in their despair, is, in the general conception and effect, grand and appalling.

“*Duchess.* O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine!

Queen Margaret. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
 Young York he is but boot, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
 And the beholders of this tragic play,
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls
 And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar for him; saints pray
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead."

She should have stopped here; but the effect thus powerfully excited is marred and weakened by so much superfluous rhetoric that we are tempted to exclaim with the old Duchess of York—

"Why should calamity be full of words?"

[From Dowden's "Shakspeare."*]

Whether any portions of the first part of *Henry VI.* be from the hand of Shakspeare, and, if there be, what those portions are, need not be here investigated. The play belongs, in the main, to the pre-Shaksperian school. Shakspeare finds his own genius for the dramatic rendering of history for the first time distinctly in the second and third parts of *Henry VI.* The writer of the first part does not stand above the characters which he creates; he is violently prejudiced against some, and he feels a lyrical delight in singing the praises of others. But in the treatment of the characters of the King, of Gloster, of York, of Rich-

* *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden: American ed. (New York, 1881), p. 153 fol. (by permission).

ard, in the later parts of the trilogy the Shaksperian impartiality and irony are clearly discernible. Shakspeare does not hate King Henry; he is as favourably disposed to him as is possible; but he says, with the same clear and definite expression in which the historical fact uttered itself, that this saint of a feeble type upon the throne of England was a curse to the land and to the time only less than a royal criminal as weak as Henry would have been.

The heroic days of the fifth Henry, when the play opens, belong to the past; but their memory survives in the hearts and in the vigorous muscles of the great lords and earls who surround the King. He only, who most should have treasured and augmented his inheritance of glory and of power, is insensible to the large responsibilities and privileges of his place. He is cold in great affairs; his supreme concern is to remain blameless. Free from all greeds and ambitions, he yet is possessed by egoism, the egoism of timid saintliness. His virtue is negative; because there is no vigorous basis of manhood within him out of which heroic saintliness might develop itself. For fear of what is wrong, he shrinks from what is right. This is not the virtue ascribed to the nearest followers of "the Faithful and True" who in his righteousness doth judge and make war. Henry is passive in the presence of evil, and weeps. He would keep his garments clean; but the garments of God's soldier-saints, who do not fear the soils of struggle, gleam with a higher, intenser purity. "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; . . . and the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." These soldiers in heaven have their representatives in earth, and Henry was not one of these. Zeal must come before charity, and then when charity comes it will appear as a self-denial.* But Henry knows nothing of zeal; and he is amiable, not charitable.

* J. H. Newman, *Verses on Various Occasions*, p. 60.

There is something of irony in the scene with which the second part of *Henry VI.* opens. Suffolk, the Lancelot of this tragedy, has brought from France the Princess Margaret, and the joy of the blameless King, upon receiving, at the cost of two hard-won provinces, this terrible wife, who will "dandle him like a baby," has in it something pitiable, something pathetic, and something ludicrous. The relations of the King to Margaret throughout the play are delicately and profoundly conceived. He clings to her as to something stronger than himself; he dreads her as a boy might dread some formidable master:

Exeter. Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray her anger:

I'll steal away.

Henry. And so will I."

Yet through his own freedom from passion he derives a sense of superiority to his wife; and after she has dashed him all over with the spray of her violent anger and her scorn, Henry may be seen mildly wiping away the drops, insufferably placable, offering excuses for the vituperation and the insults which he has received:

"Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!"

Among his "wolfish earls" Henry is in constant terror, not of being himself torn to pieces, but of their flying at one another's throats. Violent scenes, disturbing the cloistral peace which it would please him to see reign throughout the universe, are hateful and terrible to Henry. He rides out hawking with his Queen and Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloucester; some of the riders hardly able for an hour to conceal their emulation and their hate. Henry takes a languid interest in the sport, but all occasions supply food for his contemplative piety; he suffers from a certain incontinence of devout feeling, and now the falcons set him moralizing:

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!"

A moment after and the peers, with Margaret among them, are bandying furious words. Henry's anguish is extreme, but he hopes that something may be done by a few moral reflections suitable to the occasion:

"I pr'ythee, peace,
Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Cardinal. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword."

The angry colloquy is presently silenced by the cry, "A miracle! a miracle!" and the impostor Simcox and his wife appear. Henry, with his fatuous proclivity towards the edifying, rejoices in this manifestation of God's grace in the restoration to sight of a man born blind:

"Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied."

(That is to say, "If we had the good-fortune to be deprived of all our senses and appetites, we should have a fair chance of being quite spotless; yet let us thank God for his mysterious goodness to this man!") And once more, when the Protector, by a slight exercise of shrewdness and common-sense, has unmasked the rogue and has had him whipped, extreme is the anguish of the King:

King Henry. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run."

But the feeble saint, who is cast down upon the occurrence of a piece of vulgar knavery, can himself abandon to butchers the noblest life in England. His conscience assures him that Gloster is innocent; he hopes the Duke will be able to clear himself; but Gloster's judges are Suffolk, "with his cloudy brow," sharp Buckingham,

"And dogged York, that reaches at the moon."

Henry is not equal to confronting such terrible faces as these; and so, trusting to God, who will do all things well,

he slinks out of the Parliament shedding tears, and leaves Gloster to his fate :

“ My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.”

When Henry hears that his uncle is dead, he swoons ; he suspects that the noble old man has been foully dealt with ; but judgment belongs to God ; possibly his suspicion may be a false one ; how terrible if he should sully his purity of heart with a false suspicion ! may God forgive him if he do so ! And thus humouring his timorous, irritable conscience, Henry is incapable of action, and allows things to take their course.

This morbid scrupulosity of conscience which characterizes Henry while he neglects the high duties of his position sets him speculating uneasily about the validity of his title to the throne—a title which has descended through the great victor of Agincourt from Henry’s grandfather. He turns from York to Warwick, from Warwick to Northumberland, uncertain what he ought to think. Clifford boldly cuts the knot ; and Henry’s courage revives :

“ King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.”

But the King, in the presence of armed force, cannot maintain his resolution, and ends by a compromise, which, upon condition of the forfeiture of his son’s rights, will secure peace in *his* days. We sympathize with the indignant Margaret. Yet in Henry’s conduct there has been no active selfishness ; he has only accepted peace at the price required.

Between York, on the one hand, and York’s instrument, Jack Cade, on the other, the unhappy King is hard set. Not that it is of himself he chiefly thinks ; he suffers on account of the rebels as much as on his own account. He will parley with Cade ; still better, he will send “ some holy bishop ” to entreat with the rebels. York, meanwhile, is approach-

ing, and demands that the King's adviser, Somerset, be removed. Henry, with placid acquiescence, sees Somerset prepared to sacrifice himself, and despatches Buckingham to confer in gentle language with his antagonist. At least, the virtue to refrain from disguising, as John disguised, under high-sounding words, the abjectness of his state, belongs to Henry.

"I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Somerset. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buckingham. I will, my lord, and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King Henry. Come, wife, let's in and learn to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched reign."

At length the wretched reign approaches its end. Henry has longed to be a subject, and he is such for some short time before his death. From the battle in which Richard, bloodhound-wise, is pursuing Clifford, Henry withdraws, and, seating himself upon a mole-hill, meditates on the happy life of shepherd-swains, and prays that to whom God wills the victory may fall. He mildly begs the fugitives to take him along with them:

"Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends."

When the keepers make him their prisoner, Henry is sincerely concerned about the purity of conscience of his captors. He inquires, with unfeigned and disinterested anxiety, whether they have taken an oath of allegiance to him. At all events, he will not now command them to release him, and

so they cannot offend. His own fate does not concern him; he wears his crown *Content*; and he is sure that the new king will execute neither more nor less than God wills.

In prison Henry, at last, is really happy; now he is responsible for nothing; he enjoys, for the first time, tranquil solitude; he is a bird who sings in his cage. His latter days he will spend, to the rebuke of sin and the praise of his Creator, in devotion. Henry's equanimity is not of the highest kind; he is incapable of commotion. His peace is not that which underlies wholesome agitation, a peace which passes understanding. "Quietness is a grace—not in itself, only when it is grafted on the stem of faith, zeal, self-abasement, and diligence."* If Henry had known the nobleness of true kingship, his content in prison might be admirable; as it is, the beauty of that content does not strike us as of a rich or vivid kind. But the end is come, and that is a gain. Henry has yielded to the House of York, and the evil time is growing shorter. The words of the great Duke of York are confirmed by our sense of fact and right:

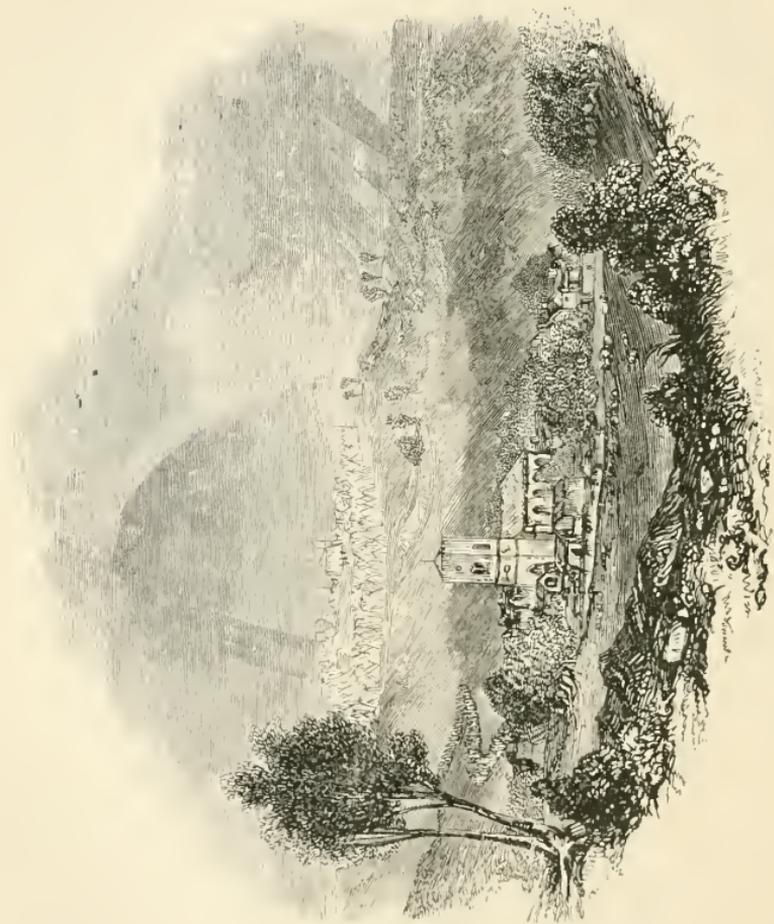
"King did I call thee? nay, thou art not king.

* * * * *

Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler!"

* John H. Newman, *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vol. v., p. 71.



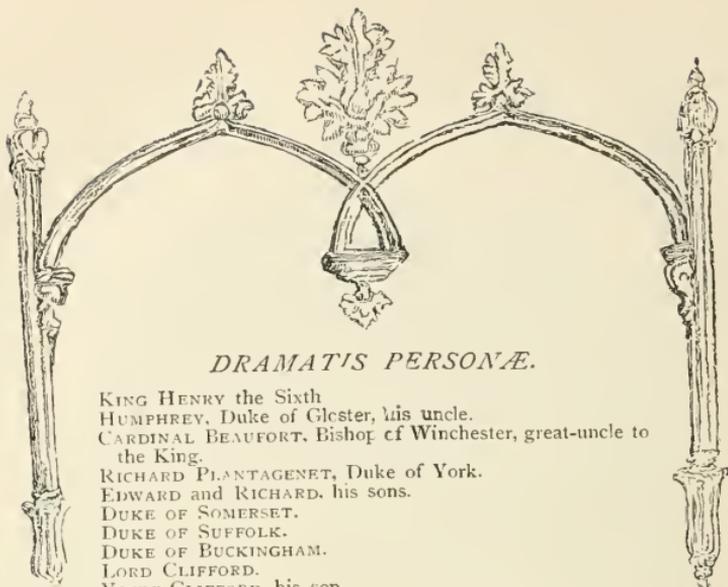


FIELDS BETWEEN DARTFORD AND BLACKHEATH (V. I.).

SECOND
PART
of

KING HENRY

VI.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CLIFFORD.
Young CLIFFORD, his son.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.
LORD SCALES.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
VAUX.
MATTHEW GOFFE.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate. and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.
BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.
THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans
SIMPCOX, an impostor.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.
JACK CADE, a rebel.
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher. SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, etc., followers of Cade.
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.
MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Apprentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*



ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter the KING, GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; the QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.

Suffolk. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace.

So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
 In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
 The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
 I have perform'd my task and was espous'd ;
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

10

King. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret.
 I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
 For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

20

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
 In courtly company or at my beads,
 With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

30

King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
 Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys ;
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness !

Queen. We thank you all.

[*Flourish.*

Suffolk. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted peace
 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

40

Gloster. [Reads] '*Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Ferusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father*'— [Lets the paper fall.]

King. Uncle, how now!

Gloster. Pardon me, gracious lord; 51
 Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
 And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Cardinal. [Reads] '*Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*'

King. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down.
 We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk, 61
 And gird thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
 We here discharge your grace from being regent
 I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
 Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
 Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
 Salisbury, and Warwick;
 We thank you all for this great favour done,
 In entertainment to my princely queen.
 Come, let us in, and with all speed provide 70
 To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Gloster. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
 To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
 Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
 Did he so often lodge in open field,
 In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
 To keep by policy what Henry got?
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
 With all the learned counsel of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house
 Early and late, debating to and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 And had his highness in his infancy
 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

80

90

100

Cardinal. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
 'This peroration with such circumstance?
 For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Gloster. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should.
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Salisbury. Now, by the death of Him that died for all, 110

These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

Warwick. For grief that they are past recovery ;
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
 And are the cities that I got with wounds
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?
 Mort Dieu ! 120

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle !
 France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives ;
 And our King Henry gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

Gloster. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth 130
 For costs and charges in transporting her !
 She should have staid in France and starv'd in France,
 Before—

Cardinal. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot ;
 It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Gloster. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
 'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
 But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
 Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
 I see thy fury ; if I longer stay, 140
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

Cardinal. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'T is known to you he is mine enemy,

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown.

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

150

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster,'

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,

'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'

With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

160

He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buckingham. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Cardinal. This weighty business will not brook delay;

I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

[Exit.

Somerset. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

170

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;

His insolence is more intolerable

'Than all the princes in the land beside.

If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

Buckingham. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

Salisbury. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster

180

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,

More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,

Swear like a ruffian and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;—

190

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.—

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition,

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds

200

While they do tend the profit of the land.

Warwick. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,

And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the
main.

Warwick. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;

That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,

And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

210

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; what is 't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand *Althæa* burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey.
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

220

230

240

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve.
 Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state ;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fallen at jars : 250
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
 And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Duke of Gloster's House.*

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY *and his wife* ELEANOR.

Duchess. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world ?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
 What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world ?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
 What, is 't too short ? I 'll lengthen it with mine ;
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
 And never more abase our sight so low
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Gloster. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts ;
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duchess. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll re-
 quite it
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Gloster. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 Was broke in twain,—by whom I have forgot,
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal,—
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk. 30
 This was my dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duchess. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :
 Methought I sat in seat of majesty
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd ;
 Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me
 And on my head did set the diadem. 40

Gloster. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
 Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,
 And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To tumble down thy husband and thyself
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more ! 50

Duchess. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Gloster. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Gloster. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duchess. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

[Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

Duchess. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duchess. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet con-
ferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions 80
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duchess. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum;
The business asketh silent secrecy. 90
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
'They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. 100
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter PETER and other Petitioners.

1 *Petitioner.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 Petitioner. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

2 Petitioner. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suffolk. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me? 10

1 Petitioner. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [Reading] '*To my Lord Protector!*' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them; what is thine?

1 Petitioner. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suffolk. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong, indeed.—What 's yours?—What 's here! [Reads] '*Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*'—How now, sir knave! 21

2 Petitioner. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [Giving his petition] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth; my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper. 30

Suffolk. Who is there? [Enter Servant.] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[Exit Servant with Peter]

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications.

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[Exeunt.

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

40

Is this the government of Britain's isle.

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

50

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head;

60

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suffolk. Madam, be patient; as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of these

But can do more in England than the king.

Suffolk. And he of these that can do most of all

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils ;
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

76

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen ;
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?

Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

80

Suffolk. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me ;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.

90

Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY, CARDINAL
BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY,
WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which ;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

100

Somerset. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

Warwick. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Cardinal. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

Warwick. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buckingham. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

Warwick. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Salisbury. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Bucking-
ham, 110

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Gloster. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure; these are no women's matters.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Gloster. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suffolk. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?— 120

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Cardinal. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Somerset. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buckingham. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law, 130
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.—

[*Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.*]

Give me my fan. What, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duchess. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will. 140

Duchess. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*

Buckingham. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.

She's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloster.

Gloster. Now, lords, my choler being overblown

With walking once about the quadrangle,

150

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law;

But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand:

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suffolk. Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

160

That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

Warwick. That can I witness; and a fouler fact

170

Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suffolk. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

Warwick. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter HORNER and his man PETER, guarded.

Suffolk. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suffolk. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.

His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

180

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,

And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Horner. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter; God is my witness, I am falsely
accused by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to
me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of
York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,

190

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—

I do beseech your royal majesty,

Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Horner. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for
his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would
be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I
beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a
villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

200

Gloster. This doom, my lord, if I may judge :

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion ;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
'This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Somerset. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Horner. And I accept the combat willingly.

207

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaiileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart !

Gloster. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison ; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month.—Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Gloster's Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters ; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Bolingbroke. Master Hume, we are therefore provided ; will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?

Hume. Ay, what else ? fear you not her courage.

Bolingbroke. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit : but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below ; and so, I pray you go, in God's name, and leave us.—[*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth.—John Southwell, read you ; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following.

Duchess. Well said, my masters ; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

Bolingbroke. Patience, good lady ; wizards know their times :

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand. 20

Madam, sit you and fear not ; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle ; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, etc. It thunders and lightens terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.]

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Fouldain. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done !

Bolingbroke. *[Reads]* ' *First of the king: what shall of him become ?*

Spirit. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose, 30
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.]

Bolingbroke. *[Reads]* ' *What fates await the Duke of Suffolk ?*

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Bolingbroke. *[Reads]* ' *What shall befall the Duke of Somerset ?*

Spirit. Let him shun castles ;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

38

Bolingbroke. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*]

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
with their Guard and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duchess. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where 's no cause.

Buckingham. True, madam, none at all; what call you
this?—

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close, 50
And kept asurder.—You, madam, shall with us.—
Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exeunt, above, Duchess and Hume, guarded.*]

We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.—

All, away! [*Exeunt guard with Fouldain, Southwell, etc.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?

[*Reads*] 'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'

60

Why, this is just

'Aio te, Aeacida, Romanos vincere posse.'

Well, to the rest:

'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*Let him shun castles ;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'—*

Come, come, my lords ;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

70

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady.
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them ;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buckingham. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of
York,

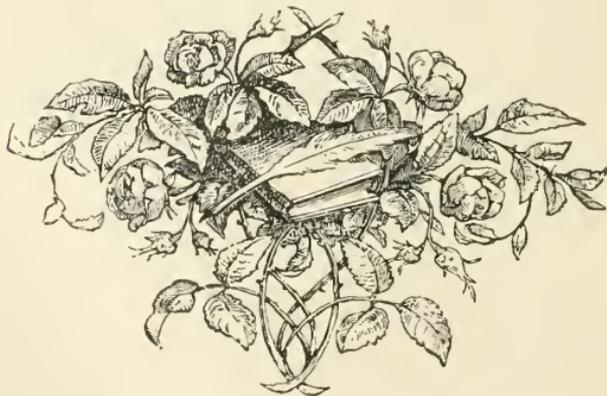
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who 's within
there, ho !

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away !

80

[*Exeunt.*]



HAWKING-PARTY AT SAINT ALBAN'S.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Saint Alban's.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOSTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers halloing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport, these seven years' day ;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest !

To see how God in all his creatures works!
 Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suffolk. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
 My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
 They know their master loves to be aloft,
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Gloster. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Cardinal. I thought as much; he would be above the
 clouds.

Gloster. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
 Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

King. The treasury of everlasting joy.

Cardinal. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
 thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart,
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Gloster. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremp-
 tory?

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?
 Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
 With such holiness can you do it?

Suffolk. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
 So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Gloster. As who, my lord?

Suffolk. Why, as you, my lord,
 An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Gloster. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.

King. I prithee, peace, good queen,
 And whet not on these furious peers;
 For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Cardinal. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
 Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Gloster. [*Aside to Cardinal*] Faith, holy uncle, would
't were come to that!

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloster. [*Aside to Cardinal*] Make up no factious numbers
for the matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] Ay, where thou dar'st not
peep; an if thou dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Cardinal. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—[*Aside to Gloster*] Come with thy
two-hand sword.

Gloster. True, uncle.

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] Are ye advis'd? the east side
of the grove?

Gloster. [*Aside to Cardinal*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Gloster. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.— 50
[*Aside to Cardinal*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave
your crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] Medice, teipsum—
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'

Gloster. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

Townsman. A miracle! a miracle!

Suffolk. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Townsmen. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing
SIMPcox, between two in a chair, SIMPcox's Wife following.*

Cardinal. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale. 70
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Gloster. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restor'd?

Simpcox. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suffolk. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship. 80

Gloster. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simpcox. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

King. Poor soul. God's goodness hath been great to
thee;

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simpcox. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90
By good Saint Alban, who said, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Cardinal. What, art thou lame?

Simpcox. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suffolk. How cam'st thou so?

Simpcox. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Gloster. How long hast thou been blind?

Simpcox. O, born so, master.

Gloster. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simpcox. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear. 100

Gloster. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simpcox. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Gloster. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes.—Wink now;—now open them.

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simpcox. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Gloster. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simpcox. Red, master; red as blood.

Gloster. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of? 110

Simpcox. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suffolk. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Gloster. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Gloster. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simpcox. Alas, master, I know not.

Gloster. What's his name?

Simpcox. I know not.

Gloster. Nor his?

120

Simpcox. No, indeed, master.

Gloster. What's thine own name?

Simpcox. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Gloster. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

131

Simpcox. O master, that you could!

Gloster. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Gloster. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Gloster. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.—Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

140

Simpcox. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Gloster. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simpcox. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away: and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*]

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run. 150

Gloster. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloster. Let them be whipped through every market-town till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Excunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.*]

Cardinal. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suffolk. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Gloster. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buckingham. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, 161

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers;

Whom we have apprehended in the fact,

Raising up wicked spirits from underground,

Demanding of King Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy-council, 170

As more at large your grace shall understand.

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] And so, my lord protector.

by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Gloster. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby! 180

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Gloster. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As like to pitch defile nobility, 190
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shaine,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Salisbury. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

Warwick. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales ;
 The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
 Lionel Duke of Clarence ; next to whom
 Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster ;
 The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York ;
 The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster ;
 William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
 Edward the Black Prince died before his father
 And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king ; 20
 Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
 The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightfu' king,
 Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
 And him to Pomfret, where, as all you know,
 Harmless Richard was murther'd traitorously.

Warwick. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
 Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right ; 30
 For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
 The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Salisbury. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
 I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
 Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
 Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March ;
 Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Salisbury. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
 As I have read, laid claim unto the crown, 40
 And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
 Who kept him in captivity till he died.
 But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was son
 To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
 By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir
 To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
 Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
 Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence :
 So, if the issue of the elder son
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

50

Warwick. What plain proceeding is more plain than
 this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign;
 It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
 And in this private plot be we the first
 That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 With honour of his birthright to the crown.

50

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
 With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
 And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
 But with advice and silent secrecy.
 Do you as I do in these dangerous days,—
 Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey.
 'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
 Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

70

Salisbury. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at
 full.

Warwick. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself: 80
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Hall of Justice.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution.
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duchess. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my
death.

Gloster. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Gloster. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff.
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exit.

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself, 40
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suffolk. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty.
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit.
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,

Or more afraid to fight, than is the appelland,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, HORNER the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neighbour.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

2 *Neighbour.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of char-neco.

3 *Neighbour.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Horner. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Prentice.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Prentice.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices. 71

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer;—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Salisbury. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name? 80

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Salisbury. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Salisbury. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Horner. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my

man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen;—and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch; this knave's tongue begins to double.—
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum.* They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Horner. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt;
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what 's o'clock?

Servingmen. Ten, my lord.

Gloster. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
 The abject people gazing on thy face
 With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.—
 But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Servingsmen. So please your grace, we'll take her from the
 sheriff.

Gloster. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duchess. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze! 20

See how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Gloster. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duchess. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice

To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,

And when I start, the envious people laugh

And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
 Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
 And he a prince and ruler of the land;
 Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was
 As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
 Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
 To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
 Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
 For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
 With her that hateth thee and hates us all,
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Gloster. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry:
 I must offend before I be attainted;
 And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scath,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Herald. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
 Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Gloster. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.—

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave;—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sheriff. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Gloster. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stanley. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

Gloster. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray 81
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

Duchess. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Gloster. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Servingmen.*]

Duchess. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.— 90
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duchess. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach;
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duchess. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 100
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sheriff. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duchess. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stanley. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duchess. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet ;
No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison.

109

{ *Exeunt.*

MARRIAGE OF HENRY VI. AND MARGARET OF ANJOU.



BURY SAINT EDMUND'S.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury Saint Edmund's.*

Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come ;
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time since he was mild and affable,
 And if we did but glance a far-off look, 10
 Immediately he was upon his knee,
 That all the court admir'd him for submission ;
 But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
 When every one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars ;
 And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
 First note that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he as the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then it is no policy,
 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears
 And his advantage following your decease,
 That he should come about your royal person
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
 And when he please to make commotion
 'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30
 Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
 Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.—
 My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
 Reprove my allegation, if you can ; 40
 Or else conclude my words effectual.
Suffolk. Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your grace's tale.
 'The duchess by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices ;
 Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputed of his high descent,
 As next the king he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.
 'The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.—
 No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
 Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Cardinal. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
 Levy great sums of money through the realm
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buckingham. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once : the care you have of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praise ; but, shall I speak my conscience,
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person 70
 As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
 'The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
 To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affi
 ance !

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 For he 's disposed as the hateful raven ;
 Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him.

For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
 Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
 Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

80

Enter SOMERSET.

Somerset. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Somerset. That all your interest in those territories
 Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

King. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done!

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
 As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away;

90

But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suffolk. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
 Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Gloster. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

100

The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
 France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Gloster. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
 Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 110
 Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,
 That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial-day!
 No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
 And never ask'd for restitution.

Cardinal. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Gloster. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

York. In your protectorship you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Gloster. Why, 't is well known that, whiles I was protector,
 Pity was all the fault that was in me;
 For I should melt at an offender's tears,
 And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
 Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
 Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
 I never gave them condign punishment. 130
 Murther indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
 Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suffolk. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 I do arrest you in his highness' name,
 And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope
 That you will clear yourself from all suspect; 140
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloster. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
 And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
 Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exil'd your highness' land.
 I know their complot is to have my life,
 And if my death might make this island happy
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness ; 150
 But mine is made the prologue to their play,
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
 Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life.— 160
 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 My liefest liege to be mine enemy.—
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
 Myself had notice of your conventicles—
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
 The ancient proverb will be well effected,— 170
 'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Cardinal. My liege, his railing is intolerable ;
 If those that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
 Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suffolk. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
 With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
 As if she had suborned some to swear
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state? 180

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Gloster. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose, indeed.
 Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buckingham. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all
 day.—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Cardinal. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Gloster. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190
 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
 Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
 For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [Exit, guarded.]

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
 Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
 My body round engirt with misery, 200
 For what 's more miserable than discontent?—
 Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
 That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.
 What lowering star now envies thy estate,
 That these great lords and Margaret our queen
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
 Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
 And as the butcher takes away the calf 210
 And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
 Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him and cannot do him good,
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.

220

His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan
 Say 'Who 's a traitor? Gloster he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk,
 and York; Somerset remains apart.*]

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot
 beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity, and Gloster's show
 Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
 Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

230

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
 This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Cardinal. That he should die is worthy policy,
 But yet we want a colour for his death;
 'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suffolk. But, in my mind, that were no policy.
 The king will labour still to save his life,
 The commons haply rise, to save his life;
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

240

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suffolk. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal,—and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector? 250

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suffolk. Madam, 't is true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege. 260
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Suffolk. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke and seldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Cardinal. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suffolk. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoke it, 280
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Cardinal. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What council give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither. 290
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Somerset. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done;
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin;
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win. 300

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York.—Sweet Somerset, be still.—
'Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take
all!

Somerset. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Cardinal. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
 Collected choicely, from each county some,
 And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suffolk. Why, our authority is his consent,
 And what we do establish he confirms.—
 Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content.—Provide me soldiers, lords,
 Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suffolk. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
 But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Cardinal. No more of him; for I will deal with him
 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
 And so break off; the day is almost spent.—
 Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
 At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
 For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suffolk. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution.
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
 Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
 Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.
 Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
 And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
 My brain more busy than the labouring spider
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
 Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
 To send me packing with an host of men;
 I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly; yet be well-assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or heil; 350
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again
And given me notice of their villanies. 370
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.

Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength 38^o
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Bury Saint Edmund's. A Room of State.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Murderer.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk ; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Murderer.* O that it were to do ! What have we
 done ?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Murderer.* Here comes my lord.

Suffolk. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing ?

1 *Murderer.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

Suffolk. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house ;
 I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand. 10

Have you laid fair the bed ? Is all things well,
 According as I gave directions ?

1 *Murderer.* 'T is, my good lord.

Suffolk. Away ! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL
 BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, with Attendants.*

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight ;
 Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
 If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suffolk. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

King. Lords, take your places ; and, I pray you all.
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster 20

Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

King. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suffolk. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend!

Cardinal. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

Queen. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is
dead.

Somerset. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suffolk. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

King. O heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suffolk. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murtherous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
 Yet do not go away: come; basilisk,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
 In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
 Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;
 And for myself, foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.

60

What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:
 It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

70

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
 Erect his statua and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind

80

Did seem to say ' Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?'
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts
 And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves,
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore, 90
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee.
 The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret. 100
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
 And threw it towards thy land ; the sea receiv'd it,
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart :
 And even with this I lost fair England's view, 110
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy !
 Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like him ?
 Ay me, I can no more ! die, Margaret ! 120
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many Commons.

Warwick. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murther'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true; 130
But how he died God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

Warwick. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing GLOSTER'S body on a bed.

Warwick. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 150

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

Warwick. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suffolk. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue !
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow ?

Warwick. See how the blood is settled in his face. 160
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man ; 170
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murther'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suffolk. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to
death ?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection ; 180
And we, I hope, sir, are no murtherers.

Warwick. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's
foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep ;

'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

Warwick. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter? 190
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where 's your
knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

Suffolk. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.— 200
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

Warwick. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare
him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

Warwick. Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suffolk. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! 210
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

Warwick. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee
 And I should rob the deathsmán of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
 I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knee 220
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
 And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy ;
 And after all this fearful homage done,
 Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men !

Suffolk. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

Warwick. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee 230
 And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Queen. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords ! your wrathful weapons drawn
 Here in our presence ! dare you be so bold ?
 Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

Suffolk. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury 240
 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Salisbury. [*To the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart ;
 the king shall know your mind.—
 Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
 Or banished fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your palace
 And torture him with grievous lingering death.
 They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died ;
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;
 And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 25c
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
 As being thought to contradict your liking,
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
 They say, in care of your most royal person,
 That if your highness should intend to sleep
 And charge that no man should disturb your rest
 In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That slyly glided towards your majesty, 26c
 It were but necessary you were wak'd,
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal ;
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within*] An answer from the king, my Lord
 of Salisbury! 27c

Suffolk. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign ;
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To show how quaint an orator you are :
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won
 Is that he was the lord ambassador
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within*] An answer from the king, or we will
 all break in !

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care, 280
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
 And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk! 290
 No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
 But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
 If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
 On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
 Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you! 300
 Heart's discontent and sour affliction
 Be playfellows to keep you company!
 There's two of you; the devil make a third!
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suffolk. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suffolk. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
 them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, 310

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
 Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
 And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees !
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks !
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings !
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boding screech-owls make the consort full !
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

320

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st thyself ;
 And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

330

Suffolk. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 'Though standing naked on a mountain top
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woful monuments.
 O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee !

340

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
 'T is but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banished myself:

350

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go: speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suffolk. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;

A wilderness is populous enough,

360

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;

Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

370

That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,

Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.

Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side, sometime he calls the king

And whispers to his pillow as to him

The secrets of his overcharged soul;

And I am sent to tell his majesty

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.—

[*Exit Vaux.*

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these! 380

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

And with the southern clouds contend in tears,

Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suffolk. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 390

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe

Dying with mother's dug between its lips;

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee were but to die in jest; 400

From thee to die were torture more than death.

O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suffolk. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suffolk. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask

That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we ;
This way fall I to death.

Queen.

This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *A Bedchamber.*

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL in bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Cardinal. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

O, torture me no more! I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

Warwick. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin

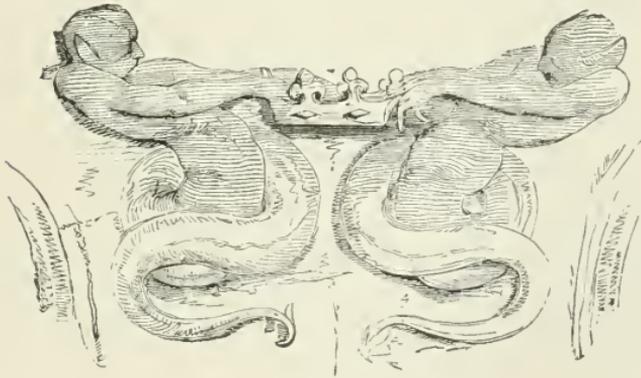
Salisbury. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive him!

Warwick. So bad a death argues a monstrous life. 30

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*





BLACKHEATH (SCENE III.).

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Coast of Kent.*

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and others, prisoners.

Captain. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea ;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night,
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize ;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, 10
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gentleman.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Captain. What, think you much to pay two thousand
crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall. 20

The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

1 *Gentleman.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gentleman.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitmore. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,—
[*To Suffolk*] And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;—
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Captain. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suffolk. Look on my George; I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

Whitmore. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suffolk. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth

And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

Whitmore. Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not.
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot; 40
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suffolk. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whitmore. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suffolk. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Captain. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suffolk. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood, 50
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fallen,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride; 60
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth:
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whitmore. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Captain. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suffolk. Base slave, thy words are blunt and so art thou.

Captain. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suffolk. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

Captain. Yes, Pole.

Suffolk. Pole!

Captain. Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm;
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;

And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affy a mighty lord

80

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans thorough thee

Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

90

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee are rising up in arms;

And now the house of York, thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king

And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'

The commons here in Kent are up in arms;

100

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

Suffolk. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!

Small things make base men proud; this villain here,

Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.—

Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives.

It is impossible that I should die

110

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:

I go of message from the queen to France;

I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Captain. Walter,—

Whitmore. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suffolk. Gelidus timor occupat artus; it is thee I fear.

Whitmore. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gentleman.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair. 120

Suffolk. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven and to my king,

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear;

More can I bear than you dare execute. 130

Captain. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suffolk. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murther'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

Captain. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart. 140

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but 1 Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S body.

Whitmore. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

I Gentleman. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king;
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II. *Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a
lath; they have been up these two days.

Holland. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holland. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I
say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen
came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handi-
craftsmen. 10

Holland. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good work-
men.

Holland. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation;
which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring
men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a
brave mind than a hard hand.

Holland. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son,
the tanner of Wingham,— 20

Bevis. He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make
dog's-leather of.

Holland. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. 'Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holland. And Smith the weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holland. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. 30

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,— 40

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant. 50

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword ; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. 58

Cade. Be brave, then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny ; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common ; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass ; and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty !

Cade. I thank you, good people ;—there shall be no money ; all shall eat and drink on my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers. 70

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ? Some say the bee stings ; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now ! who 's there ?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham ; he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous !

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies. 80

Cade. Here 's a villain !

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't : the man is a proper man, of mine honour ; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee ; what is thy name ?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'T will go hard with you. 90

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed; away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Michael. Where's our general? 100

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Michael. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself; he is but a knight, is a'?

Michael. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently.—[*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer.—[*Rises.*] Now have at him! 110

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.*

Stafford. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down; Home to your cottages, forsake this groom. The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Brother. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign,
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

129

Stafford. Villain, thy father was a plasterer ;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not ?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Brother. And what of that ?

Cade. Marry, this : Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not ?

Stafford. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Brother. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question ; but I say, 't is true. 130
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
'Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true ; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and
the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore deny it
not.

Stafford. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what ? 141

All. Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

Brother. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you
this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself.—
Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake,
Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter
for French crowns, I am content he shall reign ; but I 'll be
protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head
for selling the dukedom of Maine. 150

Cade. And good reason ; for thereby is England mained,

and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Stafford. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head. 160

Brother. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Stafford. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors.— And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me. Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty. 170 We will not leave one lord, one gentleman; Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon, For they are thrifty honest men and such As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order.—Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of Blackheath.*

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS are slain.

Enter CADE and the rest.

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou

behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us. 13

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Palace.*

Enter the KING with a supplication, and the QUEEN with Suffolk's head, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buckingham. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself, 16
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,

And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

King. How now, madam!

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such
haste?

Messenger. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,

Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,

And calls your grace usurper openly, 30

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buckingham. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down. 40

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge ;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses. 50
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buckingham. Then linger not, my lord ; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

King. Farewell, my lord ; trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buckingham. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *London. The Tower.*

*Enter LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking. Then enter
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now ! Is Jack Cade slain ?

1 Citizen. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain ; for they
have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them.
The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower
to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself ;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe. 10
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

H

SCENE VI. *London. Cannon Street.*

Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Soldier. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield. 11

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them. But first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *London. Smithfield.*

Alarums. MATTHEW GOFFE *is slain*, and all the rest. *Then enter JACK CADE, with his company.*

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holland. [*Aside*] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. 11

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holland. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 21

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounseieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when,

indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 42

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent? 50

Say. Nothing but this; 't is 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,

Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle.

Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,

Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. 60

Justice with favour have I always done;

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,

But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king;

And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me. 70

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes 80
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I 'll be even with you. I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak. 90

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words, but I 'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither. 103

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.—[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*] The proudest peer in the realm

shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills? 117

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France.—Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss.—Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Southwark.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter CADE and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! Throw them into 'Thames! [*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD, attended.

Buckingham. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clifford. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, 118

And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you,
 Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
 Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
 Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!
 Who hateth him and honours not his father,
 Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
 Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king! 18

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—
 And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs
 be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my
 sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should
 leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye
 would never have given out these arms till you had recovered
 your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and
 dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let
 them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over
 your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your
 faces. For me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's
 curse light upon you all! 30

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clifford. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
 That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
 Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
 Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
 Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
 Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
 Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
 The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, 40
 Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
 Methinks already in this civil broil
 I see them lording it in London streets,
 Crying 'Viliaco!' unto all they meet.
 Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;
 Spare England, for it is your native coast.
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ,
 God on our side, doubt not of victory. 50

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

Buckingham. What, is he fled?—Go some, and follow him ; 62

And he that brings his head unto the king
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers ; we'll devise a mean
 To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Kenilworth Castle.*

Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
 And could command no more content than I?
 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
 But I was made a king, at nine months old.
 Was never subject long'd to be a king
 As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* old CLIFFORD.

Buckingham. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clifford. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, 11
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives
And show'd how well you love your prince and country.
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. 30

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York dis-
tress'd.

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate;
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,

And now is York in arms to second him.—
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
 And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

40

Somerset. My lord,
 I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
 For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buckingham. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
 As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Kent. Iden's Garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword,
 and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid
 me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the coun-
 try is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might
 have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no
 longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this
 garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another
 while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot
 weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do
 me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan
 had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I
 have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me in-
 stead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet'
 must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
 And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
 This small inheritance my father left me
 Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
 I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
 Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
 Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
 And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

20

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a
 stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.—Ah, villain,
 thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king
 by carrying my head to him; but I 'll make thee eat iron
 like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere
 thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
 I know thee not! why, then, should I betray thee?
 Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
 And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

30

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was
 broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have
 eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five
 men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I
 pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
 Set limb to limb and thou art far the lesser;
 Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
 Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;

41

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. 50
 As for words, whose greatness answers words,
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard!—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails.—[*Here they fight. Cade falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.—Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled. 62

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?—Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead;
 Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
 But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
 To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [Dies.]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
 Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee; 74
 And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
 And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
 Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. 80
 [Exit.]



FIELDS NEAR ST. ALBAN'S (SCENE III.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right.
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.

A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 10
 On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.—

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
 The king hath sent him, sure; I must dissemble.

Buckingham. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buckingham. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
 To know the reason of these arms in peace;
 Or why thou, being a subject as I am, 20
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Should raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
 O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
 I am so angry at these abject terms;
 And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
 I am far better born than is the king,
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
 But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30
 Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
 Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buckingham. That is too much presumption on thy part;
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand. 40
 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buckingham. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and everything you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love; 50
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buckingham. York, I commend this kind submission;
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring? 60

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art
Thou!—

O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. 70
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buckingham. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*]

Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen.
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Somerset. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.— 110
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.— [*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father. [*Exit Buckingham.*

York. O blood-besotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.

See where they come; I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Enter old CLIFFORD and his Son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clifford. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clifford. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do.— 130
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clifford. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey ;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

Edward. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Richard. And if words will not, then our weapons shall. 140

Clifford. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY.

Clifford. Are these thy bears ? we 'll bait thy bears to
death,

And manacle the bear-herd in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place. 150

Richard. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite because he was withheld,

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried ;

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clifford. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape !

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clifford. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-
selves. 160

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow ?—

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son !

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ?

O, where is faith ? O, where is loyalty ?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me
 That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Salisbury. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
 The title of this most renowned duke,
 And in my conscience do repute his grace
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Salisbury. I have. 180

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Salisbury. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murtherous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Clifford. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

Warwick. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clifford. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

Warwick. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clifford. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-herd that protects the bear. 210

Young Clifford. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Richard. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Young Clifford. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou
canst tell.

Richard. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Saint Alban's.*

Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK.

Warwick. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.—

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him, 20
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter old CLIFFORD.

Warwick. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

Warwick. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou
fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*]

Clifford. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clifford. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clifford. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay!—Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*]

Clifford. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.—
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*]

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Young Clifford. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds 32
Where it should guard.—O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour.—[*Seeing his dead father*] O, let the vile
world end, 40

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together !
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease !—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age,
 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
 My heart is turn'd to stone ; and while 't is mine
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;
 No more will I their babes : tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
 And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity ;
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.—
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house :
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
 But then Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
50
60
70
[Exit, bearing off his father.

Enter RICHARD *and* SOMERSET *to fight.* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Richard. So, lie thou there ;
 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
 Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
70
[Exit.

Fight: excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly;
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

80

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Young Clifford. But that my heart's on future mischief
set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Alban's.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and
Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day

Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Richard. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act: 10
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Salisbury. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have; 20
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

Warwick. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York 30
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

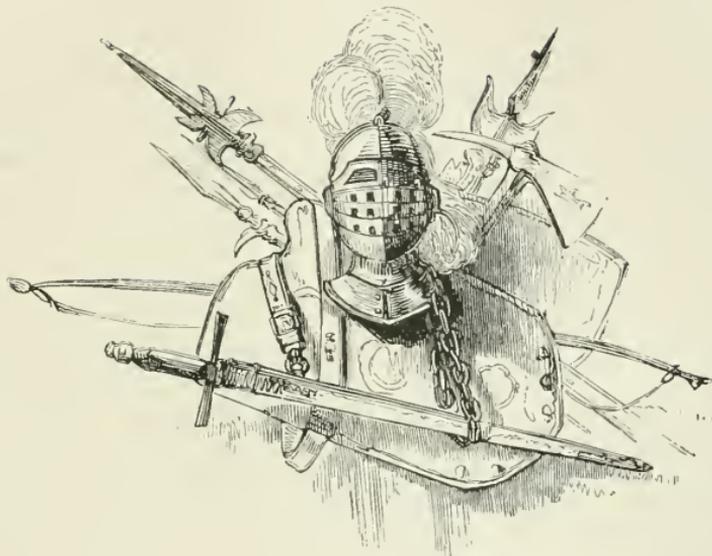
- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



INTRODUCTION.

FOR the following historical outline of the play, with the extracts from the old chroniclers, we are indebted to Knight :

ACT I.—“The connection between the last scene of the *First Part of Henry VI.* and the first scene of the *Second Part* is as perfect as if they each belonged to one play. The concluding words of that last scene show us Suffolk departing for France for the accomplishment of the anxious wish of Henry—

‘That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England.’

In the first lines of the *Second Part* we find Suffolk returned from his mission, the purpose of which, as expressed in the last scene of the *First*

Part, he here recapitulates. The passage of the poet is almost exactly copied from the historians, Holinshed being in this case a literal transcriber from Hall:—‘The Marquis of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said lady in the church of Saint Martin’s. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself, which was uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, which was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seven earls, twelve barons, twenty bishops, beside knights and gentlemen.’

“The displeasure of the Duke of Gloster at this marriage is indicated by the poet in the last scene of the *First Part*. There Henry says,—

‘—Agree to any covenants.’

The announcement of the surrender of Anjou and Maine is reserved by the dramatist for the scene before us. This surrender is the chief cause of the Duke of Gloster’s indignation, as expressed in the celebrated speech,—

‘Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,’ etc.

The poet makes the duke intimate no dislike of the queen’s person; and Henry, indeed, expressly thanks him

‘for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.’

The poet here follows Holinshed, who copies Fabian:—‘On the eighteenth of May she came to London, all the lords of England in most sumptuous sort meeting and receiving her upon the way, and specially the Duke of Gloster, with such honour as stood with the dignity of his person.’ Of this circumstance Hall has no mention.

“Margaret of Anjou arrived in England in 1445. Her impatience under the authority of the Protector Gloster, and her intrigues to procure his disgrace, are set forth very graphically by Hall:—‘This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man’s estate, like a young scholar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man.’ But the hatred of Queen Margaret to ‘Duke Humphrey’s wife’ is purely an invention of the poet. The disgrace of Eleanor Cobham took place three years before the arrival of Margaret in England. It is insinuated, however, by the chroniclers, that the accusation of the duchess upon a charge of sorcery and treason was prompted by the enemies of the protector. The following is Hall’s account of this tragedy, in which ‘horror and absurdity are mingled in about equal portions:’*—

* *Pictorial History of England*, vol. ii. p. 83.

“But venom will once break out, and inward grudge will soon appear, which was this year to all men apparent: for divers secret attempts were advanced forward this season against the noble duke Humphrey of Gloster, afar off, which in conclusion came so near that they bereft him both of life and land, as you shall hereafter more manifestly perceive. For first this year, dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchantment, intended to destroy the king, to the intent to advance and to promote her husband to the crown: upon this she was examined in Saint Stephen’s chapel, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examination convict and judged to do open penance in three open places within the city of London, and after that adjudged to perpetual prison in the Isle of Man, under the keeping of Sir John Stanley, knight. At the same season were arrested, as aiders and counsellors to the said duchess, Thomas Southwel, priest and canon of Saint Stephen’s in Westminster; John Hum, priest; Roger Bolingbroke, a cunning necromancer; and Margery Jourdain, surnamed the witch of Eye: to whose charge it was laid, that they, at the request of the duchess, had devised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcery a little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king’s person, and so to bring him death; for the which treason they were adjudged to die: and so Margery Jourdain was burnt in Smithfield, and Roger Bolingbroke was drawn and quartered at Tyburn, taking upon his death that there was never no such thing by them imagined. John Hum had his pardon, and Southwel died in the Tower before execution. The Duke of Gloster took all these things patiently, and said little.”

“In the third scene, the charges which Beaufort, and Somerset, and Buckingham insultingly heap upon the protector are supported by this passage of Hall:—‘Divers articles, both heinous and odious, were laid to his charge in open council; and in especial, one that he had caused men adjudged to die to be put to other execution than the law of the land had ordered or assigned.’ This is the charge of Buckingham:—

‘Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.’”

ACT II.—“The miracle scene at St. Alban’s is founded upon a real occurrence. Sir Thomas More tells the story as related to him by his father. The poet probably found it in More’s works, which were printed in 1557; but this ludicrous episode in a tragic history is also thus told by Grafton in his *Chronicle*:—

“In the time of King *Henry VI.*, as he rode in progress, there came to the town of *Saint Alban’s* a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, five or six days before the king’s coming, saying that he was born blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of *Berwick*, where he said that he had ever dwelled, to seek *Saint Alban*. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man; at *Saint Alban’s* shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a

miracle, and *Te Deum* songen : so that nothing was talked of in all the town but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke *Humphrey*, Duke of *Gloucester*, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poor man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when as well his wife as himself affirmed fastly, No; then he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and said, I believe you may well, for me thinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he: I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is this gown? Then anon the beggar told him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gown? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks.'

"The poet found the picturesque story of the trial of battle between the armourer and his servant thus briefly told in Holinshed:—

"'In the same year also a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by misgoverning of himself: for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn.'

"The event is dramatically connected by the poet with the main plot, by his exact description of the treason of which 'a certain armourer was appeached:—

'His words were these;—that Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.'

The poetical variations of the incident told by Holinshed greatly heighten the dramatic effect. The scene, in all probability, presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial of battle. In this remarkable case of the battle between the armourer and his servant, some very curious particulars, not detailed by the chroniclers, have been found in the original precept to the sheriffs, and the return of expenses on the occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exchequer. The names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of expenses contains the following item: 'Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doying, and for ye hangman's labor, xjs. *vid.*' The 'hangman's labor' was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree that the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceremonies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through

with the dead body. (See Douce, *Illustrations*.) It is remarkable that the trial of battle was only abolished by law as recently as 1819; and that in the previous year there was every probability that a somewhat similar scene to that here dramatized would have been acted by the authority of the law, in the celebrated case of Ashford and Thornton."

ACT III.—“We have already noticed the charges which were made by his enemies against the Duke of Gloster. Hall, whom Holinshed copies, thus proceeds to describe his death:—

“Although the duke (not without great laud and praise) sufficiently answered to all things to him objected, yet because his death was determined, his wisdom little helped, nor his truth smally availed: but of this unquietness of mind he delivered himself, because he thought neither of death, nor of condemnation to die: such affiance had he in his strong truth, and such confidence had he in indifferent justice. But his capital enemies and mortal foes, fearing that some tumult or commotion might arise if a prince so well beloved of the people should be openly executed and put to death, determined to trap and undo him, or he thereof should have knowledge or warning. So, for the furtherance of their purpose, a parliament was summoned to be kept at Bury, whither resorted all the peers of the realm, and amongst them the Duke of Gloster, which, on the second day of the session, was by the Lord Beaumont, then high constable of England, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and other, arrested, apprehended, and put in ward, and all his servants sequestered from him, and xxxii of the chief of his retinue were sent to divers prisons, to the great admiration of the common people. The duke, the night after his imprisonment, was found dead in his bed, and his body showed to the lords and commons as though he had died of a palsy or emposom; but all indifferent persons well knew that he died of no natural death, but of some violent force.’

“The conspiracy which the poet has exhibited in the first scene of this act, of the queen, the cardinal, Suffolk, and York, against the life of Gloster, is not borne out by any relation of the chroniclers. Indeed it is by no means clear that the duke actually did die by violence. The people, no doubt, firmly believed that he came to his end by foul practices; and they would naturally associate this belief with the suspicion of his avowed enemies. Hence, probably, the general tone of the chroniclers. The participation of the queen in the supposed crime is distinctly stated by Hall; and he suggests, also, the motive by which York might have been prompted to remove so able and popular a branch of the house of Lancaster as the Duke Humphrey. The following passage bears upon both points:—

“There is an old said saw, that a man intending to avoid the smoke falleth into the fire: so here the queen, minding to preserve her husband in honour and herself in authority, procured and consented to the death of this nobleman, whose only death brought to pass that thing which she would most fain have eschewed, and took from her that jewel which she most desired: for if this duke had lived, the Duke of York durst not have made title to the crown: if this duke had lived, the nobles

had not conspired against the king, nor yet the commons had not rebelled: if this duke had lived, the house of Lancaster had not been defaced and destroyed; which things happened all contrary by the destruction of this good man.'

"The banishment of Suffolk took place in 1450, three years after the death of Gloster. In the articles against him 'proponed by the commons,' there were many accusations of 'treason, misprision, and evil demeanour;' but the murder of the Duke of Gloster was not therein imputed to him. Hall, indeed, says that the commonalty affirmed him to 'be the chief procurer of the death of the good Duke of Gloster.' The protection of the queen, 'which entirely loved the duke,' was for some time his safeguard; but he was finally banished by the king, according to Hall, 'as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the whole realm, for the term of five years.' The poet has brought events which were separated by considerable intervals of time into a dramatic unity; and he has connected the guilt which was popularly attributed to Suffolk with the punishment which was demanded by the public hatred of him.

"The death of Cardinal Beaufort is one of those scenes of the Shaksperian drama which stand in the place of real history, and almost supersede its authority. Shakspeare, however, found the meagre outline of this great scene in a passage of Hall:—

"During these doings, Henry Beauford Bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world, and was buried at Winchester. This man was son to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but born in haste, more noble of blood than notable in learning, haut in stomach and high in countenance, rich above measure of all men, and to few liberal; disdainful to his kin and dreadful to his lovers, preferring money before friendship, many things beginning and nothing performing. His covetise insaciabie, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himself, in his latter day; for Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: "Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived: praying you all to pray for me."'"

ACT IV.—"The extraordinary circumstances attending the execution, or more properly murder, of the Duke of Suffolk are very briefly given by the chroniclers. Holinshed, in the following passage, copies Hall with little variation:—

"'But God's justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, intending to transport himself over into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the

Nicholas of the Tower. The captain of that bark with small fight entered into the duke's ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on one side of a cock-boat caused his head to be stricken off, and left his body with the head lying there on the sands; which corpse, being there found by a chaplain of his, was conveyed to Wingfield College, in Suffolk, and there buried. This end had William de la Poole Duke of Suffolk, as men judge by God's providence, for that he had procured the death of that good duke of Gloster, as before is partly touched.'

"The most circumstantial account of this event is to be found in the Paston Correspondence in one of the letters in that most curious and interesting collection, dated the fifth of May, 1450, and written immediately after the occurrence:—

"Right worshipful Sir,—I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so washed this little bill with sorrowful tears, that scarcely ye shall read it. As on Monday next after May-day (4th May) there came tidings to London that on Thursday before (30th April) the Duke of Suffolk came unto the coasts of Kent full near Dover, with his two ships and a little spinner; the which spinner he sent with certain letters by certain of his trusted men unto Calais-ward to know how he should be received, and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower, with other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the duke's coming. When he espied the duke's ships he sent full his boat to weet what they were, and the duke himself spoke to them, and said he was, by the king's commandment, sent to Calais-ward, etc.; and they said he must speak with their master; and so he, with two or three of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas; and when he came the master bade him Welcome, traitor, as men say. And further, the master desired to weet if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday next following. Some say he wrote much things to be delivered to the king, but that is not verily known; some say he had his confessor with him, etc.; and some say he was arraigned in the ship in their manner, upon the impeachments, and found guilty, etc.

"Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it he remembered Stacy, that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower he would be safe; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived. And in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat, and there was an axe and a stock; and one of the lewdest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd (*dealt*) with, and die on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say his head was set on a pole by it, and his men set on the land, by great circumstance and prey. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under-sheriff to the judges to weet what to do; and also to the king, what shall be done. Further I wot not; but thus far is it, if the process be erroneous let his counsel reverse it,' etc

“The other scenes of this act are almost wholly occupied with the insurrection of Cade. In the principal events the poet has pretty exactly followed the chroniclers; but the vigorous delineation of character is entirely his own. The narrative of Holinshed is copied almost literally from that of Hall, with the introduction, however, of several state papers not given by the elder chronicler. The story is told by Hall with great spirit; and we give it entire to show with what wonderful power Shakespeare seized upon these materials to work them up into a representation, universally and permanently true, of the folly and injustice which invariably attend every attempt to redress public grievances by popular violence:—

“A certain young man of a goodly stature and pregnant wit was enticed to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name was John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname the line and lineage of the assistant house of the Earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent and favourable. This captain, not only suborned by teachers, but also enforced by privy schoolmasters, assembled together a great company of tall personages; assuring them that their attempt was both honourable to God and the king, and also profitable to the commonwealth, promising them, that if either by force or policy they might once take the king, the queen, and other their counsellors, into their hands and governance, that they would honourably entreat the king, and so sharply handle his counsellors, that neither fifteens should hereafter be demanded, nor once any impositions or tax should be spoken of. These persuasions, with many other fair promises of liberty (which the common people more affect and desire, rather than reasonable obedience and due conformity), so animated the Kentish people, that they, with their captain above named, in good order of battle (not in great number) came to the plain of Blackheath, between Eldham and Greenwich. And to the intent that the cause of this glorious captain's coming thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsel, he sent to him an humble supplication, with loving words but with malicious intent, affirming his coming not to be against him, but against divers of his counsel, lovers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonalty, flatterers to the king and enemies to his honour, suckers of his purse and robbers of his subjects, partial to their friends and extreme to their enemies, for rewards corrupted and for indifferency nothing doing. This proud bill was both of the king and his counsel disdainfully taken, and thereupon great consultation had, and after long debating it was concluded that such proud rebels should rather be suppressed and tamed with violence and force than with fair words or amicable answer: whereupon the king assembled a great army and marched toward them, which had lyen on Blackheath by the space of vii days. The subtil captain, named Jack Cade, intending to bring the king farther within the compass of his net, brake up his camp, and retired backward to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent, and there, expecting his prey, encamped himself and made his abode. The queen, which bare the rule, being of his retreat well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, and William his brother, with many other gentle-

men, to follow the chase of the Kentishmen, thinking that they had fled; but verily they were deceived; for at the first skirmish both the Staffords were slain, and all their company shamefully discomforted. The king's army, being at this time come to Blackheath, hearing of this discomfort, began to grudge and murmur amongst themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid the captain his cousin; some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel; other openly crying out on the queen and her complices. This rumour, openly spoken and commonly published, caused the king, and certain of his counsel, not led by favour nor corrupted by rewards (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude), to commit the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, to the Tower of London; and if other, against whom like displeasure was borne, had been present, they had likewise been served: but it was necessary that one should suffer rather than all the nobility then should perish. When the Kentish captain, or the covetous Cade, had thus obtained victory and slain the two valiant Staffords, he apparelled himself in their rich armour, and so with pomp and glory returned again toward London; in which retreat, divers idle and vagabond persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other parts to a great number. Thus this glorious captain, compassed about and environed with a multitude of evil, rude, and rustic persons, came again to the plain of Blackheath, and there strongly encamped himself: to whom were sent by the king the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, to commune with him of his griefs and requests. These lords found him sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, and stiff in his opinion, and by no ways possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him and assent to all things which he would require. These lords, perceiving the wilful pertinacy and manifest contumacy of this rebellious Javelin, departed to the king, declaring to him his temerarious and rash words and presumptuous requests. The king, somewhat hearing and more marking the sayings of this outrageous losel, and having daily report of the concourse and access of people which continually resorted to him, doubting as much his familiar servants as his unknown subjects (which spared not to speak that the captain's cause was profitable for the commonwealth), departed in all haste to the castle of Killingsworth, in Warwickshire, leaving only behind him the Lord Scales, to keep the Tower of London. The captain, being advertised of the king's absence, came first into Southwark, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men murder, rape, or robbery; by which colour he allured to him the hearts of the common people. But after that he entered into London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city," and rode in every street like a lordly captain. And after a flattering declaration made to the mayor of the city of his thither coming, he departed again into Southwark. And upon the third day of July he caused Sir James Fines, Lord Say, and Treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall of London, and there to be arraigned; which, being before the king's justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peers, for the longer delay of

his life. The captain, perceiving his dilatory plea, by force took him from the officers and brought him to the standard in Cheap, and there, before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a high pole, which was openly borne before him through the streets. And this cruel tyrant, not content with the murder of the Lord Say, went to Mile-end, and there apprehended Sir James Cromer, then Sheriff of Kent, and son-in-law to the said Lord Say, and him, without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be beheaded, and his head fixed on a pole, and with these two heads this bloody butcher entered into the city again, and in despite caused them in every street kiss together, to the great detestation of all the beholders.

“After this shameful murder succeeded open rapine and manifest robbery in divers houses within the city, and in especial in the house of Philip Malpas, alderman of London, and divers other: over and beside ransoming and fining of divers notable merchants, for the tuition and security of their lives and goods; as Robert Horne, alderman, which paid v C marks, and yet neither he or no other person was either of life or substance in a surety or safeguard. He also put to execution in Southwark, divers persons, some for infringing his rules and precepts, because he would be seen indifferent; other he tormented of his old acquaintance, lest they should blase and declare his base birth and low lineage, disparaging him from his usurped name of Mortimer; for the which he thought, and doubted not, both to have friends and fautors both in London, Kent, and Essex. The wise mayor and sage magistrates of the city of London, perceiving themselves neither to be sure of goods nor of life well warranted, determined with fear to repell and expulse this mischievous head and his ungracious company. And because the Lord Scales was ordained keeper of the Tower of London, with Mathew Gough, the often-named captain in Normandy (as you have heard before), they purposed to make them privy both of their intent and enterprise. The Lord Scales promised them his aid, with shooting of ordinance; and Mathew Gough was by him appointed to assist the mayor and the Londoners, because he was both of manhood and experience greatly renowned and noised. So the captains of the city appointed took upon them in the night to keep the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentish men either to pass or approach. The rebels, which never soundly slept for fear of sudden chances, hearing the bridge to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where between both parties was a fierce and cruel encounter. Mathew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentishmen better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no further to proceed toward Southwark till the day appeared; to the intent that the citizens, hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested, might occur their enemies and relieve their friends and companions. But this counsel came to small effect, for the multitude of the rebels drove the citizens from the stoupls at the bridge foot to the drawbridge, and began to set fire in divers houses. Alas! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance; for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon, and so died: fearful

women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save themselves between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smouldered. Yet the captains, nothing regarding these chances, fought on the drawbridge all the night valiantly; but, in conclusion, the rebels got the drawbridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough, a man of great wit, much experience in feats of chivalry, the which in continual wars had valiantly served the king and his father in the part beyond the sea (as before ye have heard). But it is often seen that he which many times had vanquished his enemies in strange countries, and returned again as a conqueror, hath of his own nation afterward been shamefully murdered and brought to confusion. This hard and sore conflict endured on the bridge till ix of the clock in the morning, in doubtful chance and fortune's balance. For some time the Londoners were beat back to the stoupls at Saint Magnes corner, and suddenly again the rebels were repulsed and driven back to the stoupls in Southwark; so that both parties, being faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to desist from fight, and to leave battle till the next day, upon condition that neither Londoners should pass into Southwark nor the Kentishmen into London.

“After this abstinence of war agreed, the lusty Kentish captain, hoping on more friends, brake up the gaols of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and set at liberty a swarm of galants, both meet for his service and apt for his enterprize. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then Chancellor of England, and for his surety lying in the Tower of London, called to him the Bishop of Winchester, which also for fear lurked at Halywell. These two prelates, seeing the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beating back, to be mitigated and minished, passed the river of Thames from the Tower into Southwark, bringing with them, under the king's seal, a general pardon unto all the offenders; which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lord! how glad the poor people were of this pardon (yea, more than of the great Jubilee of Rome), and how they accepted the same, in so much that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their captain, retired the same night, every man to his own home, as men amazed and stricken with fear. But John Cade, desperate of succours, which by the friends of the Duke of York were to him promised, and seeing his company thus without his knowledge suddenly depart, mistrusting the sequel of the matter, departed secretly, in habit disguised, into Sussex; but all his metamorphosis and transfiguration little prevailed, for after a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehend the said Jack Cade should have for his pain a M marks, many sought for him but few espied him, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found him in a garden, and there, in his defence, manfully slew the caitiff Cade, and brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on London bridge.’

“We may add that the following curious entry is found in the Issue Roll, 29th Henry VI. :—

“To *Alexander EDEN, Sheriff of Kent*, and to divers other persons of the same county. In money paid to them, viz., by the hands of

Geruase Clifton, 100*l.*, and by *John Seynder*, 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, in part payment of 1000 *marks*, which the Lord the King commanded to be paid to the same *Alexander* and others, as well for taking JOHN CADE, an *Irishman*, calling himself *John Mortymer*, a great rebel, enemy, and traitor to the King, as also for conducting the person of *John Cade* to the Council of the King, after proclamation thereof made in London, to be had of his gift for their pains in the matter aforesaid.

“By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term (Easter), 266*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*”

ACT V.—“The persecution of the Duke of Gloster, the banishment and death of Suffolk, the insurrection of Cade, were events that had long distracted and agitated the people, and prepared the way for the open claim of the house of York to the crown. The return of the Duke of York from Ireland, his demand for the removal of Somerset, and the subsequent dismissal of his forces upon learning that Somerset was a prisoner, are detailed by the chroniclers. The indignation of York upon finding Somerset at liberty is also related by them. The poet leaps over the subsequent committal of York as prisoner to the Tower, and his release under the terror which was produced by the approach of his son Edward towards London with a great army. The duke, previous to his release, solemnly submitted under oath to the king. The poet has preserved the unity of action by destroying the intervals between one event and the other, and bringing causes and consequences into closer union. It is scarcely necessary for us to trace the real course of events, but we transcribe Hall’s narrative of the first battle of St. Alban’s:—

“The king, being credibly informed of the great army coming toward him, assembled an host, intending to meet with the duke in the north part, because he had too many friends about the city of London; and for that cause, with great speed and small luck, he, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Earls of Stafford, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with the Lord Clifford and divers other barons, departed out of Westminster, the xx day of May, toward the town, of S. Alban’s: of whose doings the Duke of York being advertised by his espials, with all his power coasted the country, and came to the same town the third day next ensuing. The king, hearing of their approaching, sent to him messengers, straitly charging and commanding him, as an obedient subject, to keep the peace, and not, as an enemy to his natural country, to murder and slay his own countrymen and proper nation. While King Henry, more desirous of peace than of war, was sending forth his orators at the one end of the town, the Earl of Warwick, with the Marchmen, entered at the other gate of the town, and fiercely set on the king’s foreward, and them shortly discomfited. Then came the Duke of Somerset and all the other lords with the king’s power, which fought a sore and cruel battle, in the which many a tall man lost his life: but the Duke of York sent ever fresh men to succour the weary, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by which policy the king’s army was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftains of the field almost slain and brought to confusion. For there died,

under the sign of the Castle, Edmund Duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles; and beside him lay Henry the second Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, son to the Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, and vii M men and more.* Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, being wounded, and James Butler Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, seeing fortune's lowering chance, left the king post alone, and with a great number fled away. This was the end of the first battle at S. Alban's, which was fought on the Thursday before the feast of Pentecost, being the xxiii day of May. In this xxxiii year of the king's reign, the bodies of the noble men were buried in the monastery, and the mean people in other places.'"

ACT I.

SCENE I.—3. *Procurator*. Proxy, substitute. The word (not found elsewhere in S.) is from the chroniclers. See p. 140 above.

6. *Sicil*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 122: "Of both the Sicils," etc.

19. *Lends*. Changed by Rowe to "lend'st." Cf. Gr. 340.

28. *Alder-liefest*. Dearest of all (A. S.). Cf. iii. i. 164 below: "My liefest liege;" and see the long note on *Had as lief* in *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

33. *Yelad*. Clad. For the Old English participial prefix *y-*, see Gr. 344.

48. *Thirtieth*. Rowe has "thirteenth."

49. *Duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine*. Changed by Capell to "duchies of Anjou and Maine," as the Cardinal afterwards gives it. As Clarke remarks, the variation (not found in the old plays) may be intentional: "Gloster, while reading, gathers the main purport of the distasteful item, and blurts it out in abstract; while the Cardinal, bid to 'read on,' does so with more verbal precision." Cf. *A. W.* p. 181, note on 307.

60. *Kneel*. Pope adds "you," and the Coll. MS. "thee" (which H. adopts), for the sake of the measure.

80. *Toil*. For the transitive use, cf. *M. N. D.* v. i. 74: "And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories;" and *Ham.* i. i. 72: "toils the subject."

90. *And had*. The folios have "hath;" corrected by W. Rowe, H., and others read "And was." Capell has "Or hath" and "Been crown'd" in the next line.

102. *Such circumstance*. "So many instances of aggravation" (Johnson). For *circumstance*=detail, cf. *C. of E.* p. 143, and see on ii. i. 74 below.

106. *Roast*. This use of the word has never been satisfactorily explained. Richardson plausibly suggests that it may be a corruption of *roost*, which W. puts in the text. The spelling in the folios is "rost."

107. *Duchy*. Changed by Capell and others to "duchies."

* Holinshed suggests this is an error for 800. The Paston Letters say "some six score" were slain.

108. *Large style*. Long list of titles. Holinshed speaks of Reignier's "long style" coupled with "too short a purse." See 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 139.

110. *Now, by the death*, etc. The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, eldest son of the second wife of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland (*Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*); he was created Earl of Salisbury in right of his wife Alice, daughter and heiress of Thomas Montacute, killed at the siege of Orleans, 1428 (1 *Henry VI.* i. 4). His son, the Earl of Warwick, got his title in right of his wife Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp, the last Earl and Duke of that family, who died 1445, and heiress of her infant niece Anne, who died 1449.

118. *Wounds*. Coll. conjectures "swords" (from the old play).

121. *Suffocate*. There is an obvious quibble in the word. For the form, see Gr. 342. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 125: "when degree is suffocate."

130. *A whole fifteenth*. This is according to the chroniclers; but in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 93 Suffolk is authorized by the king to "gather up a tenth" for his expenses. By a *fifteenth* is meant that fraction of the personal property of each subject (Clarke).

132. *Starv'd*. The folio has "steru'd," as in several other passages. See *M. of V.* p. 158.

142. *Lordings*. Here = lords; as in *P. P.* 211: "It was a lording's daughter." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 9. 3: "Then listen, Lordings," etc. In *W. T.* i. 2. 62 it is = lordlings.

147. *I fear me*. For the reflexive use, cf. 160, iii. 1. 343, and iv. 4. 23 below. It is very common in S.

151. *West*. Changed by Warb. to "east." Johnson remarks: "There are wealthy kingdoms in the west as well as in the east, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thoughts of the speaker."

153. *Smoothing*. Flattering. See *Rich. III.* pp. 185, 188.

166. *Hoise*. Changed by Theo. to "hoist;" but see *Ham.* p. 241. The old play has "heave."

177. *Pride*. Meaning the Cardinal, as *ambition* the two lords who followed him.

185. *Demean*. Behave. See *C. of E.* p. 140.

186. *Commonweal*. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 42: "good people in a commonweal," etc. See also i. 4. 46, ii. 1. 22, 185 below. We find *commonwealth* in i. 3. 121, 151, iv. 2. 5, 153.

188. *Housekeeping*. Here apparently = hospitality.

191. *Thy acts in Ireland*. "This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449" (Malone).

201. *Tend*. Capell adds "to;" but *tend* may be = have a care for; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 93: "good angels tend thee!" etc.

205. *The main*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 56:

"I doubt it is no other but the main,—

His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage."

213. *Tickle*. Ticklish, precarious; as in *M. for M.* i. 2. 177: "thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off." Steevens quotes *Feronymo*, 1605: "Now stands our fortune on a tickle point;" and *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599: "My tickle

wheel." Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 4. 28: "So ticle be the termes of mortall state;" and *Id.* vii. 7. 22: "On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre," etc.

218. *Thine*. Changed by W. to "mine;" but *thine* may be considered as addressed to himself (cf. 245 fol. below) or to an imaginary auditor. This is no unusual thing in soliloquies. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 55: "Now, sir," etc.; and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 32: "Ha! you shall see now," etc. See also *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 14, 15, 21, etc.

222. *Whileas*. Used for *while*, as *whereas* (see i. 2. 58 below) for *where*, and *whenas* (see *C. of E.* p. 142) for *when*.

231. *The fatal brand*. According to the myth, Meleager, the *prince of Calydon*, was to live only so long as a certain firebrand was preserved; and when his mother Althæa (cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 164) threw it into the fire he expired in great torments.

For the transposition in *prince's heart of Calydon*, see Gr. 419a. Cf. 250 below.

244. *Humours fits*. The reading of all the early eds.; changed by Rowe to "humour fits," and by Malone to "humours fit." Cf. Gr. 333.

248. *Surfeiting in*. Changed by Hanmer to "surfeit in the." Capell conjectured that a line is lost after 249.

250. *Fallen at jars*. Cf. iv. 8. 39 below: "live at jar."

255. *Force perforce*. An emphatic form of *perforce*. See *K. John*, p. 154.

SCENE II.—2. *At*. Changed by Pope to "with."

22. *Dream*. The folios have "dreaumes;" corrected by Capell. Rowe has "dreams . . . do."

38. *Are crown'd*. The folios have "wer" or "were" for *are*; corrected (from the old play) by Hanmer.

42. *Ill-nurtur'd*. Ill-bred, rude; used again in *V. and A.* 134: "Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice."

47. *Hammering*. Forging, pondering. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 5: "I'll hammer it out," etc.

54. *Check'd*. Rebuked, "snubbed;" as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 97: "Check'd like a bondman," etc.

58. *Whereas*. See on i. 1. 222 above; and cf. *P. P.* 83: "whereas he stood," etc.

67. *Pageant*. A theatrical exhibition; the most common meaning in *S.* See *M. N. D.* p. 163.

68. *Sir*. A title often given to priests. See *M. W.* p. 129.

71. *I am but grace*. That is, I am only a duchess, and entitled to be called "your grace." Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 1. 16: "Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles;" and see our ed. p. 186.

75. *Margery Jourdain*. Douce says: "It appears from Rymer's *Fædera*, that in the tenth year of King Henry the Sixth, *Margery Jourdemayn*, John Virley, clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the 9th of May, 1433, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the lord chancellor. The same day it was ordered by the lords of council, that

whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour, they should be set at liberty; and in like manner that *fourde-mayn* should be discharged on her husband's finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play, and also in the chronicles." Cf. p. 141 above.

88. *But how now*, etc. See on i. i. 218 above. Cf. 102 below.

97. *Dame*. Omitted by Pope.

99. *Buzz*. Whisper. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 171.

100. *A crafty knave*, etc. A proverb in Ray's Collection (Steevens).

105. *Wrack*. The regular spelling in the early eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 177.

107. *Sort*. Turn out, befall. See *Much Ado*, p. 158.

SCENE III.—3. *In the quill*. Explained by Halliwell and others as = all together, in a body. In Ainsworth's *Latin Dict.*, 1761, the phrase is rendered by "ex compacto agunt." Cf. a ballad in the Roxburghe Collection:

"Thus those females were all in a quill,
And following on their pastime still."

Sr. takes it to be a corruption of "in the coil" = in the bustle, or tumult (cf. *Much Ado*, p. 146, on *Coil*). Nares makes it = "in form and order, like a quilled ruff;" which is not very probable. Other interpretations are hardly worth mentioning. The Coll. MS. reads "in sequel."

29. *Master*. The folios have "Mistresse" or "mistress;" corrected by Warb.

32. *Pursuivant*. State messenger or herald. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 212.

37. *Cullions*. Mean wretches; as in *T. of S.* iv. 2. 20 and *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 22.

51. *Courtship*. Courtliness. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 363: "Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state," etc.

55. *Saws*. Maxims. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 167.

57. *Canoniz'd*. Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in *S.* See *Ham.* p. 194. Walker conjectures that *images* should be "image." Cf. *Gr.* 471.

62. *Cause*. Rowe reads "the cause;" but *patient* is a trisyllable. *Gr.* 479.

65. *Haughty*. The later folios have "haught," and Pope reads "proud."

77. *Revenues*. Accented by *S.* on the first or second syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 125. On the line cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 84: "Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em."

80. *Callat*. Drab, trull. Cf. *Oth.* p. 201.

84. *Two dukedoms*. Cf. i. i. 107 above.

85. *Lim'd*. That is, smeared with birdlime. Cf. *Ham.* p. 233.

87. *The lays*. Rowe reads "their lays."

94. *This late complaint*. "That is, the complaint of Peter, the armourer's man, against his master for saying that York was the rightful king" (Johnson).

96. *We'll weed*, etc. The Coll. MS. has "we will weed all the realm."

97. *Helm*. Theo. reads "realm."

100. *Demean'd*. Conducted. See on i. i. 185 above.

101. *Denay'd*. Denied. Cf. the noun in *T. A.* ii. 4. 127: "My love can give no place, bide no deny." See our ed. p. 142.

114. *Censure*. Opinion, judgment. See *Ham.* p. 190, and cf. the verb in iii. i. 275 below.

125. *Rack'd*. Harassed with exactions.

128. *Treasury*. Treasure; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 165: "With sunken wrack and sunless treasuries," etc.

133. *Suspect*. Suspicion; as in iii. i. 140 and iii. 2. 139 below. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 126, or *Rich. III.* p. 188.

136. *Cry you mercy*. Beg your pardon. Cf. *M. A. D.* p. 159.

139. *My ten commandments*. That is, my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time. Steevens quotes *The Four P's*, 1569: "Thy wives x com. may serche thy five wits;" *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroad, and not live in fear of my wife's ten commandments," etc.

143. *Most master*. That is, the one who is most master.

147. *Fury*. The 1st folio has "fume;" and the 2d reads "fume can neede." *Fury* was suggested by D. and Walker, and is adopted by W. and H. If the word was written "furie," the misprint was an easy one.

163. *For*. Because. See *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian*.

165. *Here*. The Coll. MS. has "there."

166. *Discharge*. Explained by Schmidt as =payment. Others take it to be = "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command."

170. *Fact*. Often =crime. See *W. T.* p. 175, or *Macb.* p. 225.

187. *These ten bones*. These fingers of mine. The expression was an ancient one. Steevens quotes the mystery of *Candlemas Day*, 1512: "But by their bonys ten, thei be to you untrue;" *The Longer thou Livest*, etc., 1570: "By these tenne bones I will, I have sworne," etc.

190. *Mechanical*. Mechanic; as in *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 9: "rude mechanicals."

195. *Prentice*. Often printed "'prentice;" but, though a contraction of *apprentice*, it had come to be a distinct word. Cf. *pothecary*, for which see *R. and J.* p. 218.

207. After this line Theo. inserts from the old play the following:

"*King*. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French."

He says that "without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion;" but the king's question to Gloster implies that the latter is to decide the matter. As W. remarks, the lines restored by Theo. "were doubtless struck out as enfeebling the impression of Gloster's supremacy." D. and H. insert the lines, the latter reading "our regent o'er the French." Clarke has "lord regent o'er the French." Malone, Capell, Coll., K., the Camb. editors, and others reject the interpolation. Malone suggests that the king expresses his assent by a nod. It is to be noted that the king says nothing about the decision of the protector concerning the combat, to which his formal approval would seem to be as necessary as to the appointment of Somerset to the regency.

SCENE IV.—4. *Exorcisms*. The word is regularly used by S. of raising spirits, not laying or expelling them; and so with *exorcise* and *exorcist*. See *J. C.* p. 150.

7. *Convenient*. Fitting, proper. Cf. *Lear*, p. 252.

14. *Gear*. Matter, business; as in iii. 1. 91 below.

16. *Silent*. The Coll. MS. has "silence" (from the old play).

18. *Ban-dogs*. Properly *band-dogs* (bound dogs), or dogs kept tied or chained. See Wb. Malone says that Cole, in his *Dict.*, 1679, renders ban-dog by "canis catenatus;" and a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1789, quotes Caius, *de Canibus Britannicis*: "Hoc genus canis, catenarium, a catena vel ligamento, qua ad januas interdum detinetur, ne laedat, et tamen latratu terreat, appellatur."

19. *Break up*. Break open; as in *M. of V.* ii. 4. 10: "to break up this" (a letter), etc. See also *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 13: "Break up the gates," etc.

23. *Adsum*. I am here (Latin). The 1st folio has "Ad sum."

28. *That I had*, etc. Would that I had, etc. As Steevens notes, spirits were supposed to remain above ground with reluctance. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 72: "Dismiss me. Enough."

32. *What fates await*, etc. The wording of the questions here varies somewhat from that given below. This has been explained in sundry ways, as in other instances* of the kind. See on i. 1. 49 above.

40. *Avoid*. Away, begone; as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 48: "Satan, avoid!" etc.

42. *At an inch*. In the nick of time.

43. *Commonweal*. Changed by Pope to "realm." See on i. 1. 186 above.

46. *Guerdon'd*. Rewarded; as in *3 Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 191: "And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?"

48. *Injurious*. Insulting, insolent. Cf. *Cor.* p. 247.

51. *Asunder*. Pope has "apart."

53. *All forthcoming*. Rowe transposes the words.

62. *Aio te*, etc. I say that you, descendant of Æacus, the Romans can conquer. This was the ambiguous response of the oracle to Pyrrhus when he wished to assist the Tarentines against the Romans. The *te* is not in the early eds., but was supplied by Warb. Rowe has "te Æacidem."

71. *Hardly*. Changed by Theo. to "hardily;" but, as Clarke remarks, "if humoured in the pronunciation, it forms the trisyllabic word needful for the metre, while, by preserving the same form in both lines, the play upon the word is rendered more obvious. York means that the oracles were with difficulty obtained, and with difficulty understood when obtained."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Flying at the brook*. "The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl" (Johnson).

2. *Saw*. For the use of the past tense here, see *Gr.* 347.

4. *Old Joan had not gone out.* Probably meaning that she "would not have taken flight at the game" (Percy). Johnson thought it meant that "the old hawk would have flown quite away;" but the other explanation seems to be supported by the old books of falconry.

6. *Pitch.* A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. See *Rich. II.* p. 153, note on 109. So *tower* in 10 below, for which see *Macb.* p. 203.

8. *Fain of.* Fond of, pleased with.

9. *An it like.* If it please. For *like* = please, see *Ham.* p. 202.

16. *Think you by that.* That is, about that. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 60: "How say you by the French lord?" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 150: "I would not have him know so much by me," etc. Gr. 145.

20. *Beat on.* Are intent upon, exercise themselves upon; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 246:

"Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business," etc.

21. *Pernicious.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 3. 62 above.

22. *Smooth'st.* See on i. 1. 153 above.

24. *Tantaene animis,* etc. Can there be such passions in heavenly minds? (Virgil, *Aeneid*, i. 15).

26. *With such holiness can you do it?* A doubtful line which has been variously explained and emended. If we take it as it stands, it is probably ironical. Warb. conjectures "not do it," and Johnson "A churchman, with such," etc. The Coll. MS. has "And with such holiness you well can do it;" which H. adopts, changing "And" to "For." The old play has "dote" for *do it*; and Malone and St. prefer that reading.

29. *As you.* Pope reads "as yourself."

34. *Furious.* The later folios have "too-too furious."

46. *Two-hand sword.* "Long sword" (*M. W.* ii. 1. 236).

48. *Are ye advis'd?* Do you understand? Cf. *T. of S.* p. 136.

52. *Fence.* Skill in fencing. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 75: "Despite his nice fence and his active practice," etc.

53. *Medice, teipsum.*—"Physician, heal thyself" (*Luke*. iv. 23), the verb being understood. Rowe reads "Medice, cura teipsum."

55. *Stomachs.* Tempers, passions. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 90: "Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!" We find *high-stomached* in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 18. See also *Ls.* ci. 7. (Prayer-Book version): "Whoso hath also a proud look and high stomach, I will not suffer him."

61. *A miracle!* See p. 141 above.

68. *On procession.* Elsewhere we have "in procession."

69. *To present.* Pope "fixes up" the line thus: "Before your highness to present the man."

71. *His sin be multiplied.* Apparently meaning that his temptations will be increased. Cf. p. 26 above.

74. *Circumstance.* Used interchangeably with the plural in the sense of details, particulars. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 178, note on *Stay the circumstance*, and see on i. 1. 102 above.

91. *Simplex*. The folios have "Symon" or "Simon;" corrected by Pope (the conjecture of Theo.). Capell reads "Saunder" (cf. 123 below).

96. *Off of a tree*. A familiar Yankeeism.

99. *But that*. Only that (tree).

105. *Wink*. Shut them. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 128.

139. *Leap me*. For this expletive use of *me*, see Gr. 220.

142. *Go about*. Attempt. See *M. N. D.* p. 177, or *Hen. V.* p. 174.

158. *You made*, etc. Capell reads: "You, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly." The allusion is to Suffolk's giving up Anjou and Maine.

161. *Sort*. Set, company; in a contemptuous sense. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 13: "The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort;" and see our ed. p. 161.

Vaughly. Worthless, wicked. See *M. of F.* p. 152.

Lewdly. "Not wantonly, but wickedly" (Stevens). Cf. the use of the adjective (=base, vile) in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 90 (see our ed. p. 152), *Much Ado*, v. 1. 341, etc. See also *Acts*, xvii. 5.

165. *Practis'd*. Plotted; as often. See *A. Y. L.* p. 140.

168. *Spirits*. Monosyllabic; as very often. Cf. Gr. 463.

169. *Demanding of*. Asking questions about.

173. *Forthcoming*. That is, in custody, so as to be *forthcoming* when summoned to trial.

176. *Leave*. Leave off, cease; as, absolutely, in iii. 2. 333 below.

183. *Thou wert best*. It would be best for you. Gr. 230 (cf. 352).

SCENE II.—3. *Close*. Private.

5. *Infallible*. Johnson was in doubt whether this refers to the *opinion* or the *title*; but, as Malone says, it surely means the latter. Boswell asks "If so, why crave their opinions?" Simply because, though he himself has no doubt about it, he wants to know what *they* think of it.

27. *Richard*. The later folios have "King Richard." Pope reads: "Harmless King Richard trait'rously was murder'd."

28. *The truth*. Hanmer has "the very truth," and Capell "surely told the truth."

42. *Who kept him in captivity*, etc. Malone remarks: "Some of the mistakes of the historians and the drama concerning Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, are noticed in a note to the former play; where he is introduced an aged and grey-haired prisoner in the Tower, and represented as having been confined 'since Henry Monmouth first began to reign.' Yet here we are told he was kept in captivity by Owen Glendower till he died. The fact is, that Hall having said Owen Glendower kept his *son-in-law*, Lord Grey of Ruthvin, *in captivity till he died*, and this Lord March having been said by some historians to have married Owen's daughter, the author of this play has confounded them with each other. This Edmund being only six years of age at the death of his father, in 1398, he was delivered by King Henry IV. in ward to his son Henry prince of Wales, and during the whole of that reign, being a minor, and related to the family on the throne, he was under the particular care of

the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower, and was taken prisoner by him. The Percies, in the manifesto they published before the battle of Shrewsbury, speak of him as rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding for political reasons that the king would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury, he was probably brought there against his will, to grace their cause, and was under the care of the king soon after. Great trust was reposed in this earl of March during the whole reign of King Henry V. In the sixth year of that king he was at the siege of Fresnes, with the earl of Salisbury; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was made lieutenant of Normandy; was at Melun with Henry to treat of his marriage with Catharine; and accompanied that queen when she returned from France with the corpse of her husband, in 1422, and died two years afterwards at his castle of Trim, in Ireland." Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 149.

43-50. *His eldest . . . Clarence.* The 1st folio reads thus :

" His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*. Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*
Who marryed *Phillip*, sole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence."

The text is the result of corrections by Rowe, Theo., and Capell.

55. *York claims.* Pope has "York here claims," and Capell "but York claims."

60. *This private plot.* This sequestered spot. (Malone). Cf. "close walk" in 3 above.

68. *Advice.* Consideration, deliberation. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 161, note on *Upon more advice.*

77. *Break we off.* Pope reads "here break we off," and omits *at full*. Capell has "My lord, break off."

SCENE III.—3. *Sins.* The folios have "sinne" or "sin;" corrected by Theo.

4. *By God's book.* See *Exod.* xxii. 18.

9. *For you are.* Because you are. See on i. 3. 163 above.

14. *Banishment.* Changed by Pope to "exile."

21. *Would.* Would have, desires. The 2d and 3d folios have "cease" for *ease*.

30. *God and King Henry*, etc. Capell omits this line. D., St., V., Clarke, and H. adopt Johnson's conjecture of "helm," making the sentence a wish. The change is plausible, but not absolutely necessary.

32. *My staff?* etc. After this line the Coll. MS. inserts "To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh."

35. *Willingly.* Pope reads "willing."

41. *Shrewd*. Bad, mischievous. See *J. C.* p. 145.
 43. *Raught*. Reached, attained (that is, by Henry). Some would make the word =reft, snatched away; but no other instance of this meaning has been found. For the use of the word in *S.*, cf. *A. and C.* p. 205.
 46. *Youngest*. *Sr.* reads "strongest," and *Coll.* (from his MS.) "proudest." *St.* conjectures "haughtiest." The best explanation of the passage as it stands is that which assumes *her* to be =*its*. This use of the feminine pronoun is rare, but not unprecedented. See *Gr.* 229. *Pride* =state, power.
 47. *Let him go*. "Let him pass out of your thoughts" (*Stevens*).
 55. *Defend*. *Pope* reads "guard."
 56. *Worse beset*. "In a worse plight."
 59. *With a sand-bag fastened to it*. According to the old laws of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with a staff to the end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. *Warb.* quotes *Hudibras*:

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old."

62. *Charneco*. A kind of wine often mentioned by writers of the time. *Stevens* says that *Charneco* is a village near Lisbon, and quotes the *European Magazine* for March, 1794, as an authority for the statement.

87. *I will take my death*. That is, I will "take it upon my death" (1 *Hen. IV.*, v. 4. 154); a form of oath sometimes used instead of "take it upon my life." See *K. John*, p. 134, note on 110.

89. *With a downright blow*. Some editors add, from the old play, "as *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*." *K.* remarks: "We have been unwilling to part with these words, although they are wanting in the text as revised by *Shakspeare*. The allusions in our old poets to the older romances form a chain of traditional literature of which it is not pleasant to lose a single link. We have no doubt that our greatest poet was a diligent student of those ancient legends, upon which one who in many respects greatly resembled him chiefly formed himself. *Scott* has done more than any man of our own generation to send us back to these well-heads of poesy. His lines in the *Lady of the Lake* illustrate the passage before us:

"My sire's tall form might grace the part
 Of *Ferragus*, or *Ascart*."

Sir Bevis has had monuments of stone (as the *Gate at Southampton*), and more enduring monuments of literature. He earned these honours, as the legend says, by the conquest of the mightiest of giants, who yet stands by his side, in the sculptured record, as a person of very reasonable dimensions. But the romance (we give the modernized version of *Ellis*) tells us something different—

"This giant was mighty and strong,
 And full thirty feet was long.
 He was bristled like a sow;
 A foot he had between each brow;
 His lips were great and hung aside;
 His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;

Lothly he was to look on than,
 And liker a devil than a man:
 His staff was a young oak, —
 Hard and heavy was his stroke.”



THE BAR-GATE, SOUTHAMPTON.

For *Bevis*, cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 157.

95. *In thy master's way.* That is, which has been in his way, or has disabled him in the fight.

102. *To have murder'd.* Pope reads "to murder." Cf. *Gr.* 360.

SCENE IV.—3. *Barren.* Pope reads "The barren," and omits *wrathful*. Capell has "Bare" for *Barren*.

8. *Uneath.* Not easily; a word often used by Chaucer and Spenser. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 9. 38: "Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath;" *Id.* i. 11. 4: "And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground," etc.

10. *Abrook.* Brook, endure.

12. *Envious.* Malicious, spiteful; as in 35 and iii. 1. 157 below. Cf. *envy* in iv. 10. 20 below. The 2d folio inserts "still" before *laughing*, and Lettsom conjectures "and."

31. *Mail'd up in shame.* "Wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance" (Johnson).

33. *Deep-fet.* "Deep-tetched" (Pope's reading). Cf. *fet* in *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 18 (see our ed. p. 163), and *far-fet* in iii. 1. 293 below.

36. *Advised.* Heedful, careful. Cf. v. 2. 47 below, and *advice* in ii. 2. 68 above.

38. *Trow'st.* Thinkest, believest; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 85.

45. *As. That.* Cf. Gr. 109.
Forlorn. Accented on the first syllable because preceding a noun so accented; as in iii. 2. 77 below. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 125.
46. *Pointing-stock.* An object to be pointed at. Cf. *laughing-stock.*
54. *Lim'd.* See on i. 3. 85 above.
56. *But fear not thou,* etc. Ironical, of course.
62. *Scath.* Injury. See *K. John*, p. 141.
65. *Yet.* For the transposition in negative sentences, see Gr. 76.
68. *Patience.* A trisyllable; like *patient* in i. 3. 62 above. *Sort* = adapt, attemper; as in *R. of L.* 1221: "And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow," etc.
73. *Close.* Secret, sly. Cf. ii. 2. 3 above.
79. *Here.* Now, from this point. Heath conjectures "hence," and Walker "there," which H. adopts.
81. *Entreat.* Treat; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 1. 37, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 151, etc. See also *Jer.* xv. 11, *Acts*, vii. 6, 1 *Tim.* v. 1, etc.
82. *The world may laugh again.* Fortune may smile upon me again.
87. *Gone too?* The 1st folio has "gone to?" Coll. reads (from his MS.) "gone so?" Clarke explains *too* as = "too truly, in truth, indeed." The meaning, however, may be: Art thou too gone, as all my other friends have deserted me?
89. *Afear'd.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*, which Pope substitutes here.
101. *Conduct.* Conductor; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 129: "And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now," etc.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sound a sennet.* A *sennet* was a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

1. *Muse.* Wonder. See *K. John*, p. 158, or *Macb.* p. 219.
9. *Since.* When. See Gr. 132.
12. *That.* So that. Gr. 283. Cf. 123 below.
23. *Me seemeth.* It seems to me; often printed as one word, like *me-thinks*. The *me* is a dative. See *M. of V.* p. 135 (on *Methought*), or Gr. 297.
24. *Respecting.* Considering; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 180: "Respecting this our marriage," etc.
35. *Collect.* Gather by observation.
36. *Fond.* Foolish; as in 74 below.
38. *Subscribe.* Give up, yield the point. See 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 148.
40. *Reprove.* Disprove, refute; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 241: "'t is so, I cannot reprove it," etc.
48. *Reputing of.* Priding himself upon, boasting of. Rowe reads "repeating of" and Hammer "the repeating of."
53. *Deep.* Capell has "deepest" (from the old play).
64. *To.* Compared with. See Gr. 187.
66. *At once.* Once for all, in a word.

72. *Well given.* Well disposed; as in *J. C. i. 2. 197*: "He is a noble Roman and well given."

74. *Affiance.* Confidence; as in *Hen. V. ii. 2. 127* and *Cymb. i. 6. 163*.

91. *Gear.* See on i. 4. 14 above.

98. *Suffolk, thou.* The 2d folio inserts "yet" before *thou*, and Malone reads "Suffolk's duke" (from the old play). Walker conjectures "Suffolk, well, thou."

107. *What.* Who; as often. Gr. 254.

112. *Doit.* The smallest of coins. See *Cor. p. 208*.

117. *Dispursed.* The 4th folio has "disbursed."

123. *That.* So that. Cf. 12 above.

130. *Condign.* For the accent, see on *forloru*, ii. 4. 45 above.

132. *What.* Whatever. Gr. 254.

133. *Easy.* Slight, venial; or perhaps = "easily," which is the reading of the Coll. MS.

140. *Suspect.* The folios have "suspence;" corrected by Capell. See on i. 3. 133 above.

146. *Exil'd.* The verb is accented on the last syllable, except in *R. of L. 640* and *Macb. v. 8. 66*; the noun on either syllable, as suits the measure.

159. *Overweening.* Arrogant, presumptuous. Cf. *T. A. ii. 5. 34*: "Here's an overweening rogue!"

160. *Accuse.* The only instance of the noun in S.

164. *Liefert.* Dearest. See on i. 1. 28 above.

170. *Effected.* Carried into effect, verified.

178. *Twit.* Twitted. For the form, see Gr. 342.

179. *Clerkly couch'd.* Adroitly put, after the manner of a clerk or scholar. Cf. *T. G. of V. ii. 1. 115*: "'t is very clerkly done."

192. *Gnarling.* Snarling, growling; as in *Rich. II. i. 3. 292*: "For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite," etc.

203. *Map of honour.* Cf. *Rich. II. v. 1. 12*: "Thou map of honour;" where, however, it means the mere outline, which is all that is left of it.

211. *Strays.* Thirlby asks how it can *stray* when it is *bound*, and conjectures "strives;" but Tollet says: "It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road."

217. *Bewails.* Rowe reads "bewail;" but the change of person in the sentence is not unprecedented in S. Cf. *W. T. p. 169*, note on *Professes*. See also Gr. 302.

222. *Who's a traitor?* There is small choice between this pointing and that with a comma after *traitor*, making *who*=whoever.

223. *Free.* "By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel), you who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king, but are men of the world and know how to live" (Warb.); or, perhaps, free to speak your minds, now that the king has gone. Hanmer reads "See, lords," and the Coll. MS. (followed by W. and H.) "Fair lords," which is plausible and favoured by the use of *fair* in many similar addresses.

226. *The mournful crocodile.* This creature was supposed to utter cries like those of a weeping child, in order to attract and entrap the guileless passer-by. Cf. *Oth.* p. 198, note on 232.

228. *Flowering.* Changed by Rowe to "flowery."

229. *Slough.* Skin; as in *T. A.* ii. 5. 161 and *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 23.

236. *Colour.* Pretext; as in *A. and C.* i. 3. 32: "seek no colour for your going," etc.

248. *Empty.* Famished; as in *V. and A.* 55: "an empty eagle, sharp by fast," etc.

261. *Quillets.* Nice questions. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 17: "these nice sharp quillets of the law," etc.

264. *Deceit.* Delius conjectures "conceit."

265. *Mates.* It is a disputed question whether this is =confounds, paralyzes (cf. *Macb.* p. 247), or =checkmates. Clarke thinks that it includes both senses, which is not unlikely.

272. *Priest.* That is, confessor.

275. *Censure well.* Think well of, approve. Cf. the noun in i. 3. 114 above.

277. *Tender.* Have regard for. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 32: "Tendering the precious safety of my prince," etc.

281. *Skills not.* Matters not. Cf. *T. A.* p. 167.

282. *Amain.* With full force; hence swiftly. Cf. v. 1. 114 below.

285. *Betime.* Not so common as *betimes* (see 297 below).

288. *Expedient.* Expeditious, speedy. See *K. John*, p. 141.

293. *Far-fet.* Far-fetched. See on ii. 4. 33 above.

300. *Character'd.* For the accent, cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 136. Gr. 490.

301. *Do.* Changed by Hanmer to "doth;" but the implied subject is *men*. Cf. Gr. 337.

306. *Happily.* The 2d folio has "haply," but *happily* is used in the same sense when the measure requires a trisyllable, and sometimes when it does not. See *Ham.* pp. 175, 208, or Gr. 42.

310. *Kerns.* Light-armed soldiers. Cf. iv. 9. 26 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 175, or *Macb.* p. 153. *Uncivil* = uncivilized, rude. Cf. *civil'st* in iv. 7. 55 below.

320. *Take order.* Take measures, make arrangements. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 210.

324. *That.* So that; as in 12 and 123 above.

328. *Soldiers.* A trisyllable; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 5. 141, etc. Gr. 479.

332. *Resolution.* Metrically five syllables. Gr. 479.

343. *Starved.* Frozen. For the original meaning of the word, see *M. of V.* p. 158.

348. *Nourish.* The Coll. MS. has "march."

352. *The golden circuit.* Cf. "the golden round" in *Macb.* i. 2. 59, and "golden rigol" in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 36 (see our ed. p. 193).

354. *Flaw.* "A sudden violent gust of wind" (Johnson); a familiar word in this country, if not in England.

363. *Porpentine.* Porcupine; the only name of the animal in *S.* Cf. *Ham.* p. 195.

365. *Morisco*. Morris-dancer; as the *bells* makes evident. Harris says: "Morrice-dancing, with bells on the legs, is common at this day in Oxfordshire and the adjacent counties, on May-Day, Holy Thursday, and Whitsun-ales." See *Hen. V.* p. 159 (note on 25), or Douce's *Illustrations*.

380. *Strength*. Armed force; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 388, 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 76, etc. Cf. *power* in iv. 4. 40 below.

383. *The next*. The Coll. MS. has "then next."

SCENE II.—8. *Well said*. Well done; as often. See *R. and J.* p. 161, or *Oth.* p. 174.

11. *Is all things well?* The 2d folio changes *Is* to "are." Cf. Gr. 335. The answer shows that *Is* should be retained. Rowe changed '*Tis* to "Yes."

20. *Straiter*. More strictly or severely.

22. *Approv'd*. Proved. See *Rich. II.* p. 163. For *practice* (=plotting, conspiracy), cf. iii. 1. 46 above.

26. *Meg*. The early eds. have "Nell;" corrected by Capell. As the Camb. editors remark, the slip is in all probability the poet's own. He was thinking of the Duchess of Gloster. It is curious that neither Rowe nor Pope discovered the blunder here. We also find "Eliador" or "Elinor" for *Margaret* in 79, 100, and 120 below, where the correction is due to Rowe.

34. *Rear*. Raise. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 295: "when I rear my hand," etc.

40. *Right now*. Just now.

52. *Basilisk*. This fabulous monster was supposed to kill by a glance of its eyes. See *Hen. V.* p. 183 (note on *The fatal balls*), or *R. and J.* p. 186 (on *Death-darting eye*).

61. *Blood-consuming sighs*. Alluding to the old notion that each sigh took a drop of blood from the heart. Cf. *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 97: "With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear;" and see our ed. p. 163.

70. *Ay me*. Changed by Pope (followed by H.) to "ah me," which is not found in S. See *M. A. D.* p. 128.

73. *Be woe for me*. Feel woe or sorrow for me; as *woe is me*=woe is mine, I feel sorrow. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 2: "woe is my heart," etc.

76. *Like the adder*. Cf. *Sonn.* 112. 10 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 172. See also *Ps.* lviii. 4.

77. *Forlorn*. For the accent, see on ii. 4. 45 above.

80. *Statua*. The folios have "statue," but *statua* was a common form of the word when a trisyllable. See *J. C.* p. 152, and cf. Gr. 487.

83. *Awkward*. "Adverse" (Pope's reading). Malone quotes Malowe, *Edw. III.*: "With awkward winds, and with sore tempests driven;" and Drayton, *Epist. from Rich. II. to Queen Isabel*: "Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas."

88. *Curs'd*. Changed by Hanmer to "curse." Sr. changes *gentle* to "ungentle;" but, like *well forewarning wind* and *pretty-vaulting sea*, the epithet shows that she considered the winds and waves friendly in keeping her from England. This is, indeed, the tone of the entire context.

89. *He that loos'd them*, etc. Alluding to *Æolus*, the ancient guardian of the winds.

94. *Pretty-vaulting*. The hyphen was first inserted by D. (the conjecture of Walker).

100. *Perish*. For the active sense, Steevens compares B. and F., *The Maid's Tragedy*:

"let not my sins
Perish your noble youth."

See also Bacon, *Ess.* 27: "That closenesse did impaire, and a little perish his understanding."

101. *Thy*. Changed by Pope to "the."

116. *Witch*. The folios have "watch;" corrected by Theo. *Witch'd* just below shows that he was right.

Theo. also notes that in the *Æneid* it was *Æneas* who told the story of his acts to Dido, and that *Ascanius* was Cupid in disguise. The oversight—for such we have no doubt it was—is explained away by Boswell, who says that "while Dido was caressing the supposed *Ascanius*, she would naturally speak to him about his father, and would be *witched* by what she learned from him," etc.

117. *Madding*. That is, becoming mad with love.

127. *Who*. Hammer, of course, changes it to "whom." Cf. Gr. 274.

131. *Henry*. A trisyllable; as often. Gr. 477.

139. *Suspect*. See on i. 3. 133 above.

141. *Paly*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 8: "paly flames;" and *R. and J.* iv. i. 100: "paly ashes."

142. *Drain*. Rann and H. read "rain" (the plausible conjecture of Capell). Malone remarks: "As when a thing is *drained*, drops of water issue from it, the poet licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *distilling*."

152. *For seeing*. Capell changes *For* to "And," and also reads "death in life" (the conjecture of Johnson). The meaning is "I see my life as it is threatened by similar death, and as it will be in death" (Clarke).

159. *Instance*. Evidence, proof. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 135.

161. *Timely-parted*. Having died in due time, or by a natural death. Some make it = newly-departed, recently dead. *Ghost* = corpse. Malone compares the old play: "Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear" (where Young Clifford is addressing the dead body).

163. *Being all descended*. Referring to the *blood* implied in *bloodless*.

165. *Aidance*. The word occurs again in *V. and A.* 330: "the aidance of the tongue."

This passage has been cited, with other similar ones, as evidence that S. had anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; but it simply illustrates the vague ideas on the subject that prevailed before the publication of the *Exercitatio de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis* in 1628.

176. *Lodg'd*. English commentators say that this was "formerly the technical expression for the beating down of grain by violent weather." It is still in common use in New England.

179. *Do the duke to death.* Cf. 244 below. See also *Much Ado*, p. 169, note on *Done to death*.
187. *Timeless.* Untimely; as in *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 5: "his timeless end," etc.
191. *Puttock's.* Kite's. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 168.
205. *Controller.* "Censurer, detractor" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 60: "Saucy controller of our private steps!" It may, however, be = one who tries to *control* or dictate to others.
214. *Graft.* The participle of *graft*, for which see *A. Y. L.* p. 171.
216. *Bucklers.* Shields, defends. See *T. of S.* p. 153.
218. *Quitting.* Freeing, delivering; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 47, *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 70, etc.
244. *False.* The folios have "Lord;" corrected by Malone (from the old play).
250. *Instinct.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149.
257. *In pain.* Capell conjectured "On pain," which is the regular phrase elsewhere in S. Cf. 288 below.
258. *Edict.* Accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Gr. 490.
263. *Worm.* Serpent. See *A. and C.* p. 216.
265. *Whether.* The folios have "where." See Gr. 466.
271. *'T is like.* It is likely that; ironical.
274. *Quaint.* Fine; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 149: "The quaint musician, amorous Licio," etc.
277. *Sort.* Set, pack. See on ii. 1. 161 above.
281. *Cted.* Urged; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 85, etc.
287. *Breathe infection.* "Contaminate this air with his infected breath" (Malone). For *in* = into, see Gr. 159.
301. *Sour.* Much used by S. in the sense of bitter, distasteful, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 6. 20: "sour melancholy;" 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 24: "sour adversity;" *R. and J.* iii. 2. 116: "sour woe;" *Id.* v. 3. 82: "sour misfortune," etc.
310. *The mandrake's groan.* On the superstitious belief that the mandrake, when torn from the earth, uttered shrieks that made the hearer mad, see the long note in *R. and J.* p. 206.
312. *Curst.* Sharp, bitter. It is commonly = vixenish, waspish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167.
318. *Distract.* For the form, see Gr. 342. The folio has "an end."
324. *Basilisks.* See on 52 above.
325. *Lizard's stings.* The lizard has no sting, but it was an old notion that it had. Clarke says that this is still a popular belief in Italy concerning one species of the reptile.
327. *Consort.* Band of musicians. See *T. G. of V.* p. 143. Theo. has been generally followed in reading "concert," a word not found in S.
333. *Leave.* Leave off, desist. See on ii. 1. 176 above.
342. *Monuments.* Mementoes; as in *R. of L.* 798, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 6, etc. Cf. iv. 3. 10 below.
344. *That thou mightst think,* etc. "That by the impression of my kiss

forever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee" (Johnson).

349. *Repeal*. Recall from banishment. See *J. C.* p. 157, note on *The repealing of my banish'd brother*.

359. *Thence*. That is, away from that land. The 2d folio has "hence," which is adopted by some recent editors.

366. *Myself to joy*, etc. The early eds. have "no" for *to*, which is the reading of the Coll. MS., adopted by Sr., D., W., Clarke, H., and others.

381. *An hour's poor loss*. The meaning seems to be, as Malone gives it, a loss which will be felt only for an hour, or temporarily. Other explanations hardly deserve notice.

394. *Where*. Whereas; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 22, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 185, etc. For *whereas* = where, see on i. 1. 222 above.

401. *From thee*. Away from thee. Gr. 158.

403. *Corrosive*. Accented on the first syllable; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3, the only other instance of the word in *S.* It was often written *corsive*. Malone quotes, among other instances, B. J., *Alchemist*: "Beside your beech-coal and your corsive waters." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 9. 14:

"And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat."

407. *Au Iris*. That is, a messenger, as Iris was of Juno. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 158:

"this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris," etc.

409. *Cask*. Casket; the only instance of the word in *S.*

411. *Splitted*. Found also as the participle in *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, v. 1. 308, and *A. and C.* v. 1. 24.

SCENE III.—1. *Sovereign*. The Coll. MS. has "king."

13. *A thousand pound*. See *Rich. II.* p. 182.

16. *Lime-twigs*. See on i. 3. 85 above.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—1. *Blabbing*. "The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*" (Johnson). *Remorseful* = pitiful. Cf. *Mach.* iii. 2. 47: "Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day."

3. *The jades*, etc. The dragons of Night's chariot. Cf. *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 379: "For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;" and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 48: "Swift, swift, you dragons of the night."

6. *Clif*. Embrace. Cf. *K. John*, p. 172, or *Oth.* p. 192. Here the word is spelt "Cleape" or "Cleap" in the folios. Pope (2d ed.) reads "Clap."

9. *Pinnace*. A small vessel. Cf. *M. W.* p. 139.

13. *Boot*. Booty. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 194: "Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds," etc.

22. *Be counterpois'd*. Capell reads "Cannot be pois'd," and Malone "Cannot be counterpois'd." The Coll. MS. has "Can lives," etc.

29. *My George*. Referring to the badge of the Knights of the Garter, which bore the image of St. George on horseback. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 234.

35. *Water*. It would seem from this that *Walter* was pronounced *Water*. In *Rich. III.* v. 5. 13 the quartos spell the name *Water*.

48. *Jove sometime*, etc. This line, omitted in the folios, was restored by Pope from the old play.

50. The folios make this line a part of the preceding speech; corrected by Pope, as in the old play. From the same source he took *lowly* for the folio "lowsie."

52. *Faded*. Fit only to wait on jades, or to be treated like a jade (that is, a worthless nag). Capell reads "jady" (from the old play).

54. *Foot-cloth*. A kind of housing for a horse, so long that it nearly swept the ground. Cf. iv. 7. 42 below. See also *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 86: "my foot-cloth horse."

60. *Abortive*. Monstrous, unnatural.

61. *Voiding lobby*. Porch, anteroom; viewed here as the place of *exit* rather than of entrance.

64. *Charm*. Silence (as with a spell). See *Oth.* p. 207.

65. *Forlorn*. For the accent, see on ii. 4. 45 above. The Coll. MS. has "foul-tongued slave."

71. *Kennel*. Gutter; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 98, the only other instance of the word in *S.* The play on *Pole*, which was pronounced *Poole*, is obvious.

74. *For swallowing*. For fear of its swallowing, that it may not swallow (Malone). Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 126, note on *For catching cold*.

80. *Affy*. Affiance, betroth; as in *T. of S.* iv. 4. 49: "We be affied," etc.

85. *Gobbets*. Mouthfuls; used by *S.* only here and in v. 2. 58 below. The folios have "mother-bleeding;" corrected by Rowe.

87. *Thorough*. Used interchangeably with *through*. See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares*.

93. *Are rising*. The folios have "and" for *are*; corrected by Rowe.

95. *A guiltless king*. That is, Richard II.

98. *Advance*. Uplift. See *Cor.* p. 210.

Our half-fac'd sun, etc. Camden says: "Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud." *In- vitis nubibus* = in spite of the clouds (Latin).

108. *Bargulus*. This pirate is mentioned by Cicero in his *De Officiis*: "Bargulus, Illyrius latro." In the old play we have instead

"mighty Abradas,
The great Macedonian pirate."

who is also referred to in Greene's *Penelope's Web*, 1601: "Abradas the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." Hanmer reads "Bardylis," which seems to have been the correct form of the name.

117. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*. Chill fear seizes my limbs. The 1st

folio has "Pine" before *gelidus*; and Theo. reads "pæna" and Malone "pene." The quotation has not been traced; but it may be a modification of Virgil's "subitus tremor occupat artus" (*Æn.* vii. 446,* and again without *subitus* in *Id.* xi. 424). V. suggests that it may be from Mantuanus (cf. *L. L. L.* p. 146).

129. *True nobility*, etc. Lloyd conjectures "Exempt from fear is true nobility;" and H. reads "Exempt is true nobility from fear."

131. *Hale*. Haul, drag. Cf. iv. 8. 54 below. See also *Much Ado*, p. 137.

134. *Bezonians*. Base fellows, beggars. See 2 *Hen. II.* p. 202.

135. *Sworder*. Gladiator. The word occurs again in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 31.

136. *Bastard*. Changed by Theo. to "dastard." Brutus was the son of Servilia, who had been concubine to Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.

Pompey was killed, not by *savage islanders*, but by Achilles and Septimius, soldiers of Ptolemy.

SCENE II.—15. *As much to say as*. See *T. N.* p. 128.

27. *Argo*. A vulgar corruption of the Latin *ergo*. Cf. *argal* in *Ham.* v. i. 13, 21, 55.

30. *A cade*. A cask containing six hundred herring ("six score to the hundred"). This is from Malone, who remarks that the *cade* is "less than a *barrel*," which contained a thousand herring; but W. quotes Malone as making the *cade* hold "seventy-two thousand herring."

31. *Shall fall before us*. He would connect his name with the Latin *cado* (=fall). This seems out of place in the mouth of the unlettered rebel; but, as has been suggested, he may have got it from Suffolk. It was more likely an oversight on the part of the dramatist, like the "in capite" in iv. 7. 114 below, which cannot be ascribed to Suffolk: *Fall* is the reading of the 4th folio, the earlier folios having "faile" or "fail."

44. *Bucks*. Linen for the wash. Cf. *buck-basket* in *M. W.* iii. 3. 32, and *bucking* (=washing foul linen) in *Id.* iii. 3. 140.

46. *Field*. Some see a play on the heraldic sense of the word.

48. *Cage*. Lock-up, prison. Steevens says: "There is scarce a village in England which has not a temporary place of confinement, still called *The Cage*." W. reminds us that Christian and Faithful were confined in "the cage" at Vanity Fair.

56. *Of proof*. Well tried or much worn; with a play on the expression as applied to armour. See *Rich. II.* p. 162.

61. *Three-hooped pot*. A wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops.

75. *Was*. For the past tense with *since*, see on ii. 1. 2 above.

78. *Accompt*. According to Schmidt, this form of the noun is found 13 times in the folio, and *account* 17 times. The verb is always *account*.

84. *Make obligations*. Draw up bonds.

* It is found also in Ovid, *Met.* iii. 40. Grey and Malone cite passages from Ovid which are less like the text, but overlook this one.

85. *Propr.* Comely. Cf. *M. of W.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture*.

89. *On the top of letters.* Public documents and private letters were often headed with the name *Emmanuel* (=God be with us). Steevens quotes the old play of *Hen. V.*: "under your broad seal Emanuel." St. quotes a letter from Speed the historian to Sir Robert Cotton, written about 1609 or 1610:

"EMANUELL.

Worshipfull Sir, my thoughts runnyng upon the well performance of this worke," etc.

He adds that in a single MS. in the British Museum (*Add. MSS.* 19,400) there are no less than fourteen private epistles headed "Emanewell," "Jesus Immanuel," etc.

101. *Particular.* Jocosely opposed to *general*.

114. *Revolt.* That is, desert Cade.

117. *I pass not.* "I pay them no regard" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Drayton, *Quest of Cinthia*:

"Transform me to what shape you can,
I pass not what it be."

Hanmer reads "I pass them."

122. *Shearman.* According to Nares and others, one who sheared woollen cloth in the manufacture of it. W. explains it as "a cutter, a tailor."

146. *Span-counter.* A juvenile game, in which pieces of money or counters were thrown, the aim being to throw a second piece so as to hit the first or come within a span of it, and thus win it.

151. *Maimed.* Lamed; a provincialism, here used for the sake of the play on *Maine*. Rowe reads "maim'd."

153. *Gelded.* For the figurative use, cf. *1 Hen. VI.* p. 173.

172. *Clouted shoon.* Shoes with clouts, or hobnails in their soles; or, as some say, parched shoes. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 206, note on *Clouted brogues*. For the old plural *shoon*, cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 26.

SCENE III.—7. *For a hundred lacking one.* In the reign of Elizabeth, butchers were forbidden to sell flesh-meat during Lent; but by special license they might kill a certain number of beasts each week, nominally for the sake of invalids who could not do without animal food (Malone). Malone adds "a week" here (from the old play), but the abbreviated expression may also have been in familiar use. Cf. "at twelve score" (that is, yards) in *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 52, etc.

10. *Monument.* Memorial. See on iii. 2. 342 above.

12. *Horse.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios, and probably a colloquial form for the possessive. See *Macb.* p. 204 (note on *Horses*) or Gr. 471. Rowe has "horse's," and D. "horse."

SCENE IV.—16. *Like a wandering planet.* For the astrological allusion, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 201, ii. 1. 105, *1 Hen. VI.* i. 1. 23, 54, etc.

22. *Still lamenting.* Pope transposes the words.

23. *Fear me, love.* Capell reads "fear, my love" (from the old play).

34. *Stafford*. The possessive inflection is understood. Cf. *M. of V* iii. 4 30: "Until her husband and my lord's return," etc. Gr. 397.

39. *Killingworth*. An old form (and even now a local pronunciation) of *Kenilworth*.

40. *Power*. Armed force; as often, both in the singular and in the plural.

43. *Hate*. The 1st folio has "hateth;" corrected in the 2d. Capell reads "traitor rebel hateth."

58. *Be betray'd*. The *be* is omitted in the 1st folio.

SCENE V.—8. *Assayed*. Essayed, attempted. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 149.

9. *Gather head*. Muster an armed force. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* i. 3. 284: "To save our heads by raising of a head," etc.



LONDON-STONE.

SCENE VI.—2. *London-stone*. This ancient landmark is still carefully preserved in London, being encased in masonry and built into the wall of St. Switkin's Church, opposite the Cannon Street Railway Station.* It is supposed by Camden to have been a Roman *milliarium*—the centre from which all the great Roman roads radiated over England, corresponding to the Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It came to be looked upon as a kind of palladium in the metropolis, and Cade evidently so regards it here.

Of the city's cost. *Of*=at; as in i. 1. 58 above. Gr. 168.

3. *The conduit*. This was probably "the Standarde in Cheape,"

* The stone as we now see it is probably only a small fragment of the original. Since the drawing for the cut (from Knight) was made, an ornamental iron railing has been placed in front of the niche.

which, according to Stowe, was erected by "John Wels, grocer, maior 1430," and was "a small cesterne for fresh water, having one cocke continually running."

13. *London bridge.* The bridge was then of wood.



THE SAVOY.

SCENE VII.—1. *The Savoy.* The palace of the Duke of Lancaster. See *Rich. II.* p. 156.

2. *Inns of court.* The buildings occupied by the lawyers and their students. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 14: "He must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn," etc. "Gray's Inn," mentioned by Shallow a few lines below the passage just quoted, is still one of the four Inns of Court.

20. *Fifteens.* Fifteenths. See on i. i. 130 above.

23. *Thou say.* *Say* was a thin woven stuff, sometimes of silk and sometimes of wool. See *Wb.*

32. *Printing.* Not introduced into England till some twenty years later.

40. *Thou hast hanged them.* "That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy" (Johnson).

42. *Foot-cloth.* See on iv. 1. 54 above.

51. *Bona terra, mala gens.* A good land, a bad people (Latin).

55. *The civil'st place, etc.* Cæsar says: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt;" which is thus translated by Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke."

56. *Because full.* Hanmer reads "beauteous, full."

64. *But to maintain, etc.* The folios have "Kent to maintain," etc. Coll. and some others make "Kent" a vocative. It is probable, however, that the word is a misprint for *But*, as Johnson conjectured, and as most of the editors agree. It has been objected to the emendation that it makes Say confess to the exactions of which he is accused; but he defends himself by the plea that he has exacted nothing except for the benefit of his accusers.

66. *My book.* It is not known to what this refers. Some make *book* = learning, scholarship.

77. *For watching.* That is, because of it. Gr. 150.

82. *A hempen caudle.* A slang phrase for hanging. For *caudle* (= a cordial drink), cf. *L. L. L.* p. 150.

For *the help of hatchet*, Farmer conjectures "pap with a hatchet," which was also a vulgar phrase of the time; but the folios all agree in the reading, except that the later ones insert "a" before *hatchet*.

94. *Free from guiltless bloodshedding.* Free from the shedding of innocent blood.

99. *Familiar.* That is, familiar spirit, or demon.

102. *Sir James Cromer.* As Ritson points out, it was Sir William Cromer, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death.

106. *Obdurate.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in *S.* Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 192.

114. *In capite.* "A law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord" (Clarke). See on iv. 2. 31 above.

116. *Take up commodities upon our bills.* There is a play on *bills* in the senses of bonds and halberds (cf. iv. 10. 11 below); as in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 191: "We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills." *Take up*, which meant to get goods on credit, is also played upon here as there. See *Much Ado*, p. 148.

SCENE VIII. — 1. *Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner!* These localities are on the other side of the river from Southwark, where the scene is evidently laid; but they may be directions given to bands that are to cross the river.

2. *Rebel.* The folios have "rabble;" corrected in the Coll. MS.

24. *Given out.* Given up. In *White Hart* there may be, as Walker suggests, a play on *white heart* as a symbol of cowardice. The 2d folio prints it "white-heart."

32. *Henry.* A trisyllable. See on iii. 2. 131 above.

44. *Viliaco.* The folios have "Villiago," and Theo. reads "Villageois."

The text is the conjecture of Capell, and was a common term of reproach. It is from the Italian *Vigliacco*, explained by Florio as "a raskal, a villain; a base, vile, abject, skuruie fellow, a scoundrell."

49. *Money*. Warb. reads "mercy." Johnson remarks: "He does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*."

54. *Hales*. See on iv. i. 131 above.

58. *Middest*. The reading of the folios, with the exception of the 4th, which has "midst." See Wb.

65. *Mean*. Used by S. interchangeably with *means*. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 189.

SCENE IX.—1. *Joy'd*. Enjoyed. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 184.

18. *Infortunate*. The 3d and 4th folios have "unfortunate." Cf. *K. John*, p. 143.

23. *Advertised*. Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 235.

25. *Puissant*. Generally in S. a dissyllable, but sometimes a trisyllable. Cf. *J. C.* p. 157.

26. *Gallowglasses*. Heavy-armed Irish soldiers. See *Macb.* p. 153, note on *Of kerns and gallowglasses*. For *kerns*, cf. iii. i. 310 above. Stanyhurst, in his *Description of Ireland*, says: "The *gallowglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, and lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils black garde."

29. *Arms*. The 2d folio has "Armies," and Sr. reads "aims."

33. *Calm'd*. The reading of the 4th folio. The 1st has "calme," the 2d "claimd," and the 3d "claim'd." Walker conjectures "chas'd," which H. adopts.

34. *But now*. Only now.

36. *Go and meet him*. Rowe reads "meet with him," Malone "to go," Steevens "go forth," the Coll. MS. "then go," and H. "go thou" (the conjecture of D.).

46. *I will*. That is, will avoid being too rough.

47. *As*. That. Gr. 109.

49. *For yet*. H. adopts Seymour's conjecture of "Or yet." Some make *yet*=as yet, hitherto (cf. Gr. 76), but this is not necessary.

SCENE X.—4. *Laid*. Set with traps.

6. *On*. Changed by Hammer to "o'er."

7. *Sallet*. Salad. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 462: "one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury;" and see our ed. p. 210. In what follows we have a play on the word as applied to a kind of hel-

met. Steevens cites, among other instances of the latter sense, North's *Plutarch*: "he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet."

11. *Brown bill*. A kind of halberd. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 92: "Bring up the brown bills." See also on iv. 7. 116 above.

19. *Warning*. The folios have "warning;" corrected by Rowe.

21. *Sufficeth that I have*, etc. It is enough that what I have, etc.

24. *Fee-simple*. Estate, lands held in fee-simple.

29. *Companion*. Fellow. For the contemptuous use of the word, see *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow*.

38. *Dead as a door-nail*. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* v. 3. 126:

"*Falstaff*. What is the old king dead?
Pistol. As nail in door."

See our ed. p. 202.

51. *As for words*, etc. "As for answering you by words, big and vapouring as your own, I will rather let my sword tell you what I refrain from proclaiming" (Clarke). Rowe reads "more words," and H. "But as for words."

56. *God*. The folios have "Ioue" (*Jove*); corrected by Malone (from the old play). Clarke reads "Jove," and quotes the *Mirror for Magistrates*: "Beneath our standard of *Joues* powerfull sonne" (that is, Christ).

65. *And hang thee*, etc. Steevens does not understand "how Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb after he was dead," and prefers the reading of the old play: "Oh, sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang," etc.

68. *Emblaze*. Emblazon, display; used by S. only here.

75. *Thrust thy body in*. H. omits "in" (the conjecture of Lloyd).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—5. *Sancta majestas*. Sacred majesty (Latin). The old play has "Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?" Pope reads "Ah! majesty," etc.

9. *Balance it*. "That is, balance my hand" (Johnson).

10. *Have I*. If I have.

26. *Like Ajax Telamouius*. Ajax Telamon slew a whole flock of sheep, which in his frenzy he took for the sons of Atreus. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 7: "By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax; it kills sheep," etc. See our ed. p. 147.

Clarke remarks: "This speech is written in a style that has wonderful resemblance to the one in which the greater part of *1 Hen. VI.* is composed—weakly ranting and feebly violent."

60. *Intends*. The 4th folio has "intend." Cf. Gr. 335.

63. *Who*. The 2d folio has "whom." See Gr. 274. Capell has "hear" for *heard*.

72. *An't like*. If it please. See on ii. 1. 9 above.

94. *Govern and rule*. Walker conjectures "rule and govern."

97. *Palmer's*. Pilgrim's. See *A. W.* p. 161.

100. *Like to Achilles' spear*. Malone quotes Greene, *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

"Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself; .
As those that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
Fetch'd help at self-same pointed speare;"

and Propertius, ii. 1:

"Mysus et Aemonia juvenis qua cuspidē vulnus
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspidē sensit opem."

103. *Act*. Put in action. Capell conjectured "enact."

109. *These*. It has been matter of dispute whether this refers to his knees (as Tyrwhitt explains it) or to his sons (Mason) or his troops (Malone). It may include both the latter, as Clarke suggests. The folios have "thee;" corrected by Theo. Hammer has "them."

111. *Sons*. The 1st folio has "sonne;" corrected in the 2d.

112. *Ward*. Custody, prison.

120. *Bane*. Theo. reads "bale" (=evil), assuming that a quibble is intended.

130. *Mistak'st*. The 1st folio has "mistakes."

131. *Bedlam*. Dr. Grey called this an anachronism; but Ritson quotes Stow to prove that the "Hospitall of S. Mary of Bethelēm" was founded in 1246, and was "an hospitall for distracted people."

144. *Bears*. "The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance" (Sir J. Hawkins). Cf. 203 below.

146. *Fell-lurking*. "A compound of cruelty and treachery" (Stevens). Capell omits the hyphen. The Coll. MS. has "fell-looking;" and H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "fell-lurching."

148. *We'll bait thy bears*. Bear-baiting was one of the popular amusements of the time of S. Cf. *T. A.* p. 125 (note on 87), and *M. W.* p. 136 (on *Suckerson*).

149. *Bear-herd*. The folios have "berard" or "bearard." Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 129.

151. *O'erweening*. Presumptuous. See on iii. 1. 159 above.

153. *Being suffer'd with*. Being allowed to come in contact with; as opposed to *withheld*. Cf. iii. 2. 262 above.

157. *Indigested*. Shapeless; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 51. Cf. also *indigest* in *Sonn.* 114. 5.

168. *In the earth*. On the earth.

169. *Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war?* "Art thou so enamoured of war that thou wilt even go and dig thy own grave to find it out?" (Heath). But, as H. suggests, *to find out* may be =by finding out. Cf. *Gr.* 356.

174. *Mickle*. Great. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 35: "I shall die with mickle age," etc. The 2d folio misprints "milckie," which the 3d makes "milky."

181. *Dispense with heaven*. Obtain dispensation from heaven" (Clarke).

182. *It is great sin*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 279 fol.

187. *Reave*. Bereave, deprive. Cf. *V. and A.* 766: "Or butcher-sire

that reaves his son of life," etc. The participle *reft* is still in use, at least in poetry.

188. *Custom'd*. Not a contraction of *accustomed*. See *K. John*, p. 162.

191. *Sophister*. Sophistical reasoner; not found elsewhere in *S*.

196. *You were best*. It would be best for you. Cf. ii. i. 183 above.

200. *Burgonet*. A kind of helmet; as, figuratively, in *A. and C.* i. 5. 24: "burgonet of men."

201. *Household*. The folio has "housed;" corrected by Malone (from the old play).

211. *Victorious*. The 2d folio adds "noble."

212. *The rebels*. Capell reads "these traitors" (from the old play). For *complices* (not "'complices"), cf. *Rich. II.* p. 186.

215. *Stigmatic*. "One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a *stigma*" (Steevens).

SCENE II.—4. *Dead men's cries*. Not to be taken *too* literally, of course (cf. iv. 10. 65 above); and certainly not to be changed to "dy'ng men's cries," as by Rowe.

27. *Lay*. Stake, wager; as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 330 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 159. *Address thee* = prepare thyself.

28. *La fin*, etc. "Finis coronat opus;" or "the end crowns all" (*T. and C.* iv. 5. 224).

Here the dramatist departs from the truth of history in making York kill Clifford. Cf. the correct account in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 7 fol.

35. *Part*. Party; as in 87 below. There II. reads "part," but Malone cites a similar use of the plural from Stowe: "the which John Cade also, after this, was sworne to the French parts," etc. The singular may, however, be right after all.

37. *Dedicate*. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 154:

"From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal."

41. *Premised*. "Sent before their time" (Warb.).

44. *Particularities*. Opposed to *general*. See on iv. 2. 101 above.

45. *To cease*. That is, to cause to cease, to silence. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 1. 16:

"Be not ceas'd
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd," etc.

47. *Advised*. Sedate, thoughtful. Cf. ii. 1. 48, ii. 4. 36 above.

48. *In thy reverence*. "In that period of life which is entitled to the reverence of others" (Malone).

58. *Gobbets*. See on iv. 1. 85 above.

59. *Medea*. When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into pieces, which she strewed along the road, that her father might be delayed in his pursuit of her. Malone quotes Ovid, *Trist.* iii. 9:

"divellit, divulsaque membra per agros
Dissipat, in multis invenienda locis:
Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus
Dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter."

62. *As did Æneas, etc.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 112:

"I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear," etc.

66. *So, lie thou there.* After this line Malone thinks that something may have been lost, equivalent to "Behold the prophecy is come to pass." In the old play the whole speech reads as follows:

"*Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death."

Cf. i. 4. 67 above.

86. *Uncurable.* Changed by Pope to "incurable;" but cf. iii. 1. 286 above.

87. *Parts.* See on 35 above. Hanmer reads "pow'rs," and Warb. "party." The Coll. MS. has "friends."

SCENE III.—1. *Old Salisbury.* The folio has "Of" for *Old*; corrected by Coll. (from the old play).

3. *Brush.* Changed by Warb. to "bruise," to which it is equivalent. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 3. 34: "the brushes of the war," etc.

4. *Brow.* "Aspect, appearance" (Schmidt). The word is, however, suspicious. Johnson conjectures "blow," and "glow" has also been suggested. The Coll. MS. has "bloom."

8. *Holp.* Used by S., both as the past tense and as the participle, much oftener than *helped*.

9. *Bestrid him.* Bestrode him, or stood over him and defended him when fallen. See *Mach.* p. 237.

20. *Have not got, etc.* "Have not secured, are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquired" (Malone).

22. *Opposites of such repairing nature.* "Enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat" (Malone). For *opposite*=opponent, cf. *T. N.* p. 145; and for *repair*=renovate, restore, see *A. W.* p. 138.

25. *Present.* Immediate; as often. Cf. *Ham.* p. 245.

29. *Hand.* The reading of the folio; generally changed to "faith" (from the old play). Coll. remarks: "*By my hand* was a usual asseveration, and is more appropriate in a soldier than *by my faith*; this might be Shakespeare's reason for changing it."

31. *Eterniz'd.* Not found elsewhere in S.

32. *Drums.* The folios have "drumme" or "drum;" corrected by Hanmer (from the old play).

33. *These.* Hanmer has "this."

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We append the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in the *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 314:

"Time of this Play, fourteen days represented on the stage; with intervals, suggesting a period in all of, say, at the outside, a couple of years.

- " Day 1. Act I. sc. i.
Interval (?) eighteen months.
 " 2. Act I. sc. ii.-iv.
 " 3. Act II. sc. i. and ii.
Interval; a month at least.
 " 4. Act II. sc. iii.
Interval; at least two days.
 " 5. Act II. sc. iv.
Interval; about twenty-seven days.
 " 6. Act III. sc. i.
Interval; a few days.
 " 7. Act III. sc. ii. and iii.
Interval; three days or more.
 " 8. Act IV. sc. i.*
 " 9. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.
 " 10. Act IV. sc. iv.-vii.
 " 11. Act IV. sc. viii.
 " 12. Act IV. sc. ix.
Interval; three or four days.
 " 13. Act IV. sc. x.
 " 14. Act V. sc. i.-iii.

Historic period, 22d April, 1445, to 23d May, 1455."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King Henry: i. 1(26), 3(10); ii. 1(36), 3(27); iii. 1(43), 2(76), 3(15); iv. 4(17), 9(31); v. 1(32), 2(1). Whole no. 314.

Gloster: i. 1(61), 2(25), 3(22); ii. 1(75), 3(14), 4(40); iii. 1(69). Whole no. 306.

Cardinal: i. 1(31), 3(3); ii. 1(24); iii. 1(30), 2(2), 3(14). Whole no. 104.

York: i. 1(55), 3(15), 4(31); ii. 2(58), 3(12); iii. 1(94); v. 1(90), 2(13), 3(12). Whole no. 380.

* "The time of this scene is after sunset; see opening lines. In the course of it we learn that the Nevils 'are rising up in arms' in favour of the House of York, and that the Commons of Kent are in rebellion. These facts would suppose a longer interval between Days 7 and 8 than the three days allowed to Suffolk for his departure from England."

- Edward*: v. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
Richard: v. 1(10), 2(6), 3(8). Whole no. 24.
Somerset: i. 1(6), 3(5); iii. 1(7), 2(1); iv. 9(3); v. 1(3). Whole no. 25.
- Suffolk*: i. 1(20), 3(46); ii. 1(13), 3(2); iii. 1(62), 2(97); iv. 1(58). Whole no. 298.
- Buckingham*: i. 1(7), 3(8), 4(8); ii. 1(12); iii. 1(4); iv. 4(6), 8(10), 9(3); v. 1(16). Whole no. 74.
- Clifford*: iv. 8(27), 9(3); v. 1(21), 2(5). Whole no. 56.
Young Clifford: v. 1(3), 2(42). Whole no. 45.
- Salisbury*: i. 1(29), 3(2); ii. 2(9), 3(5); iii. 2(28), 3(1); v. 1(14), 3(8). Whole no. 96.
- Warwick*: i. 1(15), 3(7); ii. 2(17); iii. 2(64), 3(3); v. 1(8), 2(12), 3(6). Whole no. 132.
- Scales*: iv. 5(8). Whole no. 8.
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Humphrey Stafford: iv. 2(16). Whole no. 16.
William Stafford: iv. 2(7). Whole no. 7.
Stanley: ii. 4(7). Whole no. 7.
Vaux: iii. 2(11). Whole no. 11.
Whitmore: iv. 1(18). Whole no. 18.
Hume: i. 2(28), 4(4). Whole no. 32.
Bolingbroke: i. 4(24). Whole no. 24.
Hoerner: i. 3(11); ii. 3(11). Whole no. 22.
Peter: i. 3(16); ii. 3(13). Whole no. 29.
Simpcox: ii. 1(24). Whole no. 24.
Iden: iv. 10(42); v. 1(9). Whole no. 51.
Cude: iv. 2(90), 3(16), 6(12), 7(79), 8(31), 10(48). Whole no. 276.
Bevis: iv. 2(16), 7(2). Whole no. 18.
Holland: iv. 2(16), 7(5). Whole no. 21.
Dick: iv. 2(27), 3(4), 6(2), 7(9). Whole no. 42.
Smith: iv. 2(15), 6(3), 7(3). Whole no. 21.
Michael: iv. 2(5). Whole no. 5.
Clerk: iv. 2(3). Whole no. 3.
1st Messenger: i. 2(3); iv. 4(11), 7(4), 9(8). Whole no. 26.
2d Messenger: iv. 4(5). Whole no. 5.
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2d Petitioner: i. 3(6). Whole no. 6.
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Beadle: ii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.
1st Neighbour: ii. 3(3). Whole no. 3.
2d Neighbour: ii. 3(2). Whole no. 2.
3d Neighbour: ii. 3(2). Whole no. 2.
1st Prentice: ii. 3(2). Whole no. 2.
2d Prentice: ii. 3(2). Whole no. 2.
Servingman: ii. 4(2). Whole no. 2.
Herald: ii. 4(2). Whole no. 2.

- Sheriff* : ii. 4(4). Whole no. 4.
Post : iii. 1(6). Whole no. 6.
1st Murderer : iii. 2(5). Whole no. 5.
2d Murderer : iii. 2(2). Whole no. 2.
Captain : iv. 1(64). Whole no. 64.
Master : iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
Male : iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
1st Gentleman : iv. 1(7). Whole no. 7.
2d Gentleman : iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
1st Citizen : iv. 5(5). Whole no. 5.
Soldier : iv. 6(1). Whole no. 1.
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v. 1(9), 2(11). Whole no. 317.
Duchess : i. 2(51), 3(7), 4(4) ; ii. 3(1), 4(56). Whole no. 119.
Margaret Jourdain : i. 4(4). Whole no. 4.
Wife to Simpcox : ii. 1(8). Whole no. 8.
Spirit : i. 4(9). Whole no. 9.
"All" : i. 1(1), 3(1) ; iii. 2(2) ; iv. 2(5), 7(2), 8(4), 9(1). Whole no.
16.
Matthew Goffe is on the stage in iv. 7, and *John Southwell* in ii. 3 ;
but neither speaks. A stage-direction in i. 4 reads : "*Bolingbroke or
Southwell reads, Conjuuro te, etc.*"

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines,
making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of
lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows : i. 1(259),
2(107), 3(226), 4(84) ; ii. 1(204), 2(82), 3(108), 4(110) ; iii. 1(383), 2(412),
3(33) ; iv. 1(147), 2(200), 3(20), 4(60), 5(13), 6(18), 7(145), 8(72), 9(49),
10(90) ; v. 1(216), 2(90), 3(33). Whole number of lines in the play,
3161.



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Cade. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee (iv. 2. 86).



H. W. HENRY



SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY
OF
KING HENRY VI. PART III.

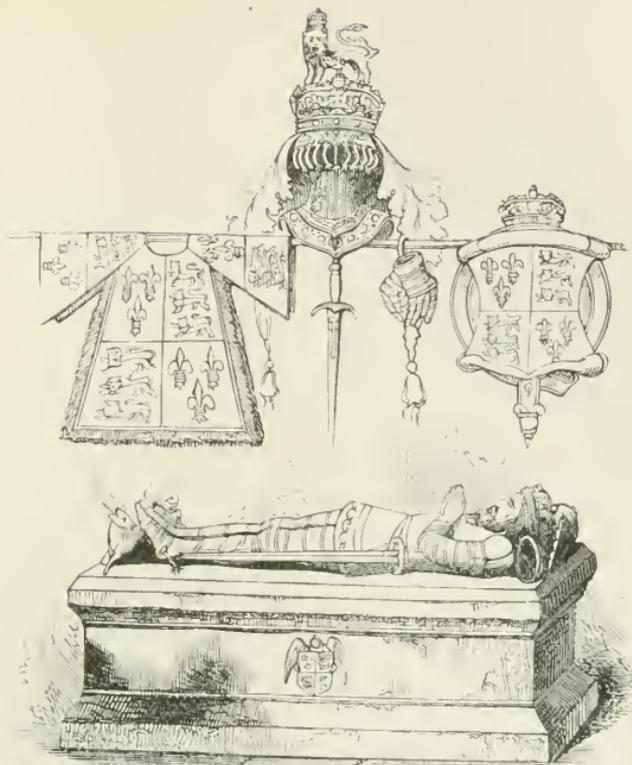


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THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE (ACT I. SCENE I.).



TOMB OF HENRY VI. FORMERLY AT WINDSOR.

INTRODUCTION
TO THE
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE
SIXTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE history of the play, and its relation to *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, have been already considered in the introduction to our edition of *2 Henry VI.* (see p. 9 fol.).

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

As in 1 *Henry VI.* and 2 *Henry VI.*, the historical materials of the present play were mainly derived from Hall and Holinshed. This will be evident from the illustrative extracts given in the Notes.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.*

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*" †]

Shakespear was scarcely more remarkable for the force and marked contrasts of his characters than for the truth and subtlety with which he has distinguished those which approached the nearest to each other. For instance, the soul of Othello is hardly more distinct from that of Iago than that of Desdemona is shown to be from Emilia's; the ambition of Macbeth is as distinct from the ambition of Richard III. as it is from the meekness of Duncan; the real madness of Lear is as different from the feigned madness of Edgar as from the babbling of the fool; the contrast between wit and folly in Falstaff and Shallow is not more characteristic though more obvious than the gradations of folly, loquacious or reserved, in Shallow and Silence; and again, the gallantry of Prince Henry is as little confounded with that of Hotspur as with the cowardice of Falstaff, or as the sensual and philosophic cowardice of the Knight is from the pitiful and cringing cowardice of Parolles. All these several personages were as different in Shakespear as they would have been in themselves: his imagination borrowed from the life, and every circumstance, object, motive, passion, operated there as it would in reality, and produced a world of men and women as distinct, as true, and as various as those that exist in nature. The peculiar property of Shakespear's

* See also our ed. of 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 16 fol., and 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 15 fol.

† *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 154 fol.

imagination was this truth, accompanied with the unconsciousness of nature: indeed, imagination to be perfect must be unconscious, at least in production; for nature is so. We shall attempt one example more in the characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.

The characters and situations of both these persons are so nearly alike that they would have been completely confounded by a commonplace poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakespear. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been king, and is glad to be rid of the power, with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary, proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation. Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knighting a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice:

“Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.”

Richard II. in the first speeches of the play betrays his real character. In the first alarm of his pride, on hearing of Bolingbroke's rebellion, before his presumption has met with any check, he exclaims:

“Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under proud rebellion’s arms.

* * * * *

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord.
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press’d
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.”

Yet, notwithstanding this royal confession of faith, on the very first news of actual disaster all his conceit of himself as the peculiar favourite of Providence vanishes into air:

“But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled. . .
 All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.”

Immediately after, however, recollecting that “cheap defence” of the divinity of kings which is to be found in opinion, he is for arming his name against his enemies:

“Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
 Is not the king’s name twenty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory.”

King Henry does not make any such vapouring resistance to the loss of his crown, but lets it slip from off his head as a weight which he is neither able nor willing to bear; stands quietly by to see the issue of the contest for his kingdom, as if it were a game at push-pin, and is pleased when the odds prove against him.

When Richard first hears of the death of his favourites, Busby, Bagot, and the rest, he indignantly rejects all idea of any further efforts, and only indulges in the extravagant im-

patience of his grief and his despair, in that fine speech which has been so often quoted :

“ *Aumerle*. Where is the duke my father with his power ?

King Richard. No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :

Let 's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
 Let 's choose executors and talk of wills ;
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
 How some have been depos'd ; some slain in war ;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;
 Some poison'd by their wives ; some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd : for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king !
 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want,
 Taste grief, need friends ; subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?”

There is as little sincerity afterwards in his affected resignation to his fate as there is fortitude in this exaggerated picture of his misfortunes before they have happened.

When Northumberland comes back with the message from Bolingbroke, he exclaims, anticipating the result:

“What must the king do now? must he submit?
 The king shall do it: must he be depos’d?
 The king shall be contented: must he lose
 The name of king? o’ God’s name, let it go:
 I’ll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 My gay apparel for an almsman’s gown,
 My figur’d goblets for a dish of wood,
 My sceptre for a palmer’s walking-staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave.”

How differently is all this expressed in King Henry’s soliloquy during the battle with Edward’s party! [See ii. 5. 1-54 below.]

This is a true and beautiful description of a naturally quiet and contented disposition, and not, like the former, the splenetic effusion of disappointed ambition.

In the last scene of *Richard II.* his despair lends him courage: he beats the keeper, slays two of his assassins, and dies with imprecations in his mouth against Sir Pierce Exton, who had “staggered his royal person.” Henry, when he is seized by the deer-stealers, only reads them a moral lecture on the duty of allegiance and the sanctity of an oath; and when stabbed by Gloster in the Tower, reproaches him with his crimes, but pardons him his own death.

[From Knight’s “*Essay on Henry VI. and Richard III.*”*]

Sir Walter Scott somewhere speaks, through one of his characters, of the “Lancastrian prejudices” of Shakspeare. The great novelist had probably in his mind the delineation of Richard. But it would be difficult, we think, to have conducted the entire chronicle history of the *Contention be-*

* “*The Pictorial Shakspeare*,” vol. ii. of *Histories*, p. 475 fol. (by permission).

between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster with more rigid impartiality. This just and tolerant view of human events and characters constitutes one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the mind of Shakspeare; and its manifestation in the dramas before us furnishes one of the many proofs, and to us not the least convincing, that they could alone have emanated from that mind. For, let us turn to the very first scenes of these dramas, and we shall find the character of the Lancastrian Margaret gradually displaying itself in an aptitude for bold and dangerous intrigue, founded upon her pride and impatience of a rival in authority. The Duchess of Gloster is tempted by her own weak ambition to meddle with the "lime-twigs" that have been set for her. But it is the passionate hatred of Margaret, lending itself to schemes of treachery and bloodshed, that drives on the murder of the "good Duke Humphrey." With the accomplices of Margaret the retribution is instant and terrible. The banished Suffolk falls, not by the hand of the law, but by some mysterious agency which appears to have armed against him a power mightier than the law, which seizes upon its victim with an obdurate ferocity, and hurries him to death in the name of a wild and irregular justice. To the second great conspirator against the Protector the retribution is even more fearful—the death, not of violence, but of mental torture, far more terrible than any bodily pain. The "Look, look, comb down his hair!" of Beaufort, speaks of sufferings far higher than those of the proud Suffolk, when the pirate had denounced him as "Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt!" and he saw the prophecy of the "cunning wizard" about to be accomplished. The justice which followed the other conspirator against Humphrey had not yet unsheathed its sword. His punishment was postponed till the battle-day of Wakefield.

The scenes of the first four acts of the First Part of the *Contention* may appear to a superficial observation to be very

slightly linked with the after-scenes of the great contest of the Roses. But it was the object of the poet to show the beginnings of faction, continued onward in the same form from the previous drama. The Protectorship was essentially a government of weakness, through the jealousies which it engendered and the intrigues by which it was surrounded. But the removal of the Protector left the government more weak, subjected as it then was to the capricious guidance of the imbecility of Henry and the violence of Margaret. Of such a rule popular commotions are the natural fruit. The author of the *Contention*, with a depth of political wisdom which Shakspeare invariably displays, has exhibited the insurrection of Cade, not as a revolt for specific objects, such as the removal of public oppressors or the redress of popular wrongs, but as a movement of the most brutal ignorance, instigated by a coarse ruffian, upon promises which could be realized in no condition of society, and for ends which proposed only such peace and security as would result from the overthrow of all rule and order. "You shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer," is the proper prologue to "Henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass." The same political sagacity has given us the inconstancy, as well as the violence, of the multitude. Nor are these remarkable scenes an episode only in this great dramatic history. Cade perishes, but York is in arms. The civil war is founded upon the popular tumult.

The civil war is begun. The Yorkists are in the field. The poet has delineated the character of their leader with a nice discrimination, and certainly without any of the coarseness of partisanship. He conveys to us that York is ambitious and courageous, but somewhat weak, and, to a great extent, a puppet in the hands of others. In the early scene in the Temple-garden his ambition is rashly discovered, in

a war of words, commenced in accident and terminated in fruitless passion. That ambition first contents itself "to be restored to my blood." And when Henry grants this wish the submission of the half-rebel is almost grovelling:

"Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death."

The full development of his ambition is the result of his estimation of the character of Henry, and his sense of the advantage which he derives from the factions which grow out of an imbecile government. But he is still only a dissembler, exciting his fancies with some shadowy visions of a crown, lending himself to the dark intrigues of his natural and avowed enemies, and calling up the terrible agency of popular violence, reckless of any consequences so that confusion be produced:

"From Ireland then comes York again
To reap the harvest which that coystrill sow'd."

The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms; but he still dissembles. When Buckingham demands "the reason of these arms," and addresses him as a "subject, as I am," his wounded pride has vent in the original play in a few words. But Shakspeare, in his additions to the sketch, has marked the inflated weakness of York's character by putting in his mouth words of "sound and fury" which he is afraid to speak aloud:

"O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with them,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong."

Passion, however, precipitates that decided movement which

prudence would have avoided ; and the battle of St. Alban's is the result.

The poet has now fairly opened

“The purple testament of bleeding war.”

Smothered dislikes are now to become scorching hatreds ; and the domestic affections, bruised and wounded, are to be the stimulants of the most savage revenge. Shakspeare has, with wonderful knowledge of human nature, made the atrocities of Clifford spring from the very depths of his filial love. The original conception is found in the *Contention* ; but its elaboration in the *Second Part of Henry VI.* is perhaps unsurpassed in beauty of expression by any passage of our matchless poet :

“Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone ; and while 't is mine
It shall be stony.”

With this preparation the savage ferocity of Clifford, in the murder of Rutland, is rendered less revolting :

“Thy father slew my father, therefore die.”

This is the key to his cold-blooded participation in the butchery of York :

There 's for my oath, there 's for my father's death.”

And what a real exhibition is this of the foulest crimes perpetrated under gentle impulses, where ill-regulated love and hate keep together as twin-sisters ! But this is chivalry. Here, even the kindly affections have an aspect of intense selfishness ; and “fierce wars and faithful loves” spring from the same want of the principle of self-control, and the same ignorance of the duties of a large and comprehensive charity. The partisanship of chivalry, displaying itself in bold adventure and desperate courage, looks to be some-

thing high and glorious. But it is the same blind emanation of self-love as the factious partisanship of modern politics, in which the leader and the serf are equally indifferent to the justice of the quarrel, and equally regardless of the ends by which victory is to be achieved. Shakspeare has given us every light and shadow of the partisanship of chivalry in his delineation of the various characters in these two wonderful dramas. Apart and isolated from all active agency in the quarrel stands out the remarkable creation of Henry. The poet, with his instinctive judgment, has given the king a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspeare has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of the *Third Part of Henry VI.* This scene is copied from the *Contention*, with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspeare could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of “armed men,” and proposing compromise even worse than war. We re-

quest our readers to peruse this scene in the *Second Part of the Contention*, and endeavour to recollect if any poet besides Shakspeare ever presented such a reality in the exhibition of a mind whose principles have no coherency and no self-reliance; one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; now urging his rival to peace, and now threatening war; turning from the assertion of his title to acknowledge its weakness; and terminating his display of "words, frowns, and threats" with

"Let me but reign in quiet while I live."

It was weakness such as this which inevitably raised up the fiery partisans that the poet has so wonderfully depicted; the bloody Clifford—the "she-wolf of France"—the dissembling York—the haughty Warwick—the voluptuous Edward—and, last and most terrible of all, *he* that best explains his own character, "I am myself alone."

One by one the partisans that are thus marshalled by the poet in the Parliament-scene of London are swept away by the steady progress of that justice which rides over their violence and their subtlety. The hollow truce is broken. Margaret is ready to assail York in his castle; York is prepared for the field, having learned from the precocious sophist Richard how an "oath is of no moment." Now are let loose all the "dogs of war." The savage Clifford strikes down the innocent Rutland; the more savage Margaret dips her napkin in his blood. York perishes under the prolonged retribution that awaited the ambition that dallied with murder and rebellion. Clifford, to whom nothing is so odious as "harmful pity," falls in the field of Towton, where, the son was arrayed against the father, and the father against the son; and the king, more "woe-begone" than the unwilling victims of ambition, moralizes upon the "happy life" of the "homely swain." The great actors of the tragedy are changed. Edward and Richard have become the leaders of the York-

ists, with Warwick, "the king-maker," to rest upon. Henry has fled to Scotland; Margaret to France. Then is unfolded another leaf of that Sibylline book. Edward is on the throne, careless of everything but self-gratification; despising his supporters, offending even his brothers. Warwick takes arms against him; Clarence deserts to Warwick; Richard alone remains faithful, sneering at his brother, and laughing in the concealment of his own motives for fidelity. Edward is a fugitive, and finally a captive; but Richard redeems him, and Clarence again cleaves to him. The second revolution is accomplished. The "king-maker" yields his "body to the earth" in the field of Barnet; Margaret and her son become captives in the plains near Tewkesbury. Then comes the terrible hour to the unhappy queen—that hour which she foresaw not when she gave the "bloody napkin" to the wretched York—that hour whose intensity of suffering reached its climax of expression in "You have no children." But Richard is fled

"To make a bloody supper in the Tower."

The three that stab the defenceless Edward equally desire another murder; but *one* is to do the work. It is accomplished.





LEWIS XI OF FRANCE.

THIRD
PART
OF

KING HENRY

VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
 EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.
 LEWIS XI., King of France.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET.
 DUKE OF EXETER.
 EARL OF OXFORD.
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
 LORD CLIFFORD.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
 EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King }
 Edward IV., } his sons.
 EDMUND, Earl of Rutland, }
 GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence, }
 RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloster, }
 DUKE OF NORFOLK. }
 MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE. }
 EARL OF WARWICK. }
 EARL OF PEMBROKE. }
 LORD HASTINGS. }
 LORD STAFFORD. }
 SIR JOHN MORTIMER, }
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } uncles to the Duke of York.
 HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
 LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
 Tutor to Rutland.
 Mayor of York.
 Lieutenant of the Tower.
 A Nobleman Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
 A Son that has killed his father.
 A Father that has killed his son.

 QUEEN MARGARET.
 LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
 BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers. Attendants. Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE: *England and France.*





SANDAL CASTLE (SCENE III.).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Alarum. Enter the DUKE of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Warwick. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,

Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edward. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10
Is either slain or wounded dangerously ;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Montague. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's
blood, [To York, showing his.
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Richard. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Richard. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

Warwick. And so do I.—Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die. 30

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords ;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

Warwick. And when the king comes, offer him no vio-
lence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [They retire.

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Richard. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.

Warwick. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us bywords to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

Warwick. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest.

King Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50
Even in the chair of state ! belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;—
And thine, Lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

Northumberland. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

Westmoreland. What ! shall we suffer this ? let's pluck
him down ;

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it. 60

King Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clifford. Patience is for poltroons, such as he ;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

Northumberland. Well hast thou spoken, cousin ; be it so.

King Henry. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exeter. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

King Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

70

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the duke.*]

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:

I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exeter. For shame, come down; he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exeter. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

Warwick. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

80

In following this usurping Henry.

Clifford. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

Warwick. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard, Duke of York.

King Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

Warwick. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

Westmoreland. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster; And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

Warwick. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget That we are those which chas'd you from the field,

90

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March'd through the city to the palace gates.

Northumberland. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

Westmoreland. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clifford. Urge it no more ; lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

Warwick. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats !

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

King Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York ;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March :
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

Warwick. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

King Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I ; 111
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Richard. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you
lose.—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edward. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Montague. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st
arms,

Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Richard. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace !

King Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to
speak. 120

Warwick. Plantagenet shall speak first : hear him, lords ;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

King Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?
No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—

Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.

130

Warwick. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

King Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

King Henry. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

King Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

140

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

Warwick. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?

Exeter. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

King Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exeter. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exeter. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

150

King Henry. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

Northumberland. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
'Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Warwick. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

Northumberland. Thou art deceiv'd; 't is not thy southern
power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clifford. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.

160

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

King Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

Warwick. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*]

King Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one
word: 170

Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King Henry. I am content; Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clifford. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

Warwick. What good is this to England and himself!

Westmoreland. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clifford. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

Westmoreland. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

Northumberland. Nor I.

Clifford. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

Westmoreland. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate
king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

Northumberland. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clifford. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.*]

Warwick. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exeter. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

King Henry. Ah, Exeter!

Warwick. Why should you sigh, my lord?

King Henry. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.— 193

But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever ;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*]

Warwick. Long live King Henry !—Plantagenet, embrace
him.

King Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward
sons !

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exeter. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes !

[*Scennet. The Lords come forward.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord ; I'll to my castle.

Warwick. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norfolk. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Montague. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk,
Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

King Henry. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Exeter. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her
anger. 211

I'll steal away.

King Henry. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*]

Queen Margaret. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

King Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen Margaret. Who can be patient in such extremes ?

Ah, wretched man ! would I had died a maid,
 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
 Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father !
 Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus ?
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
 Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there
 Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
 And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.

If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

King Henry. Pardon me, Margaret ;—pardon me, sweet son ;
 The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Queen Margaret. Enforc'd thee ! art thou king, and wilt
 be forc'd ? 230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
 And given unto the house of York such head
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it but to make thy sepulchre

And creep into it far before thy time ?

Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais ;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas ;

The duke is made protector of the realm ; 240

And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act ;

But thou prefer'st thy life before thy honour ·

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd

Whereby my son is disinherited.

250

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine if once they see them spread ;
And spread they shall be to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away :
Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them.

King Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get
thee gone.

King Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with
me?

Queen Margaret. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies. 260

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your grace ; till then I'll follow her.

Queen Margaret. Come, son, away ! we may not linger
thus. [*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

King Henry. Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage !
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.

The loss of those three lords torments my heart ; 270
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exeter. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Sandal Castle.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Richard. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edward. No ; I can better play the orator.

Montague. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edward. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Richard. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead. 10

Richard. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edward. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now;
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edward. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken;
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Richard. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Richard. I'll prove the contrary if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible. 21

Richard. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate

That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,

Within whose circuit is Elysium 30
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
 Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent.—
 You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise. 40
 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Messenger. The queen, with all the northern earls and
 lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle. 50
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we
 fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
 My brother Montague shall post to London.
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Montague. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not: 60
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
 You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Richard. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman-general! what should we fear? [*A march afar off.*]

Edward. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight. 70

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France

Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Excunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah! whither shall I fly to scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clifford. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clifford. Soldiers, away with him!

Tutor. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

Clifford. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear 10
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

20

Clifford. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my father's blood open it again;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.

No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

30

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

Rutland. O, let me pray before I take my death!—

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clifford. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rutland. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clifford. Thy father hath.

Rutland. But 't was ere I was born.

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,

40

Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[*Clifford stabs him.*

Rutland. Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae! [*Dies.*

Clifford. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
 Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

50

[*Exit.*SCENE IV. *The Same.**Alarum. Enter YORK.*

York. The army of the queen hath got the field.
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them ;
 But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown by life or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
 And thrice cried ' Courage, father ! fight it out !'
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him ;
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried ' Charge ! and give no foot of ground !'
 And cried ' A crown, or else a glorious tomb !
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !'
 With this, we charg'd again ; but, out, alas !
 We budg'd again : as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

10

20

[*A short alarum within.*

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue,
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury ;
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
 The sands are number'd that make up my life ;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.—

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

Northumberland. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm 31
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clifford. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons; 41
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

Queen Margaret. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

Northumberland. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so
much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away?
 It is war's prize to take all vantages,
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

60

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clifford. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

Northumberland. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
 So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

Northumberland. What would your grace have done unto
 him now?

Queen Margaret. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northum-
 berland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
 That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

What! was it you that would be England's king?

70

Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point

80

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee, grieve to make me merry, York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 'Thou wouldst be feed, I see, to make me sport;
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
 A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—
 But how is it that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

100

As I bethink me, you should not be king,
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 O, 't is a fault too, too unpardonable.—
 Off with the crown, and with the crown his head!
 And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clifford. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen Margaret. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he
 makes.

110

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
 France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
 But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,

That beggars mounted run their horse to death.

'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.

'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd; 130

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

'T is government that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable.

'Thou art as opposite to every good

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the Septentrion.

O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:

Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will;

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,

And every drop cries vengeance for his death,

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

Northumberland. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me

so, 150

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood ;
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears ;
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :
 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears
 And say 'Alas ! it was a piteous deed.'—
 There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse ;
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !—
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

Northumberland. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
 kin,

I should not, for my life, but weep with him, 170
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen Margaret. What ! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northum-
 berland ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clifford. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death.
[Stabbing him.]

Queen Margaret. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted
 king. [Stabbing him.]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [Dies.]

Queen Margaret. Off with his head, and set it on York
 gates ;

So York may overlook the town of York.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]



BEFORE YORK (SCENE II.).

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*
A March. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Power.

Edward. I wonder how our princely father scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Richard. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become. 10
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 't is pride enough to be his son.— 20
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edward. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Richard. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable; 30
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edward. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard
of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns. 40

Richard. Nay, bear three daughters; by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.—

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Messenger. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord.

Edward. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Richard. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Messenger. Environed he was with many foes, 50
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face, and when with grief he wept 60
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 70
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest !
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, O, never, shall I see more joy !

Richard. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart ;
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen,
 For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
 Is kindling coals that fires all my breast
 And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
 Fears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !—
 Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

80

Edward. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

90

Richard. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with their Army.

Warwick. How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what news
 abroad ?

Richard. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
 O, valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain !

100

Edward. O, Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

Warwick. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110
 I, then in London, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 And very well appointed, as I thought,
 March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
 Bearing the king in my behalf along;
 For by my scouts I was advertised
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament
 Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
 Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
 But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
 Or whether 't was report of her success,
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130
 Or like an idle thrasher with a flail—
 Fell gently down, as if they' struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great rewards,
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we in them no hope to win the day;
 So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;

For in the marches here, we heard, you were 140
 Making another head to fight again.

Edward. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

Warwick. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
 And for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Richard. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

Warwick. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
 For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
 Were he as famous and as bold in war
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Richard. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
 'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.

But in this troublous time what 's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
 Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

Warwick. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you
 out,

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
 And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
 He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;

And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath and what beside
 May make against the house of Lancaster.
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong ;
 Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, Via ! to London will we march amain,
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry ' Charge upon our foes !'
 But never once again turn back and fly.

Richard. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
 Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
 That cries ' Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edward. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;
 And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour !— 190
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend !

Warwick. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York.
 The next degree is England's royal throne ;
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along ;
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

Richard. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
 As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edward. Then strike up, drums !—God and Saint George
 for us !

Enter a Messenger.

Warwick. How now ! what news ?

Messenger. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

Warwick. Why then it sorts ; brave warriors, let 's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before York.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the
PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with drums and trumpets.

Queen Margaret. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town
of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown ;
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

King Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wrack ;

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clifford. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows ; 20

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue like a loving sire ;

Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
 Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight.
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest.
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
 For shame, my liege ! make them your precedent.
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
 And long hereafter say unto his child.

30

What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away ?
 Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy.
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

40

King Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
 That things ill got had ever bad success ?
 And happy always was it for that son
 Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell ?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
 And would my father had left me no more ;
 For all the rest is held at such a rate
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—

50

Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

Queen Margaret. My lord, cheer up your spirits : our roes
 are nigh.

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son ;

Unsheathe your sword and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

60

King Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clifford. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Royal commanders, be in readiness ;
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York,
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

70

Clifford. I would your highness would depart the field ;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen Margaret. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our
fortune.

King Henry. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll
stay.

Northumberland. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry, ' Saint George !'

80

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NOR-
FOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edward. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Queen Margaret. Go, rate thy minions, proud, insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king ?

Edward. I am his king, and he should bow his knee.
I was adopted heir by his consent :
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown, 90
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clifford. And reason, too ;
Who should succeed the father but the son ?

Richard. Are you there, butcher ?—O, I cannot speak !

Clifford. Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Richard. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it
not ?

Clifford. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Richard. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

Warwick. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
crown ?

Queen Margaret. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick !
dare you speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

Warwick. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.

Clifford. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

Warwick. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me
thence.

Northumberland. No, nor your manhood that durst make
you stay.

Richard. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley ; for scarce I can refrain 110
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clifford. I slew thy father ; call'st thou him a child ?

Richard. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

King Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King Henry. I prithee give no limits to my tongue ;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120

Clifford. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words ; therefore be still.

Richard. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edward. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no ?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

Warwick. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
For York in justice puts his armour on. 130

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Richard. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen Margaret. But thou art neither like thy sire nor
dam ;

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Richard. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

Edward. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
To make this shameless callat know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150
 And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
 And, had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day:
 But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
 Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France.
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept, 160
 And we, in pity of the gentle king,
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

George. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
 And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root;
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edward. And in this resolution I defy thee; 170
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
 Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave,
 And either victory or else a grave.

Queen Margaret. Stay, Edward.

Edward. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay;
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

Warwick. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edward. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death!
 For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

Warwick. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of
 good?

Enter GEORGE.

George. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. 10
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edward. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Richard. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
 And in the very pangs of death he cried,
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
 So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost. •

Warwick. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30

Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edward. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven my ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Richard. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle War-
wick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

Warwick. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, fare-
well.

George. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay, 50
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Richard. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,

And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clifford. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself ; 10
And so have at thee.

[*They fight. Warwick enters ; Clifford flies.*]

Richard. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

King Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's
war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ; 10
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
 For what is in this world but grief and woe? 10
 O God! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times: 20
 So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 30
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 40
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his father, bringing
in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns :
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.— 60
Who 's this?—O God ! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events !
From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did ;—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.— 70
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

King Henry. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear ;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father who has killed his son, with the body in his
arms.*

Father. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—

But let me see;—is this our foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—

Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,

Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,

Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly.

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

90

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—

O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King Henry. Woe above woe! grief more than common
grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—

O, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses;

The one his purple blood right well resembles

The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.

100

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,

Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Father. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

King Henry. How will the country, for these woful
chances,

Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Father. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

110

King Henry. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

Father. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;
 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go ;
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120
 I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murther'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

King Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE
 OF WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
 Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen Margaret. Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick
 post amain.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130
 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

Exeter. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.
 Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed.
 Or else come after : I'll away before.

King Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter ;
 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 Whither the queen intends. Forward ! away ! [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.**A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

Clifford. Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,
 Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
 O Lancaster ! I fear thy overthrow
 More than my body's parting with my soul !
 My love and fear glued many friends to thee ;
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
 Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.
 The common people swarm like summer flies ;
 And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
 And who shines now but Henry's enemies ? 10
 O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
 That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth !
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 [They never then had sprung like summer flies ;]
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace. 20
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
 The foe is merciless and will not pity.
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds.
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest ;
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. 30

[He faints.]

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edward. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

Warwick. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave, 40
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans and dies.*

Edward. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Richard. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edward. See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Richard. Revoke that doom of mercy; for 't is Clifford,
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring; 50
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

Warwick. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edward. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*

Warwick. I think his understanding is bereft.—

60

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

Richard. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;

'T is but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

George. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Richard. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edward. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

70

Warwick. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

George. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Richard. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edward. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

George. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?

Warwick. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast
wont.

Richard. What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes
hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

80

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

Warwick. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king;

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.

90

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together,

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again ;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
 First will I see the coronation,
 And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edward. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;
 For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100
 And never will I undertake the thing
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
 Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster ;—
 And George, of Clarence.—Warwick, as ourself,
 Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Richard. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

Warwick. Tut ! that 's a foolish observation ;
 Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London, 109
 To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*



AN ARGOSY (ii. 6. 36).



Welcome, brave Warwick (iii. 3. 46).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Forest in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keeper. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will come,

And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keeper*. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keeper*. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best;

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day

10

In this self place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keeper*. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

King Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure
love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed.

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right;

No, not a man comes for redress of thee,

20

For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keeper*. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee.
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

King Henry. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;

For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 *Keeper*. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keeper*. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

King Henry. My queen and son are gone to France for
aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

30

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account then Margaret may win him,
 For she 's a woman to be pitied much :
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse 40
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she 's come to beg, Warwick to give ;
 She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
 He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd ;
 He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd ;
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And, in conclusion, wins the king from her, 50
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
 O Margaret, thus 't will be ! and thou, poor soul,
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 Keeper. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens ?

King Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :

A man at least, for less I could not be ;
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 Keeper. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

King Henry. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that 's enough.

2 Keeper. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ? 61

King Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
 Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
 Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content ;
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keeper. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
 To go along with us ; for, as we think,
 You are the king King Edward hath depos'd,
 And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance, 70
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

King Henry. But did you never swear, and break an
 oath?

2 Keeper. No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

King Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of
 England?

2 Keeper. Here in this country, where we now remain.

King Henry. I was anointed king at nine months old,
 My father and my grandfather were kings,
 And you were sworn true subjects unto me ;
 And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 Keeper. No ; 80

For we were subjects but while you were king.

King Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?

Ah, simple men ! you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust,

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths ; for of that sin 90

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;

And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

1 Keeper. We are true subjects to the king,—King Ed
 ward.

King Henry. So would you be again to Henry
 If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 Keeper. We charge you, in God's name and the king's,
 To go with us unto the officers.

King Henry. In God's name lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform; 100

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

King Edward. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Gloster. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

King Edward. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Yea; is it so? 11
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clarence. [*Aside to Gloster*] He knows the game; how
true he keeps the wind!

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Silence!

King Edward. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

Lady Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay;
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant
you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clarence. [*Aside to Gloster*] I fear her not, unless she
chance to fall.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] God forbid that, for he 'll take vantages.

King Edward. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clarence. [*Aside to Gloster*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Nay, whip me then; he 'll rather give her two.

Lady Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] You shall have four if you 'll be rul'd by him. 30

King Edward. 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.

Lady Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

King Edward. Lords, give us leave; I 'll try this widow's wit.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*Gloster and Clarence stand apart.*]

King Edward. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

Lady Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

King Edward. And would you not do much to do them good?

Lady Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

King Edward. Then get your husband's lands to do them good. 40

Lady Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

King Edward. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Lady Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

King Edward. What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

Lady Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

King Edward. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Lady Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

King Edward. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Lady Grey. Why, then, I will do what your grace commands.

Gloster. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50

Clarence. As red as fire! nay, then, her wax must melt.

Lady Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

King Edward. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.

Lady Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

King Edward. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Lady Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Gloster. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

King Edward. But stay thee; 't is the fruits of love I mean.

Lady Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

King Edward. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Lady Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

King Edward. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Lady Grey. Why, then, you mean not as I thought you did.

King Edward. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Lady Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

King Edward. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

Lady Grey. To tell thee plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

King Edward. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Lady Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower; For by that loss I will not purchase them.

King Edward. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Lady Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit ;
Please you dismiss me either with ay or no.

King Edward. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request ;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand. 80

Lady Grey. Then no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Gloster. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clarence. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

King Edward. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete
with modesty ;

Her words do shew her wit incomparable ;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty :
One way or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen ?

Lady Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious
lord ; 90

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

King Edward. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is to enjoy thee for my love.

Lady Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

King Edward. You cavil, widow ; I did mean my queen.

Lady Grey. 'T will grieve your grace my sons should call
you father. 100

King Edward. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Gloster. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clarence. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

King Edward. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have
had. [*Gloster and Clarence come forward.*]

Gloster. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. 110

King Edward. You 'd think it strange if I should marry
her.

Clarence. To whom, my lord?

King Edward. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Gloster. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clarence. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Gloster. By so much 'is the wonder in extremes.

King Edward. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nobleman. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate. 119

King Edward. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower.—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension. —

Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and
Nobleman.*]

Gloster. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms ere I can place myself ;
 A cold premeditation for my purpose !
 Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty,
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence.
 Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way :
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off, 140
 And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;
 And so I say I 'll cut the causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities.—
 My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
 What other pleasure can the world afford ?
 I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. 150
 O miserable thought ! and more unlikely
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb ;
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
 To disproportion me in every part, 160
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
 O, monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought !
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head 170
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home ;
 And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :
 And from that torment I will free myself, 180
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
 And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And like a Sinon take another Troy. 190
 I can add colours to the chameleon,
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 And set the murtherous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
 'Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.



SCENE III. *France. The King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, and LADY BONA, attended: the King takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and the EARL OF OXFORD; LEWIS rising as she enters.

King Lewis. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Queen Margaret. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 10
And to my humble seat conform myself.

King Lewis. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Queen Margaret. From such a course as fills mine eyes
with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

King Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side; yield not thy neck

[*Sits her by him.*]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief. 20

Queen Margaret. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
 Is of a king become a banish'd man,
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
 While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
 Usurps the regal title and the seat
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
 This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30
 With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
 And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
 Our people and our peers are both misled,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

King Lewis. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
 storm,
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen Margaret. The more we stay, the stronger grows
 our foe. 40

King Lewis. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Queen Margaret. O, but impatience waiteth on true sor-
 row!—

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

King Lewis. What 's he approacheth boldly to our pres-
 ence?

Queen Margaret. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
 friend.

King Lewis. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee
 to France? [*He descends. Queen Margaret rises.*]

Queen Margaret. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
 For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

Warwick. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
 And then, to crave a league of amity ;
 And lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen Margaret. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope
 is done.

Warwick. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's
 behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart,
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen Margaret. King Lewis,—and Lady Bona,—bear
 me speak

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
 Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
 But from deceit, bred by necessity ;
 For how can tyrants safely govern home,
 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ? 70
 To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
 That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead,
 Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
 Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
 Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour ;
 For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
 Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

Warwick. Injurious Margaret !

Prince.

And why not queen ?

Warwick. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
 And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

Oxford. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquered all France :
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

Warwick. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
 You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90
 Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
 But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxford. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
 liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

Warwick. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
 For shame leave Henry, and call Edward king. 100

Oxford. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 When nature brought him to the door of death?
 No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

Warwick. And I the house of York.

King Lewis. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
 Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside, 110
 While I use farther conference with Warwick.

Queen Margaret. Heavens grant that Warwick's words
 bewitch him not! [*They stand aloof.*]

King Lewis. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy con-
 science,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

Warwick. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour,

King Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

Warwick. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

King Lewis. Then further, all dissembling set aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love

120

Unto our sister Bona.

Warwick. Such it seems

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant.

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona quit this pain.

King Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—

130

Yet I confess [*to Warwick*] that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

King Lewis. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be
Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

140

Queen Margaret. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit.

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

King Lewis. And still is friend to him and Margaret;

But if your title to the crown be weak,

As may appear by Edward's good success,

Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
 From giving aid which late I promised.
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
 That your estate requires and mine can yield. 150

Warwick. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
 Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.
 And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
 You have a father able to maintain you,
 And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Queen Margaret. Peace, impudent and shameless War-
 wick,
 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !
 I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
 Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
 Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love ; 160
 For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

King Lewis. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you.
 Sent from your brother Marquess Montague.—
 These from our king unto your majesty.—
 And, madam, these for you ; from whom I know not.

[*They all read their letters.*]

Oxford. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled ;
 I hope all 's for the best. 170

King Lewis. Warwick, what are thy news ?—and yours, fair
 queen ?

Queen Margaret. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd
 joys.

Warwick. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

King Lewis. What ! has your king married the Lady Grey,

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen Margaret. I told your majesty as much before;
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. 180

Warwick. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonors me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right, 190
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour;
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen Margaret. Warwick, these words have turn'd my
hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

Warwick. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succor him;
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,—

He 's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour, 210
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
 But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Queen Margaret. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
 live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

Warwick. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

King Lewis. And mine with hers, and thine, and Mar-
 garet's.

Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have aid. 220

Queen Margaret. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

King Lewis. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
 And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
 To revel it with him and his new bride.

Thou seest what 's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
 I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen Margaret. Tell him my mourning weeds are laid
 aside,

And I am ready to put armour on. 230

Warwick. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.

There 's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Post.

King Lewis. But, Warwick,

Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
 Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

Warwick. This shall assure my constant loyalty,— 247
 That if our queen and this young prince agree,
 I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bauds.

Queen Margart. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
 motion. —

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous ;
 Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
 And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 257

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

King Lewis. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be
 levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
 Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
 I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

Warwick. I came from Edward as ambassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe ;
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
 Had he none else to make a stale but me ? 260
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
 I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again ;
 Not that I pity Henry's misery,
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.





This is his tent (iv. 3. 23).

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. The Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

Gloster. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clarence. Alas! you know 't is far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Somerset. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.

Gloster. And his well-chosen bride.

Clarence. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

King Edward. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive as half malcontent? 10

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

King Edward. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Gloster. And shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

King Edward. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Gloster. Not I. 20

No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

King Edward. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Gloster. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

King Edward. What if both Lewis and Warwick be ap-
peas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Montague. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hastings. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself? 40

Montague. But the safer when 't is back'd with France.

Hastings. 'T is better using France than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clarence. For this one speech Lord Hastings well de-
serves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

King Edward. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

Gloster. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done
well

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clarence. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

King Edward. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

Clarence. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judg-
ment,

Which being shallow you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

King Edward. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Queen Elizabeth. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,
 Do me but right and you must all confess
 That I was not ignoble of descent ;
 And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
 But as this title honours me and mine,
 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
 Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

70

King Edward. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
 What danger or what sorrow can befall thee
 So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
 And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ;
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

80

Gloster. [*Aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

King Edward. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
 From France ?

Messenger. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words,
 But such as I, without your special pardon,
 Dare not relate.

King Edward. Go to, we pardon thee ; therefore, in brief,
 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them. 90
 What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters ?

Messenger. At my depart these were his very words :
 ‘ Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
 To revel it with him and his new bride.’

King Edward. Is Lewis so brave ? belike he thinks me
 Henry.
 But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

Messenger. These were her words, utter’d with mild disdain :

'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

King Edward. I blame her not, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Messenger. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are
done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

King Edward. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Messenger. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 110
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

King Edward. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd;
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Messenger. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in
friendship
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clarence. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the young-
er.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; 120
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

Gloster. [Aside] Not I.
My thoughts aim at a farther matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

King Edward. Clarence and Somerset both gone to War-
wick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,
 And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
 Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
 Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
 They are already, or quickly will be landed :
 Myself in person will straight follow you.—

130

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
 Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
 Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance ;
 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ?
 If it be so, then both depart to him :
 I rather wish you foes than hollow friends ;
 But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 That I may never have you in suspect.

140

Montague. So God help Montague as he proves true !

Hastings. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause !

King Edward. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Gloster. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

King Edward. Why, so ! then am I sure of victory.

Now, therefore, let us hence ; and lose no hour

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD with French and other Forces.

Warwick. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well :
 The common people by numbers swarm to us.
 But see where Somerset and Clarence comes !—

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clarence. Fear not that, my lord.

Warwick. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10
 Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
 But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.
 And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
 And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
 With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, 20
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 And seize himself ; I say not slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprise him.—
 You that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, ' Henry !'*]

Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort ;
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Edward's Camp near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent.

1 *Watchman.* Come on, my masters ; each man take his stand :

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watchman.* What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watchman*. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watchman*. To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watchman*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

1 *Watchman*. 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest
friend.

3 *Watchman*. O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watchman*. 'T is the more honour, because more dan-
gerous.

3 *Watchman*. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted he would waken him. 19

1 *Watchman*. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watchman*. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and forces
silently.*

Warwick. This is his tent; and see, where stand his
guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watchman*. Who goes there?

2 *Watchman*. Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick!
Warwick!' and set upon the guard, who fly,
crying, 'Arm! Arm!' Warwick and the rest
following them.*

Drums beating and trumpets sounding; enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown sitting in a chair.

GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.

Somerset. What are they that fly there?

Warwick. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is the duke.

King Edward. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted, 30

Thou call'dst me king!

Warwick. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one wife,

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40

King Edward. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance

Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king;

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Warwick. Then for his mind be Edward England's king:
[Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.— 50

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,

See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him:—
 Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

King Edward. What fates impose, that men must needs
 abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King Edward, led out; Somerset with him.*

Oxford. What now remains, my lords, for us to do, 60
 But march to London with our soldiers ?

Warwick. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do :
 To free King Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Rivers. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change ?

Queen Elizabeth. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
 What late misfortune has befallen King Edward ?

Rivers. What ! loss of some pitch'd battle against War-
 wick !

Queen Elizabeth. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Rivers. Then is my sovereign slain ?

Queen Elizabeth. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
 Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard
 Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares,
 And, as I further have to understand, 10
 Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
 Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Rivers. These news, I must confess, are full of grief ;
 Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may :
 Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen Elizabeth. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's
 decay ;

And I the rather wean me from despair,
 For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :
 This is it that makes me bridle passion,
 And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ; 20
 Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Rivers. But, madam, where is Warwick then become ?

Queen Elizabeth. I am informed that he comes towards
 London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
 Guess thou the rest: King Edward's friends must down ;
 But to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
 For trust not him that hath once broken faith,— 30
 I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
 There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
 Come therefore, let us fly while we may fly ;
 If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Gloster. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
 Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
 Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 He hath good usage and great liberty,
 And often, but attended with weak guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 I have advertis'd him by secret means,
 That if about this hour he make this way, 10
 Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Huntsman. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

King Edward. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Gloster. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

King Edward. But whither shall we then? 20

Hastings. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Gloster. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

King Edward. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Gloster. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

King Edward. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Huntsman. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Gloster. Come then; away! let's have no more ado.

King Edward. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

King Henry. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieutenant. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sov-
ereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

King Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warwick. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clarence. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

Warwick. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

King Henry. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government. 40
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

Warwick. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clarence. That he consents if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

Warwick. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content.

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50
I mean in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clarence. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

Warwick. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

King Henry. But with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat—for I command no more—
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward, 60
Be sent for to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clarence. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

King Henry. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Somerset. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

King Henry. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret
powers [Lays his hand on his head.]
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
 His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
 His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
 His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
 Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

Warwick. What news, my friend ?

Messenger. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
 And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

Warwick. Unsavoury news ! but how made he escape ? 80

Messenger. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster
 And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
 In secret ambush on the forest side,
 And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,
 For hunting was his daily exercise.

Warwick. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
 But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
 A salve for any sore that may betide.

*[Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Lieutenant,
 and attendants.]*

Somerset. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
 For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90
 And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
 As Henry's late presaging prophecy
 Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
 So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 What may befall him, to his harm and ours :
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxford. Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,
 'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Somerset. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

King Edward. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and
the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Gloster. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this; 10
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

King Edward. Tush, man! abodements must not now
affright us;

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hastings. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. 19

King Edward. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

King Edward. Why, and I challenge nothing but my duke-
dom,
As being well content with that alone.

Gloster. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hastings. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt? Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

Gloster. A wise, stout captain, and soon persuaded. 30

Hastings. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 't were not long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

King Edward. So, master mayor; these gates must not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces.

Gloster. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

King Edward. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Montgomery. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

King Edward. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Montgomery. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

50

[*A march begun.*]

King Edward. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we 'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montgomery. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and begone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Gloster. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

King Edward. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make
our claim;

Till then 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

Hastings. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Gloster. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

King Edward. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montgomery. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hastings. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here pro-
claim'd.—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Soldier. [Reads] 'Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,' etc.

Montgomery. And whose'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

King Edward. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks
unto you all;

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
 Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
 And when the morning sun shall raise his car
 Above the border of this horizon, 80
 We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates,
 For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
 Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee
 To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
 Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day,
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *London. The Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

Warwick. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgium,
 With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
 And with his troops doth march amain to London;
 And many giddy people flock to him.

King Henry. Let's levy men and beat him back again.

Clarence. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

Warwick. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10
 Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
 Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.—
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.—
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.—
 Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
 Farewell, my sovereign.

20

King Henry. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clarence. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

King Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Montague. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxford. And thus [*kissing Henry's hand*] I seal my truth,
 and bid adieu.

King Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

Warwick. Farewell, sweet lords; let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarendon, Oxford, and Montague.*]

King Henry. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.—
 Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
 Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exeter. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

King Henry. That 's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.
 I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
 I have not been desirous of their wealth
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
 Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within.* 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!']

Exeter. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

King Edward. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.—

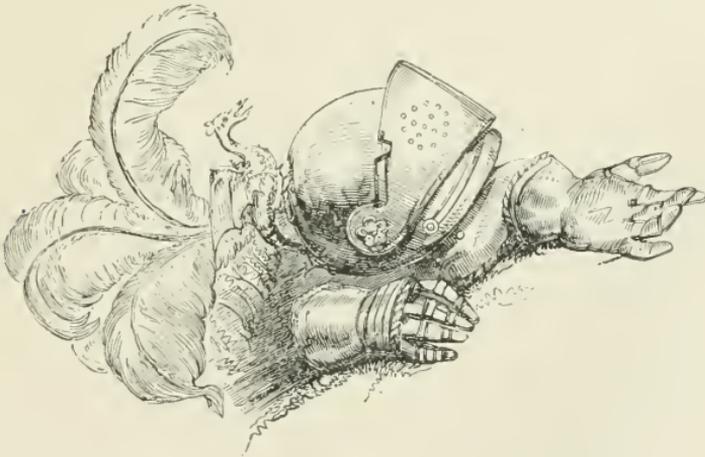
[Exeunt some with King Henry.]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

60

Gloster. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. *[Exeunt.]*





TEWKESBURY (SCENE IV.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Coventry.*

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

Warwick. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Messenger. By this time at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

Warwick. How far off is our brother Montague? Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Messenger. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Warwick. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerville. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

[*Drum heard.*]

Warwick. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

Somerville. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

Warwick. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for
friends.

Somerville. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and
Forces.

King Edward. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a
parle.

Gloster. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

Warwick. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

King Edward. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

Warwick. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Gloster. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

Warwick. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Gloster. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

Warwick. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

King Edward. Why, then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

Warwick. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight,
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

King Edward. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner ;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this · 40
What is the body when the head is off?

Gloster. Alas ! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck !
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

King Edward. 'T is even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

Gloster. Come, Warwick, take the time ; kneel down,
kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

Warwick. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

King Edward. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, with Forces.

Warwick. O cheerful colours ! see where Oxford comes.

Oxford. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster !

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Gloster. The gates are open ; let us enter too. 60

King Edward. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array, for they no doubt

Will issue out again, and bid us battle ;
 If not, the city being but of small defence,
 We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

Warwick. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Forces.

Montague. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster !

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Gloster. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,
 Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear. 59

King Edward. The harder match'd, the greater victory ;
 My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Forces.

Somerset. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Gloster. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
 Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;
 And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Forces.

Warwick. And, lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
 along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;
 With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
 More than the nature of a brother's love !—

[*Gloster and Clarence whisper.*

Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt if Warwick calls. 80

Clarence. Father of Warwick, know you what this means ?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee ;
 I will not ruinate my father's house,
 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
 And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
 That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

H

To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother and his lawful king?
 Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath ;
 To keep that oath were more impiety 90
 Than Jephtha's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad),
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ;— 100
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

King Edward. Now, welcome more, and ten times more
 beloved,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Gloster. Welcome, good Clarence ; this is brother-like.

Warwick. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust !

King Edward. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town
 and fight,

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

Warwick. Alas ! I am not coop'd here for defence :
 I will away towards Barnet presently, 110
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

King Edward. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
 way.—

Lords, to the field ! Saint George and victory !

[*March. Exeunt.*



SCENE II. *A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.

King Edward. So, lie thou there; die thou, and die our fear,

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.—

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

Warwick. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick.

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows;

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the midday sun,

To search the secret treasons of the world;

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres, 20

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me, and of all my lands

Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Somerset. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again. 30
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

Warwick. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou did'st,
Thy tears would wash this cold, congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Somerset. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last, 40
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault.
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
'O, farewell Warwick!'

Warwick. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save your-
selves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxford. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power! 50
[*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. *Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with CLAR-
ENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

King Edward. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
 That will encounter with our glorious sun
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed ;
 I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
 Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clarence. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, 10
 And blow it to the source from whence it came ;
 Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Gloster. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;
 If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King Edward. We are advertis'd by our loving friends.
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
 We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way ;
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.—
 Strike up the drum ! cry ' Courage ! ' and away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOM-
 ERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Queen Margaret. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
 their loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 What though the mast be now blown overboard,
 The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
 Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he
 Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too much,
 Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
 Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
 And Montague our topmast; what of him?
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
 Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
 And Somerset another goodly mast?
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
 As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
 And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
 What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
 And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark?
 Say you can swim; alas, 't is but a while!
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish,—that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 If case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
 'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

I speak not this as doubting any here ;
 For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes,
 Lest in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here—as God forbid !—
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxford. Women and children of so high a courage, 50
 And warriors faint ! why, 't were perpetual shame.—
 O, brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee ; long mayst thou live
 To bear his image and renew his glories !

Somerset. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen Margaret. Thanks, gentle Somerset.—Sweet Ox-
 ford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60
 Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxford. I thought no less ; it is his policy
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Somerset. But he 's deceiv'd ; we are in readiness.

Queen Margaret. This cheers my heart, to see your for-
 wardness.

Oxford. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. *Enter* KING EDWARD, CLARENCE,
 GLOSTER, and Forces.

King Edward. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
 wood
 Which, by the heaven's assistance and your strength,
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70
 For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Queen Margaret. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
 should say.

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
 Ye see I drink the water of my eyes.
 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80
 You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [*Exeunt both armies.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and
forces; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET,
as prisoners.

King Edward. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
 Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight;
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
 Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxford. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Somerset. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. •

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*]

Queen Margaret. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

King Edward. Is proclamation made, that who finds Ed-
 ward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

Gloster. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

King Edward. Bring forth the gallant; let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud, ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen Margaret. Ah, thy father had been so resolv'd!

Gloster. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Gloster. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Queen Margaret. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Gloster. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

King Edward. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clarence. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjurd George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

King Edward. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

Gloster. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*]

Clarence. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. 40
[Stabs him.]

Queen Margaret. O, kill me too!

Gloster. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.]

King Edward. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Gloster. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

King Edward. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Gloster. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.

I 'll hence to London on a serious matter;

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clarence. What? what?

Gloster. The Tower! the Tower! [Exit.]

Queen Margaret. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy: 51

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murtherers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child:

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What 's worse than murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak;

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.— 60

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

King Edward. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Queen Margaret. Nay, nevcr bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death. 70

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clarence. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen Margaret. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clarence. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen Margaret. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back. 80

King Edward. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen Margaret. So come to you and yours as to this prince!
[*She is taken out.*]

King Edward. Where 's Richard gone?

Clarence. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

King Edward. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence; discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares: 89

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

KING HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.*

Gloster. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

King Henry. Ay, my good lord;—my lord, I should say rather.

'T is sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:

Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous ; therefore, not good lord.

Gloster. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves ; we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

King Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf ;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ? 10

Gloster. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

King Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush ;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Gloster. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete
That taught his son the office of a fowl !

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. 20

King Henry. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course ;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward ; and thyself, the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words !
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come ? is 't for my life ?

Gloster. Think'st thou I am an executioner ? 30

King Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art ;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Gloster. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

King Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou
didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
 And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye,— 40
 Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
 And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, 50
 An indigested and deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

Gloster. I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech;
[Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

King Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
 O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.

Gloster. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster 61
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
 Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say, 70
 I came into the world with my legs forward.
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
 The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
 'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
 And so I was; which plainly signified
 That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
 Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80
 And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me: I am myself alone.—
 Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light:
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry and the prince his son are gone;
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, 90
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit with the body.]

SCENE VII. *London. The Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne*: QUEEN
 ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince*, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,
 HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

King Edward. Once more we sit in England's royal
 throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions;
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
 And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
 With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague, 10
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.—
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
 Young Ned, for thee thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20

Gloster. [*Aside*] I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
 Work thou the way,—and that shall execute.

King Edward. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely
 queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clarence. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Gloster. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
 sprang'st, 31

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
 And cried, all hail! whenas he meant all harm.

King Edward. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
 Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clarence. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

King Edward. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.—

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets!—farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*



FIELD NEAR TOWTON (II. 3).

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



PARK NEAR MIDDLEHAM CASTLE (IV. 5).

INTRODUCTION.

For the following outline of the *history* of the play, with illustrative extracts from the chroniclers, we are indebted to Knight:

ACT I.—“The battle of St. Alban’s concluded the Second Part of the drama of Henry VI.; in the first scene of this Third Part the conquerors are assembled in the parliament-house, boasting of their exploits, and resolved to carry out their victory to its utmost consequences. Yet five years had elapsed between this first great triumph of the Yorkists and the compromise between the rival houses which we find in the scene before us. That compromise followed the battle of Northampton, in the 38th year of Henry VI.; the battle of St. Alban’s was fought in the 33d year of that reign. We transcribe the passages from the Chroniclers upon which Shakspeare has constructed his plot. Hall says,—

“During this trouble was a parliament summoned to begin at Westminster in the month of October next following. Before which time Richard Duke of York, being in Ireland, by swift couriers and flying posts, was advertised of the great victory gained by his party at the field of Northampton, and also knew that the king was now in case to be kept and ordered at his pleasure and will; wherefore, losing no time, nor slugging one hour, he sailed from Develine to Chester with no small company, and by long journeys came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday next before the feast of Saint Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, and took his lodging in the king's own palace, whereupon the common people babbled that he should be king, and that King Henry should no longer reign. During the time of this parliament, the Duke of York, with a bold countenance, entered into the chamber of the peers and sat down in the throne royal under the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat), and in the presence as well of the nobility as of the spirituality (after a pause made) said these words in effect.' . . .

“Hall gives a long oration, which Holinshed copies, with the following remarks: ‘Master Edward Hall, in his Chronicle, maketh mention of an oration which the Duke of York uttered, sitting in the regal seat there in the chamber of the peers, either at this his first coming in amongst them, or else at some one time after, the which we have thought good also to set down; though John Whethamsted, the Abbot of St. Alban's, who lived in those days, and by all likelihood was there present at the parliament, maketh no further recital of any words which the duke should utter at that time in that his book of records, where he entreateth of this matter.’ Hall thus proceeds: ‘When the duke had thus ended his oration, the lords sat still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sewed up. The duke, perceiving none answer to be made to his declared purpose, not well content with their sober silence and taciturnity, advised them well to digest and ponder the effect of his oration and saying, and so, neither fully displeased nor all pleased, departed to his lodging in the king's palace.’

“The compromise upon which the parliament resolved is thus noticed by Hall: ‘After long arguments made, and deliberate consultation had among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm, upon the vigil of All Saints it was condescended and agreed by the three estates, for so much as King Henry had been taken as king by the space of xxxviii years and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural: And if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same for infringing any point of this concord, then the said crown and authority royal should immediately be devoluted to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line and lineage, and that the duke from thenceforth should be protector and regent of the land. Provided alway, that if the king did closely or apertly study or go about to break or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the said duke or his blood, then he to forfeit the crown, and the Duke of York to take it.

These articles, with many other, were not only written, sealed, and sworn by the two parties, but also were enacted in the high court of parliament. For joy whereof, the king, having in his company the said duke, rode to the cathedral church of Saint Paul within the city of London; and there, on the day of All Saints, went solemnly, with the diadem on his head, in procession, and was lodged a good space after in the bishop's palace, near to the said church. And upon the Saturday next ensuing Richard Duke of York was, by the sound of a trumpet, solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm.

"The battle of Wakefield soon followed this hollow compromise. The main incidents of the third and fourth scenes are built upon the *Chronicles*. Hall writes thus: 'The Duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and was suffered to pass forward toward the main battle: but when he was in the plain ground between his castle and the town of Wakefield he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall: so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited; and with him died of his trusty friends, his two bastard uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimers, Sir Davy Halle his chief counsellor, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Thomas Nevel, William and Thomas Aparre, both brethren, and two thousand and eight hundred other, whereof many were young gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths within four months next and immediately ensuing. . . . Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspoll, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, ii son to the above named Duke of York, scarce of the age of xii years, a fair gentleman, and a maidenlike person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, toward the town; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin: and with that word stuck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said.'

"This ferocious revenge of Clifford is commented upon with just indignation by Hall: 'In this act the Lord Clifford was accompted a tyrant, and no gentleman.' He then proceeds to describe the death of the Duke of York: 'This cruel Clifford and deadly bloodsupper, not content with this homicide, or childkilling, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great despite and much derision, saying, Madam, your war is done, here is your king's ransom: at which

present was much joy and great rejoicing; but many laughed then that sore lamented after, as the queen herself, and her son: and many were glad then of other men's deaths, not knowing that their own were near at hand, as the Lord Clifford, and other. But, surely, man's nature is so frail that things passed by soon forgotten, and mischiefs to come be not foreseen. After this victory by the queen and her party obtained, she caused the Earl of Salisbury, with all the other prisoners, to be sent to Pomfret, and there to be beheaded, and sent all their heads, and the Duke's head of York, to be set upon poles over the gate of the city of York, in despite of them and their lineage.'

"The circumstances attending the death of York are, however, differently told. Holinshed says: 'Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland they kneeled down afore him as the Jews did to Christ in scorn, saying to him, Hail, king without rule; hail, king without heritage; hail, duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen.' The poet has taken the most picturesque parts of the two narratives."

ACT II.—"The events which followed the death of the Duke of York are thus described by Hall: 'The Earl of March, so commonly called, but after the death of his father in deed and in right very Duke of York, lying at Gloucester, hearing of the death of his noble father, and loving brother, and trusty friends, was wonderfully amazed; but after comfort given to him by his faithful lovers and assured allies, he removed to Shrewsbury and other towns upon the river of Severn, declaring to them the murder of his father, the jeopardy of himself, and the unstable state and ruin of the realm. The people on the Marches of Wales, which above measure favoured the lineage of the lord Mortimer, more gladly offered him their aid and assistance than he it either instantly required or heartily desired, so that he had a puissant army, to the number of twenty-three thousand, ready to go against the queen and the murderers of his father. But when he was setting forward news were brought to him that Jasper Earl of Pembroke, half-brother to King Henry, and James Butler Earl of Ormond and Wiltshire, had assembled together a great number, both of Welsh and Irish people, suddenly to surprise and take him and his friends, and as a captive to convey him to the queen. The Duke of York, called Earl of March, somewhat spurred and quickened with these novelties, retired back, and met with his enemies in a fair plain near to Mortimer's Cross, not far from Hereford east, on Candlemas-day in the morning, at which time the sun (as some write) appeared to the Earl of March like three suns, and suddenly joined altogether in one, and that upon the sight thereof he took such courage that he fiercely set on his enemies, and them shortly discomfited: for which cause men imagined that he gave the sun in his full brightness for his cognizance or badge.'

“The poet passes over the battle of Mortimer’s Cross, but gives us the incident of the three suns. He also, not crowding the scene with an undramatic succession of events nearly similar, omits all mention of the second battle of St. Alban’s, in which the queen was victorious. This battle was fruitless to the cause of Lancaster, for Edward was almost immediately after recognized as king by the parliament assembled in London. The poet postpones this event, and, after the imaginary interview of the second scene, brings us to the great battle of Towton, which is thus described by Hall: ‘This battle was sore fought, for hope of life was set on side on every part, and taking of prisoners was proclaimed as a great offence; by reason whereof every man determined either to conquer or to die in the field. This deadly battle and bloody conflict continued ten hours in doubtful victory, the one part sometime flowing and sometime ebbing; but, in conclusion, King Edward so courageously encouraged his men, refreshing the weary and helping the wounded, that the other part was discomforted and overcome, and, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves. . . . This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord.’”

ACT III.—“The first scene exhibits the capture of Henry VI. upon his abandonment of his secure asylum in Scotland. Between that period, 1464, and the accession of Edward, three years had elapsed—years of unavailing struggle on the part of the Lancastrians. The capture of Henry is thus described by Hall: ‘Whatsoever jeopardy or peril might be construed or deemed to have ensued by the means of King Henry, all such doubts were now shortly resolved and determined, and all fear of his doings were clearly put under and extinct. For he himself, whether he were past all fear, or was not well stablished in his perfect mind, or could not long keep himself secret, in a disguised apparel boldly entered into England. He was no sooner entered but he was known and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought toward the king, whom the Earl of Warwick met on the way, by the king’s commandment, and brought him through London to the Tower, and there he was laid in sure hold. Queen Margaret his wife, hearing of the captivity of her husband, mistrusting the chance of her son, all disconsolate and comfortless, departed out of Scotland and sailed into France, where she remained with Duke Reyner her father till she took her unfortunate journey into England again, where she lost both husband and son, and also all her wealth, honour, and worldly felicity.’”

“In the second scene the poet, with great dramatic skill, exhibits the course of that wooing which ended in the marriage of Edward with Elizabeth Woodville—an event altogether unpropitious and finally destructive to his house. Hall (whom we still follow, for Holinshead is almost his literal copyist) tells the story with great quaintness, and Shakspeare clearly follows him: ‘But now consider the old proverb to be true that sayeth that marriage is destiny. For during the time that the Earl of Warwick was thus in France concluding a marriage for king Edward,

the king, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stoney Stratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchess of Bedford sojourned, then wife to Sir Richard Woodville, Lord Rivers, on whom then was attending a daughter of hers, called Dame Elizabeth Grey, widow of Sir John Grey, knight, slain at the last battle of St. Alban's by the power of King Edward. This widow, having a suit to the king, either to be restored by him to something taken from her, or requiring him of pity to have some augmentation to her living, found such grace in the king's eyes that he not only favoured her suit, but much more phantasied her person; for she was a woman more of formal countenance than of excellent beauty, but yet of such beauty and favour that with her sober demeanour, lovely looking, and feminine smiling (neither too wanton nor too humble), beside her tongue so eloquent, and her wit so pregnant, she was able to ravish the mind of a mean person, when she allured and made subject to her the heart of so great a king. After that King Edward had well considered all the lineaments of her body, and the wise and womanly demeanour that he saw in her, he determined first to attempt if he might provoke her to be his sovereign lady, promising her many gifts and fair rewards; affirming farther, that, if she would thereunto condescend, she might so fortune of his paramour and concubine to be changed to his wife and lawful bedfellow; which demand she so wisely and with so covert speech answered and repugned, affirming that, as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellow, so for her own poor honesty she was too good to be either his concubine or sovereign lady; that, where he was a little before heated with the dart of Cupid, he was now set all on a hot burning fire, what for the confidence that he had in her perfect constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastity; and without any farther deliberation he determined with himself clearly to marry with her, after that asking counsel of them which he knew neither would nor once durst impugn his concluded purpose. But the Duchess of York, his mother, letted it as much as in her lay, alleging a precontract made by him with the Lady Lucy and divers other lettes; all of which doubts were resolved, and all things made clear, and all cavillations avoided. And so, privily in a morning, he married her at Grafton, where he first phantasied her visage.'

"The contemporary historians, with one exception, make no mention of the suit of Edward, through Warwick, for the hand of the sister of the crafty Lewis XI. But the poet had ample authority for the third scene of this act, in the relation of Hall, which Holinshed also adopts: 'The French king and his queen were not a little discontent (as I cannot blame them) to have their sister first demanded and then granted, and in conclusion rejected and apparently mocked, without any cause reasonable. But when the Earl of Warwick had perfect knowledge by the letters of his trusty friends that King Edward had gotten him a new wife, and that all that he had done with King Lewis in his ambassage for the conjoining of this new affinity was both frustrate and vain, he was earnestly moved and sore chafed with the chance, and thought it necessary that King Edward should be deposed from his crown and royal dignity, as an inconstant prince, not worthy of such a kingly office. All men for

the most part agree that this marriage was the only cause why the Earl of Warwick bare grudge and made war on King Edward. Other affirm that there were other causes, which, added to this, made the fire to flame which before was but a little smoke.’”

ACT IV.—“The defection of Clarence from the cause of his brother has been worked up by the poet into a sudden resolve ;—it was probably the result of much contrivance slowly operating upon a feeble mind, coupled with his own passion for the daughter of Warwick. What is rapid and distinct in the play is slow and obscure in the Chronicles. Warwick and Clarence in the play are quickly transformed into enemies to the brother and the ally ; in the Chronicles we have to trace them through long courses of intrigue and deception. When Warwick possessed himself of the person of Edward, it is difficult, from the contemporary historians, to understand his real intentions. Hall, however, who compiles with a picturesque eye, tells the story of his capture and release in a manner which was not unfitted to be expanded into dramatic effect: ‘All the king’s doings were by espials declared to the Earl of Warwick, which, like a wise and politic captain, intending not to lose so great an advantage to him given, but trusting to bring all his purposes to a final end and determination by only obtaining this enterprise, in the dead of the night, with an elect company of men of war, as secretly as was possible, set on the king’s field, killing them that kept the watch, and or the king were ware (for he thought of nothing less than of that chance that happened), at a place called Wolney, four miles from Warwick, he was taken prisoner, and brought to the castle of Warwick. And to the intent that the king’s friends might not know where he was, nor what was chanced of him, he caused him by secret journeys in the night to be conveyed to Middleham Castle in Yorkshire, and there to be kept under the custody of the Archbishop of York his brother, and other his trusty friends, which entertained the king like his estate, and served him like a prince. But there was no place so far off but that the taking of the king was shortly known there with the wind, which news made many men to fear and greatly to dread, and many to wonder and lament the chance. King Edward, being thus in captivity, spake ever fair to the archbishop and to the other keepers ; but, whether he corrupted them with money or fair promises, he had liberty divers days to go on hunting ; and one day on a plain there met with him Sir William Stanley, Sir Thomas of Borogh, and divers other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to return to prison again.’

“In the beginning of 1471 Edward was a fugitive, almost without a home. The great Earl of Warwick had placed Henry again in the nominal seat of authority ; a counter-revolution had been effected. By one of those bold movements which set aside all calculation of consequences Edward leaped once more into the throne of England. In an age when perjury and murder were equally resorted to, Edward, on landing, did not hesitate to disguise his real objects, and to maintain that he was in arms only to enforce his claims as Duke of York. The scene before the

walls of York is quite borne out by the contemporary historians; and especially in that most curious *Historie of the arrival of Edward IV. in England*, published by the Camden Society. Shakspeare evidently went to Hall as his authority: 'King Edward, without any words spoken to him, came peaceably near to York, of whose coming when the citizens were certified, without delay they armed themselves and came to defend the gates, sending to him two of the chiefest aldermen of the city, which earnestly admonished him on their behalf to come not one foot nearer, nor temerarily to enter into so great a jeopardy, considering that they were fully determined and bent to compel him to retract with dint of sword. King Edward, marking well their message, was not a little troubled and unquieted in his mind, and driven to seek the farthest point of his wit; for he had both two mischievous and perilous chances even before his eyes, which were hard to be evaded or repelled:—one was, if he should go back again he feared lest the rural and common people, for covetousness of prey and spoil, would fall on him, as one that fled away for fear and dread; the other was, if he should proceed any farther in his journey, then might the citizens of York issue out with all their power, and suddenly circumvent him and take him. Wherefore he determined to set forward, neither with army nor with weapon, but with lowly words and gentle entreatings, requiring most heartily the messengers that were sent to declare to the citizens that he came neither to demand the realm of England nor the superiority of the same, but only the duchy of York, his old inheritance; the which duchy if he might by their means readopt and recover, he would never pass out of his memory so great a benefit and so friendly a gratuity to him exhibited. And so, with fair words and flattering speech, he dismissed the messengers; and with good speed he and his followed so quickly after, that they were almost at the gates as soon as the ambassadors. The citizens, hearing his good answer, that he meant nor intended nothing prejudicial to King Henry nor his royal authority, were much mitigated and cooled, and began to commune with him from their walls, willing him to convey himself into some other place without delay, which if he did, they assured him that he should have neither hurt nor damage. But he, gently speaking to all men, and especially to such as were aldermen, whom he called worshipful, and by their proper names them saluted, after many fair promises to them made, exhorted and desired them that, by their favourable friendship and friendly permission, he might enter into his own town, of the which he had both his name and title. All the whole day was consumed in doubtful communication and earnest interlocution. The citizens, partly won by his fair words, and partly by hope of his large promises, fell to this pact and convention, that if King Edward would swear to entertain his citizens of York after a gentle sort and fashion, and hereafter to be obedient and faithful to all King Henry's commandments and precepts, that then they would receive him into their city, and aid and comfort him with money. King Edward (whom the citizens called only Duke of York), being glad of this fortunate chance, in the next morning, at the gate where he should enter, a priest being ready to say mass, in the mass time, receiving the body of our blessed Saviour, solemnly swear-

ing to keep and observe the two articles above mentioned and agreed upon, when it was far unlike that he either intended or purposed to observe any of them, which afterwards was to all men manifest.”

ACT V.—“Of the battle of Barnet the following is Hall’s description :

“When the day began to spring the trumpets blew courageously and the battle fiercely began. Archers first shot, and bill-men them followed. King Edward, having the greater number of men, valiantly set on his enemies. The earl on the other side, remembering his ancient fame and renown, manfully withstood him. This battle on both sides was sore fought and many slain, in whose rooms succeeded ever fresh and fresh men. In the mean season, while all men were together by the ears, ever looking to which way fortune would incline, the Earl of Warwick, after long fight, wisely did perceive his men to be over pressed with the multitude of his adversaries ; wherefore he caused new men to relieve them that fought in the forward, by reason of which succours King Edward’s part gave a little back (which was the cause that some lookers-on, and no fighters, galloped to London, saying that the earl had won the field), which thing when Edward did perceive, he with all diligence sent fresh men to their succours.

“If the battle were fierce and deadly before, now it was crueller, more bloody, more fervent and fiery, and yet they had fought from morning almost to noon without any part getting advantage of other. King Edward, being weary of so long a conflict and willing to see an end, caused a great crew of fresh men (which he had for this only policy kept all day in store) to set on their enemies, in manner being weary and fatigued : but although the earl saw these new succours of fresh and new men to enter the battle, being nothing afraid, but hoping of the victory (knowing perfectly that there was all King Edward’s power), comforted his men, being weary, sharply quickening and earnestly desiring them with hardy stomachs to bear out this last and final brunt of the battle, and that the field was even at an end. But when his soldiers, being sore wounded, wearied with so long a conflict, did give little regard to his words, he, being a man of a mind invincible, rushed into the midst of his enemies, where as he (aventured so far from his own company to kill and slay his adversaries that he could not be rescued) was in the middle of his enemies stricken down and slain. The Marquis Montacute, thinking to succour his brother, which he saw was in great jeopardy, and yet in hope to obtain the victory, was likewise overthrown and slain. After the earl was dead his party fled, and many were taken, but not one man of name nor of nobility.”

“The most curious accounts, both of the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and indeed of all this rapid counter-revolution, which has scarcely a parallel in our English annals, are to be found in a contemporary narrative published by the Camden Society. Neither that narrative, nor the Ghent MS., which is an abridgment of it, were probably accessible to Shakspeare. We must therefore still be content to trace him in Hall and Holinshed. The following graphic account of the battle of Tewkesbury is from Hall :

“ ‘After the field ended King Edward made a proclamation that whosoever could bring Prince Edward to him, alive or dead, should have an annuity of an c *l.* during his life, and the prince’s life to be saved. Sir Richard Croftes, a wise and a valiant knight, nothing mistrusting the king’s former promise, brought forth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a goodly feminine and a well-featured young gentleman, whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banner displayed. The prince, being bold of stomach and of a good courage, answered, saying, To recover my father’s kingdom and inheritance from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lineally divoluted. At which words, King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him (or, as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet), whom incontinent they that strode about, which were George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloster, Thomas Marquis Dorset, and William Lord Hastings, suddenly murdered and piteously mangled. The bitterness of which murder some of the actors after in their latter days tasted and essayed by the very rod of justice and punishment of God. His body was homely interred with the other simple corpses in the church of the monastery of Black Monks in Tewkesbury. This was the last civil battle that was fought in King Edward’s days, which was gotten the iii day of May, in the x year of his reign, and in the year of our Lord mcccclxxi then being Saturday. And on Monday next ensuing was Edmund Duke of Somerset, John Longstrother, Prior of Saint John’s, Sir Garveys Clifton, Sir Thomas Tresham, and xii other knights and gentlemen beheaded in the market-place at Tewkesbury.’

“ It is unnecessary for us here to enter upon the disputed question as to whether Richard Duke of Gloster were the actual murderer of Henry VI. The following is Holinsbed’s account of this event :

“ ‘Poor King Henry VI., a little before deprived (as we have heard) of his realm and imperial crown, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Gloster (as the constant fame ran), who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reign in more surety, murdered the said King Henry with a dagger, although some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of York, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced to his friends, and how not only his son but also all other his chief partakers were dead and despatched, he took it so to heart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholy, he died the three-and-twentieth of May. The dead corpse, on the Ascension even (the 20th) was conveyed with bills and glaives pompously (if you will call that a funeral pomp) from the Tower to the church of St. Paul, and there laid on a bier, where it rested the space of one whole day, and, on the next day after, it was conveyed, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, unto the monastery of Chertsey, distant from London fifteen miles, and there was it first buried; but after, it was removed to Windsor, and there in a new vault newly inhumulate.’ ”

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *I wonder how*, etc. W. remarks: "This reference to the last Scene of the preceding Part is a mere dramatic contrivance to establish an intimate connection between the two. Between the battle of St. Albans, with which the Second Part closes, and the Parliament at which the ineffectual compromise between Henry VI. and the Duke of York was made, five years elapsed:—the date of the latter was 1460. Indeed, the reader of these plays must constantly remember that he is not reading a chronicle, or even a history; and that Shakespeare grouped the events of the reigns which he undertook to illustrate with a single eye to dramatic effect."

8. *Battle's*. Army's; as often. Cf. 15 just below; also ii. i. 121, ii. 2. 72, etc.

9. *By the swords of common soldiers*. "The elder Clifford was slain by York, and his son lives to revenge his death" (Mason). See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 178, note on 28.

11. *Dangerously*. The folio has "dangerous;" corrected by Theo. from the old play. S. does not elsewhere use *dangerous* as an adverb.

12. *Beaver*. Helmet. Cf. *Ham.* p. 186.

16. *Speak thou for me*, etc. As Malone notes, Richard was only a year old at the time of the first battle of St. Albans, at which he is represented as present (2 *Hen. VI.* v. 3), and only six years old at this time. The anachronism is from the old play.

18. *But is your grace*, etc. Malone reads "What" (from the old play) for *But*.

19. *Hope*. Capell reads "end," and D. and H. "hap" (a conjecture recorded by Rann). The latter may be right.

25. *Fearful*. Full of fear, timorous, cowardly; as in 178 below. Cf. *J. C.* p. 175, note on *With fearful bravery*.

34. *Perforce*. Rowe reads "by force," as in 29 above. W. has "perforce" there and "by force" here; apparently the printer's transposition, as it is not mentioned in the notes.

41. *Henry*. A trisyllable; as often in this play and the preceding. See 139 below, and cf. Gr. 477. Hanmer reads "Harry."

47. *Shake his bells*. An allusion to the little bells which were attached to hawks. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. Sr: "As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells," etc. See also *R. of L.* 511: "With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells." The bells were supposed to frighten the birds that were hawked at.

55. *You both have vow'd*. Pope reads "you vow'd," and the Coll. MS. "you have vow'd."

56. *Favourites*. Capell has "favourers."

62. *Such as he*. The 2d folio has "and such is he;" and Capell reads "and such as he."

69. *But when*, etc. The folios give this to "*Westm.*;" corrected by Theo. (from the old play).

76. *I am thine.* Some read, with the old play, "Thou art deceiv'd: I am thine."

78. *The earldom.* That of March, which he inherited from his mother, and by which he claimed his title to the throne. Theo. reads "the kingdom" (from the old play).

83. *And that's Richard.* The 1st folio omits *and*, which the 2d supplies, and which is also in the old play.

93. *Yes.* Theo. has "No" (from the old play). As Clarke remarks, *you forget* = you do not remember.

105. *They.* The folios have "My;" corrected by Theo. But, as Malone notes, Richard's father was Earl of Cambridge, and never Duke of York, having been beheaded while his elder brother, Edward Duke of York, was still living. The error is taken from the old play.

107. *I am the son of Henry the Fifth.* "The military reputation of Henry V. is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry V. dispersed the followers of Cade" (Johnson).

110. *Sith.* Since. See *Cor.* p. 236 (note on *Sithence*), or *Gr.* 132. Cf. i. 3. 41 below.

114. *Father, tear the crown.* Hanmer reads "Tear the crown, father." 120. *Peace thou!* etc. H. follows the old play in giving this speech to Northumberland, as Lettsom suggests.

131. *Prove it.* The 2d folio has "But prove it."

139. *Henry.* A trisyllable. Cf. 41 above.

144. *Crown.* Johnson remarks that the meaning of the text must be "detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty;" but he conjectures "son" for *crown*. Dr. Percy reminds him that Richard II. had no son. Capell reads "the crown" (from the old play).

164. *Thy crown.* The crown you wear. Sr. and H. read "the crown," and the Coll. MS. has "my crown."

168. *Over.* The 2d folio has "ore."

170. *Hear me.* The *me*, omitted in the 1st and 2d folios, is restored in the 3d folio from the old play.

190. *They seek revenge,* etc. "They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion" (Johnson).

206. *Sennet.* A particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

My castle. Sandal Castle in Yorkshire, where the next scene is laid. It was demolished by order of the Parliament in 1646, but its ruins are still to be seen in the village of Sandal, about two miles from Wakefield.

211. *Bewray.* Betray, show; as in iii. 3. 97 below. Cf. *Lear*, p. 199.

212. *Exeter, so will I.* Pope reads "So, Exeter, will I."

234. *As.* That. *Gr.* 109.

239. *Faulconbridge.* Thomas Nevil, natural son of William Nevil, Lord Faulconbridge. He had been appointed vice-admiral by Warwick, and had orders to guard the passage between Dover and Calais, in order that no friends of King Henry might land in England (Ritson).

For the narrow seas, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 28:

“in the narrow seas that part
The French and English;”

and *Id.* iii. 1. 4: “wracked on the narrow seas.”

261. *From the field.* The 1st folio has “to” for *from*; corrected in the 2d. The old play also has *from*.

268. *Coast.* Watch and follow, or hover around, like a bird of prey. The folio has “cost,” which some retain (as = cost *me*), but it does not suit the context. Steevens conjectures “cote” (see *Ham.* p. 206); and D. “souse” (see *K. John*, p. 175), which H. adopts. Hamner has “truss.” *Empty* = hungry; as in *V. and A.* 55 (see next note) and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 248.

269. *Tire on.* Seize and feed on ravenously. Cf. *V. and A.* 56:

“Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone.”

See also *Cymb.* iii. 4. 97.

270. *Three lords.* Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland. Cf. 183-188 above.

272. *Cousin.* Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, was cousin-german to the king, his grandfather John having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of John of Gaunt by his first wife.

SCENE II.—6. *Contention.* A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

10. *Henry.* A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 41 above.

22. *An oath is of no moment,* etc. “The obligation of an oath is here avoided by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself), in the foregoing play, was rational and just” (Johnson).

38. *Shalt to the Duke of Norfolk.* Rowe reads “go to,” and Pope inserts “go” after *Norfolk*. Steevens has “unto” for *to*, as in 40 just below.

40. *Lord Cobham.* Hamner reads “Lord of Cobham.”

43. *Witty.* Intelligent, sagacious. Cf. *T. A.* i. 5. 39: “Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.” Theo. reads “Wealthy and courteous.”

44. *Resteth.* Remains; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 70: “Nought rests for me,” etc. Cf. iv. 2. 13 and v. 7. 42 below.

47. *Enter a Messenger.* The folios have “*Enter Gabriel*,” which was probably the Christian name of an actor. There was a player named Gabriel Spencer in Henslowe’s company in 1598. See on iii. 1 (first note).

48. *Post.* Haste. See *R. and J.* p. 218, note on *In post*.

49. *The queen, with all the northern earls,* etc. “I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction; but he that reads this has a striking admonition against precipitancy, by which we often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in our

power. Had York stayed but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury" (Johnson).

50. *Intend.* A "confusion of construction;" as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 129. Cf. Gr. 412. Pope reads "Intends."

56. *And the rest.* W. misprints "and rest."

68. *Woman-general.* Most of the editors read "woman's general," as the folio does. The text is due to W.

74. *Whenas.* Used sometimes for *when*, as *whileas* (2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 225) for *while*, etc. Cf. ii. 1. 46 and v. 7. 34 below.

SCENE III.—1. *His Tutor.* "A prieste called Sir Robbert Aspoll" (Hall).

5. *Whose.* Referring to *brat*.

13. *Devouring pawes.* Steevens remarks that *pawes* is odd here; but cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 128:

"Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace."

39. *Ere I was born.* Malone remarks: "Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443; and Clifford's father was killed at the battle of St. Alban's in 1455." The error is from the old play.

40. *Thou hast one son.* Henry, the hero of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*.

41. *Sith.* See on i. 1. 110 above.

48. *Dii faciant*, etc. "The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory!" As Steevens remarks, this is from Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*.

SCENE IV.—2. *Uncles.* Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. Cf. i. 2. 62 above.

9. *Make a lane.* Cut his way through the enemy.

19. *Budg'd.* Gave way, yielded the ground. Cf. *Cor.* p. 210. The folios have "bodg'd," which some take to be =botched; but that does not suit the context. York does not mean that they fought in a bungling way, but that the struggle was *bootless* on account of the *over-matching* force opposed to them.

33. *Phaethon.* For the allusion, cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 178 and *R. and J.* iii. 2. 3. See also ii. 6. 12 below.

34. *Prick.* Mark, dial-point. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 119: "the prick of noon;" and *R. of L.* 781: "Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick."

50. *Buckle.* Join in close fight; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 95, iv. 4. 5, and v. 3. 28. The folios have "buckler;" corrected by Theo. II. reads "buckle thee with blows," because he does "not understand the meaning of 'buckle with thee blows;'" but *buckle* is no more a transitive verb than *strive* or *struggle*, and requires *with* to complete the sense. Besides, *buckle with thee* is evidently meant to jingle with *bandy with thee*. Of course it is not necessary to consider *blows* the direct object of *buckle*. It is added as an antithesis to *word*, but the construction (about which the writer of course did not trouble himself) is not precisely the same. The expression is sufficiently justified by the analogy of "fight with thee blow

for blow," etc. Cf. ii. 5. 76 below: "I'll aid thee tear for tear." The grammatical license—if it be so regarded—is by no means so bold as in making *buckle* transitive, with *thee* for its object.

55. *To prick*. As to prick. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 281.

59. *Prize*. Warb. reads "praise;" but *prize* here is the "right" which the "might" of *war* gives. As Johnson says, "all vantages are in war lawful prize." In ii. 1. 20 below some see a similar use of *prize*; but that is not so clear.

60. *Impeach*. For the noun, cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 269: "why, what an intricate impeach is this!"

68. *Raught*. The only form of the past tense of *reach* in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 180. The participle *reached* occurs only in *Oth.* i. 2. 24.

73. *Mess*. Often used to denote a company of *four*. See *L. L. L.* p. 150.

79. *Napkin*. Handkerchief. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

84. *Deadly*. For the adverbial use, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 178, *A. W.* v. 3. 117, etc.

87. *Stamp, rave*, etc. In the folio this line is placed after 91 below; but Malone saw that it belongs here, as in the old play. W. remarks: "The passage is taken bodily from the old version, except that two new lines [90, 91] are added; and these two lines are added to make the transition from the allusion to York's tearless eyes to 'Thou wouldst be fee'd,' etc., less abrupt; which intention the transposition of the line 'Stamp, rave,' etc., and the interposition of it between the added lines and the remainder of the passage, entirely defeats; as, in that case, this line is isolated, whereas in the old octavo, as will be seen in our text, it has a direct relation to the one which immediately precedes it. The transposition was doubtless an accidental consequence of the alteration made in the old text."

100. *And broke*. Hammer reads "hath broke."

103. *Pale*. Enclose, encompass; as in *A. and C.* ii. 7. 74: "Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips." See also *Hen. V.* p. 182.

106. *Too, too*. Some print "too-too." See *M. of V.* p. 143, note on *Too-too light*.

108. *Do him dead*. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 179: "who should do the duke to death?" See also ii. 1. 103 and iii. 3. 103 below; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 169, note on *Done to death*.

114. *Trull*. Harlot, drab. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 196.

115. *Captivates*. Used in its original sense of make captive, bring into bondage. Cf. Armaao's use of it in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 126: "immured, restrained, captivated, bound."

116. *Vizard-like*. Like a *vizard*, or visor.

118. *Assay*. Try, attempt. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 153: "'T were better not assay'd," etc. Coll. changes it to "essay," which S. does not use as a verb.

120. *Wert thou not*. H. omits *thou* (the conjecture of Walker), which is awkward and uncalled-for.

121. *Type*. Badge, mark. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 244: "The high imperial type of this earth's glory;" where, as here, the crown is meant.

122. *Sicils*. Sicilies; as in v. 7. 39 below. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 6.
127. *Horse*. Perhaps to be regarded as a plural. See *Macb.* p. 204, or *Gr.* 471.
129. *God he knows*. Cf. *K. John*, v. 7. 60, *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 10, 26, iii. 7. 235, etc. *Gr.* 243.
132. *Government*. Self-control; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 31, iii. 1. 184, *Oth.* iii. 3. 256 (see our ed. p. 187), etc.
136. *Septentrion*. North (Latin *septentrio*); used by S. only here. Cf. Milton, *P. R.* iv. 31: "From cold septentrion blasts;" the only instance in which he uses the word.
137. *O tiger's heart*, etc. See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 12.
142. *Obdurate*. Regularly accented on the second syllable by S. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 192.
146. *The rain begins*. See *T. and C.* p. 198, note on *Rain*, to lay this wind, etc. See also ii. 5. 85 below.
150. *Passion moves*. The 1st folio has "passions moves," and the 2d "passions move." The text is that of the Camb. ed.
- 152, 153. The lines are arranged as by Warb. from the old play. In the folios they form three lines, ending with *his*, *touch'd*, and *blood*. The passage is perhaps corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. For *with blood* the 2d folio has "the roses just with blood." Theo. reads "the roses juic'd with blood;" and Hanmer, "the roses just i' th' bud." The Coll. MS. has "the rose's hue with blood."
155. *Tigers of Hyrcania*. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 101: "the Hyrcan tiger;" and see our ed. p. 219.
169. *To all*. Capell reads "of all," and in the next line "could" for *should* (both from the old play).
171. *Inly*. Inward; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 18: "the inly touch of love."
172. *Weeping-ripe*. Ripe or ready for weeping; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 274. Cf. *sinking-ripe* in *C. of E.* i. 1. 78.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—9. *Resolv'd*. Satisfied; as in ii. 2. 124 below. See *J. C.* p. 158.

10. *Is become*. That is, what has become of him. Cf. iv. 4. 25 below. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 10. 16: "the deare Charissa, where is she become?"

14. *Neat*. Neat or horned cattle. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 125:

"the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd neat."

20. *Pride*. The folios have "prize;" corrected by Warb. from the old play. Some would make "prize" = privilege, comparing i. 4. 59 above; but this does not seem to us a parallel case. Besides, the line is taken bodily from the old play; and, as W. remarks, "it is impossible to believe that S., in doing this, changed intentionally a word with a good and

pertinent signification for one for which, in its present connection, no proper meaning can be found."

22. *Takes her farewell*, etc. "Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun when she dismisses him to his diurnal course" (Johnson); or "when she leaves him to take her place" (Clarke).

24. *Trim'm'd like a younker*, etc. Cf. *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 92: "Will you make a younker of me?" Most editors read *younker* in *M. of V.* ii. 6. 14 (see our ed. p. 143).

25. *Three suns*. This is from the chroniclers. See p. 134 above.

27. *Racking*. Floating like *rack* (see *Ham.* p. 211), or cloud; the only instance of the verb in S. Malone quotes *Edw. III.*)

"like inconstant clouds
That, rack'd upon the carriage of the winds,
Increase," etc.

36. *Meeds*. Merits; as in iv. 8. 38 below. Cf. *Ham.* p. 272.

46. *Whenas*. See on i. 2. 74 above.

48. *O, speak no more*, etc. "The generous tenderness of Edward and savage fortitude of Richard are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death" (Johnson).

51. *The hope of Troy*. Hector. Cf. iv. 8. 25 below.

82. *Selsfame*. Hammer reads "th' selsfame."

83. *Fires*. A dissyllable. Gr. 480. Capell reads "fire," and "burn" in the next line. It would be better to change *coals* to "coal," as the Camb. editors suggest, if any change were called for; but cf. Gr. 247.

92. *Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun*. It was a very ancient belief that the eagle was the one bird that could gaze undazzled at the sun. Pliny says that it exposes its brood to this test as soon as they are hatched, to prove if they are genuine or not. Chaucer refers to the belief in his *Parlement of Foules*; as Spenser does in the following fine passage from the *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*:

"Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd,
And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of traile infirmities."

99. *Thy words would add*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 255: "She speaks poniards, and every word stabs;" and *Ham.* iii. 2. 414: "I will speak daggers to her."

103. *Done to death*. See on i. 4. 108 above.

106. *Sith*. See on i. 1. 110 above.

110. *Depart*. For the noun, cf. iv. 1. 92 below.

113. *And very well appointed*, etc. This line is omitted in the folios; restored by Steevens from the old play. As the whole speech is reproduced almost without change, the omission was probably accidental, though we do not feel quite sure about it. For *well appointed* (=well equipped), cf. *Hen. V.* p. 162.

116. *Advertised*. Regularly accented by S. on the second syllable. Cf. iv. 5. 9 and v. 3. 18 below.

124. *Heated spleen*. Ardent impetuosity. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 350:

"Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons," etc. Warb. changes *heat-ed* to "hated," spoiling the antithesis with *coldness*.

131. *Idle*. The folios have "lazy;" corrected by Capell (from the old play). W. retains "lazy."

140. *Marches*. Borders, border country; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 140.

141. *Making another head*. Gathering another force. Cf. the play on *head* in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 284: "to save our heads by raising of a head," etc.

146. *Your kind aunt*. Isabel, daughter of John I., King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt: she was therefore third cousin to Edward instead of *aunt*. The *George*, referred to in 143, was at this time in his twelfth year, and Richard was in his ninth.

150. *Retire*. Retreat; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 326, v. 5. 4, etc.

169. *Haught*. Haughty. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206.

170. *Moe*. More; used only with a plural or collective noun. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176, or *Gr.* 17.

182. *Via!* An interjection of encouragement (Italian), literally = away! Cf. *M. W.* p. 147. *Amain* is omitted in the folios; restored by Theo. from the old play.

190. *Fall'st*. Changed by Steevens to "fall'st." The old play has "faints."

191. *Forevend*. Forbid; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 541, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 129 (in quartos; "forbid" in folios), etc.

207. *Puissant*. A dissyllable; as in v. 1. 6 and v. 2. 31 below. Cf. *7. C.* p. 157.

209. *Sorts*. Suits, is well. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 109:

"this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence."

SCENE II.—6. *Irks*. Is irksome to, annoys. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 105: "It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd," etc.

8. *Nor wittingly*. Nor purposely. Reed changes *Nor* to "Not," and H. *wittingly* to "willingly" (the conjecture of Walker).

10. *Harmful*. Hammer reads "harmless."

19. *Level*. Aim. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 286: "the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife," etc.

30. *Fearful*. Timorous. See on i. 1. 25 above. The folio has "with" for *in* (from the old play).

38. *Fondly*. Foolishly; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 258: "But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer," etc.

44. *Inferring*. Bringing forward, adducing. Cf. iii. 1. 49 below. See also *Rich. III.* p. 212.

46. *Bad success*. A bad issue. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 232, note on *Dangerous success*.

47. *Happy always was it*, etc. "Alluding to a common proverb: 'Happy the child whose father went to the devil'" (Johnson). The folios make the sentence an assertion, but it is a question in the old play, as the context requires it to be.

57. *Soft courage*. The editors have been in doubt how to explain this,

and Coll. reads "soft carriage" (the conjecture of Mason). Cf. *Cor.* p. 247, note on *Courage*. Schmidt, Clarke, and H. made *courage* = heart, disposition; and it certainly may have that sense, though W. says that no instance of it has been found. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 1:

"Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent."

Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, speaks of "having a faint hart or courage." W. takes the word to be here = encouragement: "the queen means to say that the king's tame replies to her and to Clifford are poor encouragement to those who are fighting his battles." *Soft courage* may be simply = soft kind of courage, or weak courage. Cf. iv. 1. 12 below: "so weak of courage;" a very similar expression, whether *courage* have its ordinary sense or be = heart.

64. *Apparent*. That is, heir-apparent; as, figuratively, in *W. T.* i. 2. 177:

"Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart."

66. *Toward*. Forward, bold.

72. *Darraign your battle*. "That is, *range* your host, put your host in order" (Johnson). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 40: "Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne;" *Id.* i. 7. 11: "Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne;" and *Id.* iii. 1. 20:

"On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers battaile against one with cruell might and mayne."

Steevens cites *Guy Earl of Warwick*, 1661: "Darraign our battles, and begin the fight." The old play has "Prepare your battels."

89. *Since when*, etc. The 1st folio gives lines 89-92 to "*Cla.*," and the old play to "*George*;" but in 92 "his brother" is altered to "me," which shows that S. intended the whole to belong to Edward. In the old play the passage reads thus:

"*George*. Since when he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue caused him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in."

97. *Sort*. Set, crew. See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 158.

112. *Clifford*. Capell reads "Clifford there" (from the old play).

116. *Sunset*. The 3d folio has "sun set;" but cf. *K. John*, p. 153.

121. *Wound*. Walker conjectures "wounds."

124. *Resolv'd*. Satisfied, convinced. See on ii. 1. 9 above.

133. *Whoever got thee*, etc. The folios give this to "*War.*," but the reply of the queen shows that the old play is right in assigning it to Richard.

134. *Wot*. Know; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*, for which see *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.

136. *Stigmatic*. One branded by nature with the *stigma* of deformity. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 215, where the term is also applied to Richard. These are the only instances of the word in S., but *stigmatical* is used in the same sense in *C. of E.* iv. 2. 22.

138. *Venom toads*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 151, note on *Like the toad*, etc. Rowe reads "venomous;" but we have four other instances of *venom* as an adjective in *S*.

141. *Channell*. Kennel, gutter. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 52: "throw the quean in the channel."

142. *Exstraught*. Elsewhere the participle is *extracted*; but cf. *dis- traught* in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 4 and *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49. The old play has "deriv'd."

143. *Detect*. Expose, betray.

144. *A wisp of straw*. Malone and others have shown by quotations from writers of the time that scolds and strumpets were sometimes made to wear a wisp of straw on their heads as a mark of disgrace.

145. *Callat*. Drab, harlot. See *W. T.* p. 170, or *Oth.* p. 201.

147. *Menelaus*. That is, a cuckold like him. Steevens compares *T. and C.* v. 1. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

171. *Longer*. Changed by Capell to "further."

172. *Deniest*. The folio has "denied'st;" corrected by Warb. from the old play. The reference is to what Margaret has said in 118 above.

SCENE III.—1. *Forspent*. Exhausted; as in *2 Hen. IV.* i. 1. 37: "almost forspent with speed," etc. The old play has "Sore spent."

5. *Spite of spite*. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 5: "In spite of spite," etc.

15. *Thy brother's blood*. A half-brother who does not appear in the play—an illegitimate son of Salisbury.

27. *Look upon*. That is, are mere spectators. Cf. *W. T.* p. 200, note on *Looks on alike*.

37. *Thou setter-up*, etc. Cf. *Dan.* ii. 21: "He removeth kings and setteth up kings." In iii. 3. 157 below, Margaret calls Warwick "Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings," and some have supposed that Warwick is addressed here; but the latter part of the passage ought to make it clear that it is a prayer to the Deity.

43. *In earth*. Pope reads "on earth;" but cf. *V. and A.* 143, *M. for M.* ii. 4. 50, etc. See also *Matt.* vi. 10.

53. *Wear*. The Coll. MS. has "wore;" and Coll. and H. read "ware," an old form not found elsewhere in *S*.

56. *Forslow*. Delay; used by *S*. only here. Steevens quotes *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594: "Why, King Sebastian, wilt thou now fore-slow?" and Marlowe, *Edw. II.*: "Foreslow no time; sweet Lancaster, let's march." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 10. 15: "But by no means my way I would forslow," etc.

SCENE IV.—12. *Some other chase*. Some other game. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14:

"Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;
For I myself must hunt this deer to death."

SCENE V.—1. *This battle fares*, etc. *V.* remarks: "Henry's soliloquy certainly has more of the Poet's manner about the date of *Much Ado*

About Nothing than of his earlier style. Yet the character of Henry is just as well marked in the old play as in the enlarged one, as well as the incidents of the unhappy son and father :

Hen. O gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
And set some ends to these incessant griefs.
How like a mastless ship upon the seas
This woeful battle doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these civil jars !
Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king.
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well :
Or would my crown suffice, I were content
To yield it them, and live a private life."

3. *Blowing of his nails.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 923 :

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail."

Whether the shepherd blows his fingers because they are cold or because he has nothing to do, the commentators are not agreed ; but we have no doubt that here and in *L. L. L.* the former is the meaning. In *T. of S.* i. 1. 109, the other sense is clear enough.

24. *Quaintly.* Curiously, fancifully. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 141.

26. *Hour.* A dissyllable, as below in several lines. Cf. *fires* in ii. 1. 83 above.

36. *Ean.* Theo. reads "yeau," which means the same. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 88 : "in eaning time."

37. *Years.* Changed by Rowe to "months ;" but the reference probably is to the years that must elapse before the lambs just *eaned* can be shorn. For *poor fool* as an expression of pity or tenderness, see *Much Ado*, p. 133.

38. *Months.* Rowe reads "weeks, months."

43. *Silly.* Harmless, innocent. Cf. *V. and A.* 1098. "the silly lamb ;" *R. of L.* 167 : "the silly lambs," etc. See also *T. G. of V.* p. 145.

51. *Delicates.* Delicacies ; the only instance of the noun in *S.*

Johnson remarks : "This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity."

V. adds : "There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive, moralizing character. The reader may not be displeased to have them here subjoined, that he may compare them with the congenial thoughts the Poet has attributed to him :

'Kingdoms are but cares ;
State is devoid of stay ;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

'Pleasure is a privy [game,]
Which vice doth still provoke ;
Pomp unprompt ; and fame a flame ;
Power a smouldering smoke.

'Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
'The swelling of the flood.'"

57. *Possessed with*. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 9: "possess'd with double pomp;" 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 138:

"'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories," etc.

Possessed of is more common in S.

62. *Unwares*. An old form of *unwares*, but not found elsewhere in S. Hamner prints it "un'wares."

77. *And let our hearts*, etc. "The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*; all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves" (Johnson); or "let our hearts and eyes, like ourselves in civil war, be self-destructive" (Clarke).

82. *Our foeman's face*. The face of one of our foemen; needlessly changed in the Coll. MS. (adopted by H. but not by Coll.) to "a foeman's face."

86. *Blown with the windy tempest*, etc. Cf. i. 4. 146 above.

89. *Stratagems*. Dreadful deeds. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 148.

92, 93. *O boy . . . too late*. The old play reads:

"Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone,"

which Hamner and Capell followed; but, as the Camb. editors remark, this "merely transfers the difficulty of explanation from one line to another." W. says: "The passage seems to be quite inexplicable. Warburton, who was the first to comment upon it, was of the opinion that, in the reading of the folio, 'gave thee life too soon' meant, 'because, had he been born later, he would not have been of years to engage in this quarrel,' and that 'bereft thee of thy life too late' meant, 'he should have done it by not bringing thee into being.' Henley, adopting the same view of the former phrase, explains the latter, 'had the father recognized him before the fatal blow, it would not have been too late to have saved [to save] him from death.' Malone and Steevens consider 'too late' to mean recently; and such may have been the sense in which it was used. There may be some readers to whom these explanations will be satisfactory: I am far from being sure that they would have been so to Shakespeare. And yet he may possibly have written the passage as it stands in the octavo, and have changed it to the reading of the folio. This I am the more inclined to believe since my discovery of the following line, in a speech of Andromache concerning Hector, in Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Troas*, 1581, with which Shakespeare was familiar: 'O sonne begot to late for Troy, but borne too soone for me.' It is at least not improbable that the line in *The True Tragedy* was a reminiscence of this one, and that, on the revision and rewriting of that play, the ineffectual change was made, hastily and without sufficient thought, in the hope of improving the passage." H. thinks that *too soon* may be = "too gladly, too willingly," and *too late* = "too recently." For the latter, he compares

Rich. III. iii. 1. 99: "Too late he died that might have kept that title."
Cf. also *R. of L.*, 1801:

"I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

On the whole, Henley's explanation is the least unsatisfactory that has been proposed—which is the best that can be said for it.

95. *Ruthful*. Pious. See *Rich. III.* p. 226, note on *This piece of ruthless butchery*.

100. *Presenteth*. Represents. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 156.

108. *Misthink*. Misjudge; as in *A. and C.* v. 2. 176: "misthought For things that others do."

118. *Obsequious*. Lavish of *obsequies*. Cf. *Ham.* p. 180.

119. *E'en*. The folios have "Men" or "man;" corrected by Capell (who prints it "Even") and D. Rowe reads "Sad," and Delius "Son" (the conjecture of Mitford).

123. *Overgone*. Overcome.

126. *Chafed*. Infuriated. See *J. C.* p. 131.

130. *Fearful*. Frightened. Cf. ii. 2. 30 above.

SCENE VI.—8. *The common people*, etc. This line, omitted in the folios, was restored by Theo. from the old play. Line 17 below, which Capell omits, and which has no counterpart in the old play, is probably, as W. suggests, the result of the accidental transposition of the present line, and its subsequent alteration by the players or the printers to fit it to its new place.

12. *Phaethon*. See on i. 4. 33 above.

19. *Mourning widows for our death*. That is, widows mourning for our death. Gr. 419a. Cf. 56 below.

26. *For at their hands*, etc. Capell has "And at" (from the old play). Walker conjectures "Nor at."

28. *Effuse*. The only instance of the noun in S.

30. *Split my breast*. Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 177: "Let sorrow split my heart." See also *Rich. III.* i. 3. 300 and *A. and C.* v. 1. 24.

36. *Argosy*. A large merchant ship. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 127.

42. *Whose soul*, etc. The folios give this to "*Rich.*," together with what follows to *See who it is*, inclusive; assigning only the remnant of 44, 45 to "*Ed.*" As W. remarks, this must be corrupt, "as it makes Richard ask who it is that groans, and give directions to see who it is, and comply with his own command and answer his own question." The arrangement in the text is that of the old play, restored by Capell.

43. *Departing*. Parting, separation. See *K. John*, p. 150. Hanmer reads "life in death departing."

49. *But set his*. A "confusion of construction." See Gr. 415. Hanmer reads "Set his fell," and H. "Did set his."

56. *To our house*. These words modify *fatal*. See on 19 above.

67. *Which*. Changed by Pope to "As;" but see Gr. 278.

68. *Eager words*. "*Sour* words; words of asperity" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 49: "The bitter clamour of two eager tongues." For the literal use of the word (=sour), see *Ham.* p. 196.

75. *Fence*. Defend; as in iii. 3. 98 below.
 82. *This hand should chop*. Capell reads "I'd chop" (from the old play).
 96. *Coronation*. Metrically five syllables. See on i. 2. 6 above. Cf. 108 and 110 below.
 100. *In thy shoulder*. The 2d folio has "on" for *in*; but the latter is often found where we should expect the former. Cf. "in the neck" in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 92, etc. Gr. 160.
 105. *Him pleaseth*. It pleases him. Gr. 297.
 107. *Too ominous*. "Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster" (Steevens).

 ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter two Keepers*. The folios have "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey*." As *Sinklo* is the name of an actor, mentioned in the stage-directions of *T. of S.* (see our ed. p. 127, note on 86) and in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4, it is probable that *Humfrey* is the name of another actor—perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humphrey Jeaffes, who is mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary*. See also on i. 2. 47 above.

2. *Laund*. Lawn, glade; as in *V. and A.* 813: "And homeward through the dark laund runs apace." Capell reads "lawn."

9. *For*. In order that. Gr. 151. Cf. iii. 2. 154 below.

11. *Self*. Same. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 10: "that self chain," etc. Gr. 20.

17. *Balm*. Consecrated oil. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 55:

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

24. *Sour adversity*. The folios have "the sower Adversaries;" and Pope reads "these sour adve.sities." The text is due to D.

40. *Tainted with remorse*. Touched with pity. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 183: "Never yet taint with love," etc. For *remorse*=pity, cf. v. 5. 64 below.

47. *That*. So that. Gr. 283.

49. *Inferreth*. See on ii. 2. 44 above.

55. *Thou, that talk'st*. The folios have "thou talk'st," and the old play "thou that talks." The text is Rowe's.

60. *In mind*. Malone suggests that there may be an allusion to the old song, "My mind to me a kingdom is."

97. *And the king's*. Rowe reads "and in the king's," which is plausible.

SCENE II.—2. *John*. The folios and the old play have "Richard;" corrected by Pope from Hall. The metre favours the emendation.

3. *His lands then seiz'd*, etc. Malone remarks: "This is, in every particular, a falsification of history. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror (Queen Margaret), that

they were in fact seized by King Edward, after his victory at Towton (1461). The present scene is laid in 1464. Shakespeare followed the old play in this instance; but when he afterwards had occasion to mention this matter, in writing his *King Richard III.*, he stated it truly, as he found it in the chronicles. In act i. scene 2 of that play, Richard, addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth (the Lady Grey of the present scene), says:

‘In all which time you and your husband *Grey*
Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*;
(And, Rivers, so were you:)—was not your husband
In Margaret’s battle at Saint Albans slain?’”

14. *Keeps the wind.* That is, keeps the scent. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 122: “this same coxcomb that we have i’ the wind.” See also *Ham.* p. 230, note on *Recover the wind of me.*

19. *Resolve.* Satisfy, give me an answer. See on ii. 1. 9 above.

68. *If I aim.* If I guess, or conjecture. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 58: “thou aimest all awry,” etc.

72. *Honesty.* Chastity; as often. Cf. *M. W.* p. 142.

77. *Sadness.* Seriousness. See *R. and J.* p. 144. Cf. the adjective in 110 below.

107. *Hath done his shrift.* Has heard the confession and granted absolution. Cf. *M. for M.* p. 163, note on *Present shrift.*

108. *For shift.* The 3d folio has “for a shift,” which was the more common expression.

109. *Muse.* Wonder. See *K. John*, p. 158.

112. *To whom,* etc. The 1st folio has “To who” (cf. Gr. 274), but the old play, like the later folios, *To whom.*

114. *A day longer,* etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 185: “I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came,” etc.

123. *Honourably.* The 1st folio has “honourable,” which is sometimes found as an adverb (cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 60, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 149, etc.); but here the reply shows that *honourably* is the word, as in the old play.

124. *Ay, Edward will use women honourably,* etc. V. remarks: “This soliloquy is strongly impressed with all the peculiar characteristics of our great poet, and especially with his power of developing character; giving us a bold and distinctly marked outline of the approaching *Richard III.* Yet this is but the enlargement of a similar and brief soliloquy of Gloster, in the old play—containing the same thoughts, less powerfully and vividly brought out. I think there are but few readers who will not agree with me, that the author of the original young Gloster must be also the author of the full-grown *Richard III.*; for, if the old *Contention* be not Shakespeare’s, he owes to its author not only the groundwork of *Henry VI.*, but the whole character of *Richard.* To my mind, this soliloquy, as it stands in the old play, is alone conclusive of Shakespeare’s authorship, and of his sole paternity of the character. The reader will judge for himself:

‘*Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no issue might succeed.

To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
 For I am not yet look'd on in the world!
 First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
 And his son, and all they look for issue
 Of their loins, ere I can plant myself;
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
 I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
 And lull myself within a lady's lap,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 O monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
 Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
 And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
 She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
 And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
 To make my legs of an unequal size.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
 Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile;
 I cry content to that which grieves me most;
 I can add colours to the chameleon;
 And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
 And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
 'Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down.'"

139. *Lade*. Bail, as with a *ladle*; the only instance of the verb in S.

143. *Flattering me*. Flattering *myself*. Pope reads "Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible."

154. *For*. In order that. Cf. iii. 1. 9 above.

161. *An unlick'd bear-whelp*. Referring, as Johnson notes, to the old opinion that "the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears."

166. *To o'erbear*, etc. Johnson observes: "Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of enmity in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeas'd with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."

170. *Until my mis-shap'd trunk*, etc. The editors have not been willing to let this alone, though it is probably what S. wrote. Hanmer, for instance, reads "Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear," and Steevens conjectures "Until my head that this mis-shap'd trunk bears" (adopted by H.).

171. *Impaled*. Enclosed, encircled. Cf. *pale* in i. 4. 103 above.

175. *Rends*. The folios have "rents," which is an old form of the word and might be retained here. Cf. *Mach.* p. 243.

185. *Occasions*. A quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 6 above.

186. *Mermaid*. Siren; as elsewhere in S. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 128.

187. *Basilisk*. The fabled monster that was supposed to kill by a glance. See *Hen. V.* p. 183, note on *The fatal balls*.

190. *Sinon*. The artful Greek who persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into their city. See *Cymb.* p. 194. W. misprints "Simon."

192. *Proteus*. The marine god who had the power of changing his shape at pleasure. The meaning is, "advantageously compete with Proteus in changing shapes" (Clarke).

193. *Machiavel*. An anachronism, of course, but none the less substituted deliberately by S. for "the aspiring Catiline" of the old play. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 1. 104 and *1 Hen. VI.* v. 4. 74. The allusion was a familiar one in the poet's day.

SCENE III.—II. *Seat*. Walker conjectures "state," but the change is hardly called for.

25. *Of a king*. From being a king; or, as Abbott gives it (*Gr.* 171), "instead of" a king.

26. *Forlorn*. Not elsewhere used substantively by S.

42. *Waiteth on true sorrow*. Hammer reads "waiting rues to-morrow."

44. *What 's he*. Who is he that. Cf. iv. 3. 28 below. *Gr.* 254.

45. *Our*. The Coll. MS. has "The."

46. *Welcome, brave Warwick*, etc. Ritson remarks: "This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he received by the king's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the king (Edward), Shakespeare found in Hall and Holinshed; but later, as well as earlier writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole, and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to unknown causes, or to that jealousy and ingratitude too natural to those who are under obligations too great to be discharged. There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended on, than this fabulous story of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463; and in February, 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the Princess Elizabeth, their first child."

78. *Injurious*. Insolent. Cf. *Cor.* p. 247.

90. *Henry*. A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 41 above.

93. *Silly*. Poor, petty.

94. *To make prescription for*. To establish a prescriptive right or claim to.

96. *Thirty and six years*. The old play has "thirtie and eight," which, as Malone remarks, is the correct number.

97. *Bewray*. Betray. Cf. i. 1. 211 above.

98. *Fence*. Defend; as in ii. 6. 75 above.

99. *Buckler*. Shield, defend; as in *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 216 and *T. of S.* iii. 2. 241.

103. *Done to death*. See on i. 4. 108 above, and cf. ii. 1. 103.

124. *Eternal*. Perennial. The folios have "externall" or "external;" corrected by Warb. from the old play.

127. *Envy*. Perhaps = hatred, malice; as often. Steevens says: "His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him

from female disdain." Clarke thinks the meaning to be that "the strength of Edward's love secures it from exciting the French princess's hatred, though not, perhaps, from incurring her disdain." Johnson suggests that it may mean "that his love is superior to envy, and can feel no blast from the lady's disdain." No one of these explanations is quite satisfactory.

154. *You have a father able*, etc. "This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach" (Johnson).

156. *Warwick*. The reading of the 1st folio; the 2d (followed by some editors) has "Warwick, peace."

157. *Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings*. See on ii. 3. 37 above.

160. *Conveyance*. Artifice, fraud. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 2: "Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance."

171. *News*. Used by S. both as singular and plural. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 198.

175. *Soothe*. "Act in conformity with" (Schmidt). According to Baret, the word meant "to countenance a falsehood, or forged tale; to uphold one in his talke, and affirme it to be true which he speaketh." Rann reads "smooth" (the conjecture of Heath).

187. *His death*. He was in fact taken at the battle of Wakefield by the Lancastrians, and subsequently beheaded by them at Pomfret.

188. *The abuse done to my niece*. Holinshed (quoted by Steevens and others) says: "Other affirm other causes [of Warwick's defection] and one speciallie, for that King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house which was much against the earles honestie (whether he would have deflowered his daughter or his neece, the certainty was not for both their honours openlie revealed) for surelie such a thing was attempted by King Edward."

189. *Impale*. See on iii. 2. 171 above.

191. *Guerdon'd*. Rewarded; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 49.

204. *Soldiers*. A trisyllable. Gr. 479.

222. *In post*. In haste. Cf. i. 2. 48 above.

226. *Fear*. Affright. Cf. v. 2. 2 below.

228. *The willow garland*. On the willow as the emblem of unhappy love, see *Much Ado*, p. 131. Cf. iv. 1. 100 below.

230. *Put armour on*. It was no unusual thing for queens to appear in armour at the head of their armies. A suit worn by Elizabeth is still to be seen in the Tower of London.

242. *Mine eldest daughter*. 'It was Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married. Theo. reads "my younger daughter."

260. *Stale*. Laughing-stock, butt. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 134.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—8. *I mind*. I have a mind, or mean. Cf. 64, 106, and 140 below.

Enter King Edward, etc. "Coll. remarks the particularity of the

stage-directions in this play, as printed in the folio (1623). Here we have the addition of words to show how the principal characters were to be ranged on the stage: "Four stand on one side, and four on the other." The attendants were probably to retire to the back of the scene, and were supposed to be out of hearing: there were nine principal persons present, viz., the King, the Queen, Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings. The King was therefore to stand in the middle, with 'four on one side and four on the other'" (V.).

12. *Weak of courage.* Wanting in courage or spirit. See on ii. 2. 57 above.

17. *And shall.* Rowe reads "And you shall." Walker conjectures "Ay, and shall," or "Marry, and shall."

41. *But the safer.* The 2d folio has "Yes, but." "But then," "Ay, but," and "But yet" have also been conjectured. It is easy enough to tinker the defective measure of the play, if one chooses to do it.

56. *You would not have bestow'd the heir,* etc. Till the Restoration the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites" (Johnson).

70. *Not ignoble.* Her father was Sir Richard Widville, afterwards Earl of Rivers; and her mother Jaqueline, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, daughter to Peter of Luxemburg, Earl of St. Paul (Malone).

73. *Dislikes.* Some change this to "dislike," and others *Doth* in the next line to "Do;" but see *R. and J.* p. 140 (note on *Doth*), or *Gr.* 334.

92. *Depart.* See on ii. 1. 110 above.

103. *In place.* Present. See *M. for M.* p. 172. Cf. iv. 6. 31 below.

104. *My mourning-weeds are done.* My mourning garments are done with, or laid aside. Cf. iii. 3. 229 above.

118. *The elder.* Theo. transposes *elder* and *younger*. See on iii. 3. 242 above.

126. *The love.* Pope omits *the*.

140. *Mind.* See on 8 above.

142. *Suspect.* For the noun (used by S. some dozen times), see *Rich. III.* p. 188.

SCENE II.—2. *By numbers swarm.* Pope reads "swarm by numbers."

3. *Comes.* Rowe reads "come." See *Gr.* 336.

4. *Suddenly.* Quickly.

12. *Sweet Clarence.* Pope reads "sweet friend," and Capell omits *sweet*.

13. *Coverture.* Covert, shelter. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 30: "in the woodbine coverture." For *rests*, see on i. 2. 44 above.

15. *Towns.* The folios have "towne" or "town;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Thirlby).

20. *Sleight and manhood.* Craft and bravery.

21. *The Thracian fatal steeds.* The oracle had declared that Troy could not be taken if the horses of Rhesus once drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains. The Greeks therefore sent Diomedes

and Ulysses to intercept the Thracian prince when he came to bring help to Priam; and they killed him on the night of his arrival, and carried off the horses.

SCENE III.—2. *Is set him down.* Has set himself down.

14. *Keeps.* Hammer reads "Keeps here."

15. *More dangerous.* Hammer omits *more*.

19. *Doubted.* Suspected, feared. See *K. John*, p. 163, or *Ham.* p. 187.

22. *Enter Warwick, etc.* Coll. notices the alteration of the old play in the conduct of this scene, as showing the extreme simplicity of the stage just before Shakespeare's time: "In the older play, Warwick, Oxford, and Clarence, aided by a party of soldiers, standing on one part of the stage, concert a plan for surprising Edward IV. in his tent, on another part of the stage. Having resolved upon the enterprise, they merely cross the boards to Edward's encampment, the audience being required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent. Shakespeare showed his superior judgment by changing the place, and by interposing a dialogue between the watchmen who guard the king's tent."

28. *What are they, etc.* Who are they, etc. See on iii. 3. 44 above.

32. *Embassade.* Used by S. only here. Capell reads "embassage" (from the old play).

34. *Now to create.* H. reads "to new-create" (the conjecture of Johnson).

38. *Brotherly.* For the adverbial use, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 162 and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 158.

44. *Complices.* Not to be printed as an abbreviation of *accomplices*. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 186.

48. *For his mind.* As regards his mind, in his own mind.

55. *Tell what answer.* Pope reads "tell you what reply," Capell "tell his grace what answer," D. "tell him there what answer;" and so on. The line could be eked out in a dozen other ways, if one had the itch of "emendation." W. very sensibly remarks: "This verse is imperfect, and a word of one or two syllables has probably been lost. They are not necessary to the sense, however, and there is no justification or ground for the attempts which have been made to restore them."

SCENE IV.—1. *You in.* The Coll. MS. has "in you"—a needless and impertinent change, like hundreds of others in that volume.

11. *New.* Changed by Rowe to "now."

16. *Lif's.* The folios have "lives;" corrected by Rowe.

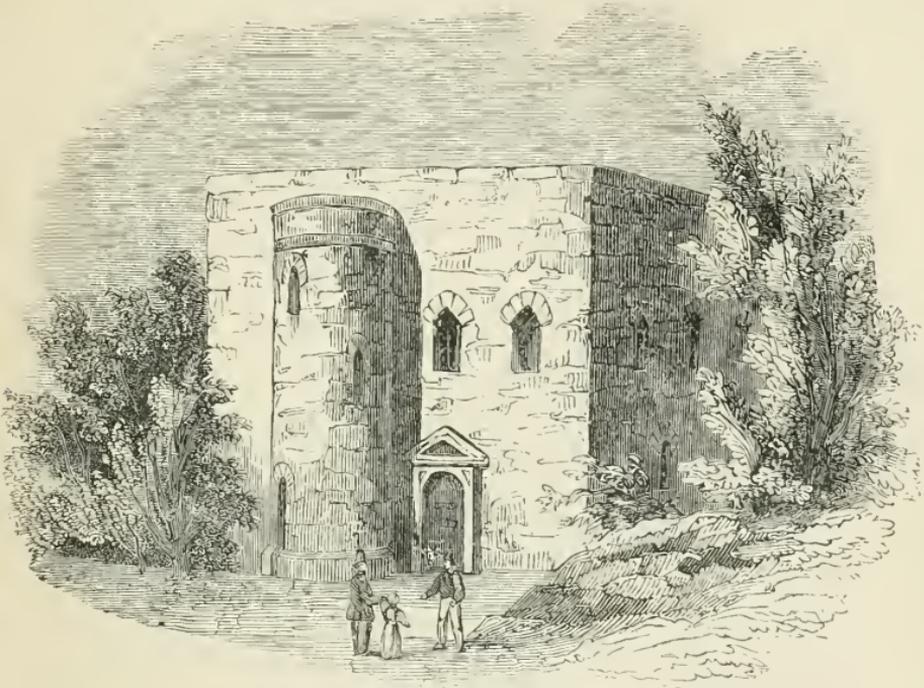
19. *Passion.* A trisyllable. See on i. 2. 6 above. Rowe, not understanding this, reads "in my passion."

22. *Blood-sucking sighs.* Alluding to the old notion that each sigh cost the heart a drop of blood. See *M. N. D.* p. 163, note on *That costs the fresh blood dear*.

25. *Is . . . become.* See on ii. 1. 10 above.

26. *Informed.* The folios have "inform'd;" corrected by Theo.

31. *The sanctuary.* The sanctuary at Westminster, for which see *Rich. III.* p. 205.



THE SANCTUARY AT WESTMINSTER

SCENE V.—*Middleham Castle.* This castle was at Middleham, in Yorkshire, and its remains are still to be seen on a rocky eminence near the town. Tradition says that it was destroyed by Cromwell, but there is no historical record to that effect. Edward gave the castle to his eldest brother, the Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III. Here Richard Plantagenet was born, and here, according to Stow, the Bastard of Faulconbridge (cf. i. 1. 239 above) was beheaded.

9. *Advertis'd.* For the accent, see on ii. 1. 116 above.

19. *Ready.* Hammer adds "here," and Capell reads "park-corner for you."

21. *Ship.* The 1st folio has "shipt," which W. thinks might be retained, "the full reply being, 'We shall go to Lynn, and shall be shipped from thence to Flanders.'"

22. *Well guess'd,* etc. H. give this line to the King (the conjecture of Lettsom).

SCENE VI.—5. *Thy due fees.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 52 :

“Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks.”

Lord Campbell remarks that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation—a procedure that “could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge.”

6. *Challenge.* Claim; as in iv. 7. 23 below.

11. *My imprisonment.* Pope drops *my*, and H. reads “prisonment;” but there are countless similar examples of the light extra syllable in the line.

29. *Temper with the stars.* Yield to destiny, act in conformity with their fortune.

31. *In place.* Present. See on iv. i. 103 above.

55. *Be confiscate.* The first folio omits *be*, which Malone supplied. The 2d folio has “confiscated,” which S. never uses. The accent is generally on the first syllable, but sometimes on the second, as in *Cymb.* v. 5. 323: “And let it be confiscate all, so soon,” etc.

67. *Young Henry.* This boy, then in his tenth year, was son to Edward Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. He was half-brother to Henry VI., being the son of the king’s mother, Queen Katherine, widow of Henry V., by her second husband, Owen Tudor. He afterwards became Henry VII.

81. *Convey’d.* Carried off, kidnapped. Cf. the cant use of *convey*=steal, for which see *Rich. II.* p. 206. See also on *conveyance*, iii. 3. 160 above.

82. *Attended him.* That is, were waiting for him. See *Cor.* p. 217, or *Oth.* p. 188.

SCENE VII.—8. *Ravenspurg.* Then a flourishing port at the mouth of the Humber. See *Rich. II.* p. 178.

13. *Abodements.* “Bodements” (*T. and C.* v. 3. 80 and *Mach.* iv. 1. 96), or bad omens; used by S. only here. Cf. *aboding* in v. 6. 45 below.

23. *Challenge.* Claim; as in iv. 6. 6 above.

30. *Captain.* The Coll. MS. (followed by Coll. and H.) adds “he;” but *captain* may be a trisyllable (= *captain*), as Delius conjectures. Cf. *Mach.* i. 2. 34; and see also Gr. 477. Spenser (*F. Q.* ii. 11. 14) has “And evermore their wicked Capitayn;” and, again (*Id.* vi. 11. 3), “That he which was their Capitaine profest.”

32. *Long of.* Along of; but not to be printed “long of,” as it often is. See Wb. or Schmidt. “The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed” (Johnson).

57. *Shall.* Capell reads “should,” from the old play.

61. *Scrupulous wit.* “Policy that too scrupulously weighs chances” (Clarke).

64. *Bruit.* Report, rumour, as in *T. and C.* v. 9. 4, etc. Cf. *Fer.* x. 22.

80. *Horizon.* Apparently accented on the first syllable; the only instance of the word in S.

82. *Wot.* Know. See on ii. 2. 134 above.

83. *How evil it beseems.* How ill it becomes. For the adverbial *evil*, cf. *Hen. III.* i. 2. 207: "evil us'd." Pope omits *how*.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter . . . Exeter.* The folios give "*Somerset*," who had gone with Richmond to Brittany. The correction is due to Capell.

2. *Hasty.* Rash, or passionate; as *blunt* = rough, reckless. II. adopts Walker's conjecture of "lusty." For *blunt*, cf. v. 1. 86 below. See also *V. and A.* 884: "the blunt boar, rough bear," etc.

3. *The narrow seas.* The English Channel. See on i. 1. 239 above.

6. *Let 's levy men*, etc. "Dr. Johnson remarked that this line expresses a warlike spirit unsuitable to the character of Henry; and Malone, for this reason, and because in the old version the second speech is given to Oxford, assigned this line to him—an arrangement very generally followed to this day. But this line does not appear in any form in the old version, where Oxford's speech is,—

"T is best to look to this betimes
For if this fire do kindle any further
It will be hard for us to quench it out."

It will be seen that in the revised version the second and third lines are made the basis of the two-line speech assigned to Clarence, while for the first the line is substituted which is assigned to King Henry. And although it is so bellicose, and not improbably should be assigned to Oxford or some other lord, or made a part of Clarence's speech, under these circumstances the change would not be justifiable" (W.). We are inclined to agree with Coll., who says: "It is not inconsistent with the other speeches of the King in this scene, who seems by the intelligence to have been roused, at least in the commencement, to an unusual degree of energy."

8. *Suffer'd.* Allowed to burn. Cf. *V. and A.* 388:

"Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd. it will set the heart on fire."

25. *Troy's true hope.* Cf. ii. 1. 51 above.

37. *Doubt.* Fear. Cf. the verb in iv. 3. 19 above.

38. *Meed.* Merit; as in ii. 1. 36 above.

40. *Posted off.* Put off hastily or carelessly. Cf. "posted over" in 2 *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 255, and "o'erposting" in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 171.

43. *Water-flowing.* Flowing like water, copious; changed in the Coll. MS. (and by H.) to "bitter-flowing." Rann changes *tears* to "eyes" (Capell's conjecture).

51. *Shout within, 'A Lancaster, a Lancaster.'* H. and others adopt the conjecture of Johnson, "A York! a York!" but, as W. remarks, "it was part of Edward's plan that his soldiers should shout 'Long live King Henry!'"

52. *Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry*, etc. V. remarks: "This line is from the old play, and the epithet of 'shame-fac'd,' so portrait-like of the timid and fearful king, so characteristic of the speaker, so like Shakespeare's own manner of portraiture, is enough to counterbalance a hun-

dred small criticisms, and to stamp these scenes as from his hands,—even if other matters remind us that it was but ‘the ’prentice’s hand.’”

59. *Now remains.* As Mason remarks, Warwick has but just left the stage to go to Coventry (cf. 32 above), and Edward could hardly be supposed to know of his intention. Cf. the “time-analysis” of the play, p. 169 below.

60. *The sun shines hot,* etc. That is, we must “make hay while the sun shines.” H. transfers lines 60 and 61 to the end of the next speech (Lettsom’s conjecture).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—6. *Daintry.* Daventry. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 191, note on *Daventry.*

16. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter; as in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 6: “Thou trumpet, there’s my purse,” etc. *Parle* = parley (see *Hen. V.* p. 164).

18. *Unbid.* Unwelcome; accented on the first syllable because coming before the noun. Cf. *unborn* in *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 10, *unbound* in *R. and J.* i. 3. 87, etc.

20. *His repair.* His repairing or coming hither. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 228: “then repair hither,” etc.

33. *Do thee service.* Become thy servitor.

36. *Atlas.* The only allusion in S. to the world-sustaining giant.

44. *Deck.* Pack of cards. W. remarks that “the word was in use even in the last century.” It is not unknown now among card-players in this country.

45. *The bishop’s palace.* “The palace of the Bishop of London” (Malone).

48. *Take the time.* Improve the opportunity.

49. *Nay, when?* For *when?* as an exclamation of impatience, see *M. of V.* p. 141 (note on *What, Jessica?*), or *Temp.* p. 119 (on *Come, thou tortoise! when?*). Gr. 73a.

52. *To strike.* As to strike it. See on i. 4. 55 above.

68. *Buy.* That is, pay for. W. reads “by,” as the old play has “abie.” Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 165 (on *Aby*), and p. 171 (on *Buy*).

73. *Two of thy name.* Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Alban’s, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463 (Ritson).

81. *Taking the red rose out of his hat.* The stage-direction is not in the folios, but was supplied by Capell from the old play.

83. *Ruinate.* Cf. *R. of L.* 944: “To ruinate proud buildings;” *Sonn.* 10. 7: “Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,” etc.

84. *Lime.* “Cement” (Johnson); the only instance of this meaning in S.

85. *Trow’st thou.* Thinkest thou; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 38, etc.

86. *Blunt.* See on iv. 8. 2 above. Coll. conjectures “blind.”

106. *Passing.* Surpassing, egregious; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 17: “a passing shame,” etc.

SCENE II.—2. *A bug that fear'd.* A bugbear that frightened. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 211: "Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs," etc. For *fear*, see also on iii. 3. 226 above.

13. *Ramfing.* Rampant. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 153: "a ramping cat," etc.

14. *Overpeer'd.* Looked down upon. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 11: "In yonder tower to overpeer the city," etc.

26. *But my body's length.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 152:

"And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

44. *Clamour.* The folios misprint "cannon;" corrected by Warb. from the old play.

45. *Might.* The folios have "mought," which the Camb. editors retain. The form is still in vulgar use.

SCENE III.—5. *Sun.* Alluding to the heraldic cognizance of the king. See *Rich. III.* p. 180.

8. *Arriv'd.* For the transitive use, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 110: "But ere we could arrive the point propos'd," etc. Steevens quotes Milton, *P. L.* ii. 409:

"ere he arrive
The happy isle."

14. *Valued.* Reckoned, estimated.

18. *Advertis'd.* For the accent, see on ii. 1. 116 above.

21. *Rids way.* Gets rid of distance, or does away with it.

SCENE IV.—*Enter Queen Margaret,* etc. This scene is greatly amplified from that in the old play, which stands thus:

"*Queen.* Welcome to England, my loving friends of France.
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consum'd,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post
That bears the sails to bring us unto rest,
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallow'd up our friends.

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
Amongst us a timorous or fearful man,
Let him depart before the battles join,
Lest he in time of need entice another,
And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
I will not stand aloof and bid you fight.
But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body as witness of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolve,
And warriors faint! why 't were perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long mayst thou live
To bear his image, and to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turns and flies when such do fight.
Let him to bed, and like the owl by day
Be hiss'd and wonder'd at if he arise."

2. *Cheerly.* Cheerfully. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 162, note on *Thou lookest cheerly.*

9. *To that which hath too much.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 48 :

"giving the sum of more
To that which hath too much."

18. *Tacklings.* A trisyllable. Gr. 477. Pope adds "still."

27. *Ragged.* The folios have "raged;" corrected by Rowe.

34. *If case.* If it be the case. The 4th folio has "in case," which H. and some others adopt.

71. *Wot.* Know. See on ii. 2. 134 above.

75. *My eyes.* The folios have "my eye," and the old play "mine eyes."

82. *Fight.* Pope chooses to read "battle."

SCENE V.—1. *Now, here.* Capell reads "Lo, here" (from the old play).

2. *Hames.* The spelling of the folios and the old play. Rowe reads "Hammes," Hanmer "Holmes," and Delius "Ham's." The castle meant is that of Ham in Picardy, the same in which Louis Napoleon was confined for six years. The present fortress was built in 1470 on the site of an earlier one erected previous to 1226.

16. *Turn'd me to.* Put me to. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "the teen that I have turn'd you to."

24. *Breech.* Breeches; the only instance of the singular in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 149:

"Though in this place most master wear no breeches."

25. *Æsop.* A hit at Richard's deformity. The old fabulist is said to have been hunch-backed.

V. remarks here: "There is little alteration in this scene from the old play, where the high spirit of the young Prince, and the brief but strongly marked notices of the other characters, are given with a truly Shakespearian effect. It is, too, well worthy of remark, that the fine and animated dramatic effect and personal interest obtained by young Edward's there exhibiting the courage and spirit of his mother, without her vices, instead of his appearing to inherit the meek virtues of his father, is quite original in this play; there being no part of his character, in this respect, in the old historians."

26. *Sort.* Suit, agree. See on ii. 1. 209 above.

31. *Charm your tongue.* Stop your tongue, as by a charm or spell. See *Oth.* p. 207.

50. *The Tower! the Tower!* The folios omit the first *The*; supplied by Capell.

56. *In respect.* In comparison with him. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 10: "Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but a cobbler."

63. *You have no children,* etc. V. remarks: "This is from the old

play, which has 'You have no children, devils!' Judge Blackstone notes that the poet repeats the same thought in Macduff's lament for his murdered children. This is done with the same sort of variation which Shakespeare is wont to use in repeating a favourite thought, and indicates at least, if it does not absolutely prove, that he was using his own original materials. The speech stands thus in the old play:

'Queen. Ah, Ned, speak to thy mother, boy:
Ah, thou canst not speak.
Traitors, tyrants, bloody homicides,
They that stab'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in respect a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than tyrant that I may not name?
You have no children, devils, if you had
The thought of them would then have stopp'd your rage:
But if you ever hope to have a son,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off.
As, traitors, you have done this sweet young prince.'"

64. *Remorse*. Pity. See on iii. i. 40 above.

67. *Have rid*. Have made way with, have destroyed. Cf. *Temp.* p. 119. See also v. 3. 21 above.

75. *Thou usest*. You are accustomed. See *A. Y. L.* p. 156.

77, 78. The 1st folio reads:

"Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?
Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?"

which is followed substantially by the other folios. The first *Richard* is clearly accidental, as the old play shows.

Theo. (followed by H.) thinks it necessary to read "devil-butcher," as *devil's butcher* "is *kill-devil*;" and he adds, "rare news for the free thinkers, if there were any grounds for depending on it!" Johnson remarks that *devil's butcher* (which is the reading of the old play also) "is a butcher set on by the devil," which would be superfluous information if the expression had not been criticised.

Hard-favour'd = hard-featured, ugly. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 207.

84. *All in post*. All in haste. Cf. iii. 3. 222 above.

86. *Sudden*. Hasty, rash.

SCENE VI.—10. *Roscus*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 410: "When Roscius was an actor in Rome—" Hanmer reads "Richard," which Warb. had suggested on the ground that Roscius was a comedian; but Stevens cites many contemporaneous references to him as a tragedian. Malone adds the evidence of Quintilian, who says of him, "hic tragoedias egit."

13. *Lim'd*. Ensnared with bird-lime. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 142.

14. *Misdoubteth*. Suspects, distrusts. Cf. *M. W.* ii. i. 192: "I do not misdoubt my wife," etc.

15. *Male to one sweet bird*. That is, father of one sweet child.

16. *Object*. That is, the *bush*, to which he compares Richard. This explains also the following *Where*.

18. *Peevish*. Childish, silly. See *Hen. V.* p. 171. In the old play the passage reads thus:

“Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.”

D. and H. read “fowl” for *fool* in 20.

26. *Not with words.* Cf. ii. 1. 99 above.

34. *Presumption.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 6 above.

38. *No parcel of my fear.* “No part of what my fears presage” (Johnson).

39. 40. *And many . . . cye.* H. omits these two lines, believing that “the first writing and the correction intended as a substitute for it both got jumbled in together.”

41. *Fate.* This word and the following *And* are not in the 1st folio, but are supplied by the 2d. W. remarks: “The lines here are irregular in the old version, and appear to have been carefully rewritten on the revision; and the construction of the two preceding lines, to which these two parenthetical lines are plainly intended to conform, warrants the emendation.”

45. *Aboding.* Boding; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 93. Cf. *abodements* in iv. 7. 13 above.

47. *Rook'd her.* Squatted herself. Coll. quotes *The Fardle of Fashions*, 1555: “After a mooste comely sorte she rucketh downe upon the grounde, not muche unlike the sitting of our gentlewomen oftentimes here in England.”

48. *Discord.* The folio has “discords,” but W. is clearly right in restoring the “discord” of the old play.

51. *Indigested.* Shapeless; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 157. Cf. *indigest* in *Sonn.* 114. 5. The folio has “To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe;” and the old play “To wit: an vndigest created lumpe.” The “To wit,” as D. remarks, seems to have been accidentally retained in rewriting the line.

79. After this line Theo. inserted from the old play: “I had no father, I am like no father.”

80. *Brother.* The word is used in a figurative sense, of course; and, as Clarke remarks, “there is also a fine bold play upon the word, as marking that the speaker owns no tie of brotherhood or affectionate fraternity with either Edward or Clarence, who are merely born his brothers.”

85. *Sort.* Sort out, find out. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 203.

86. *Buzz.* Whisper. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 171.

SCENE VII.—1. *In.* Changed by Rowe to “on;” but in iv. 3. 64 above he leaves the old text: “seated in the regal throne.” Cf. also i. 1. 22, 84, and 125.

6. *For.* As being. Gr. 148. *Undoubted*=fearless; as Schmidt and W. explain it. Capell conjectures “redoubted.”

18. *Went.* It is remarkable that some meddlesome editor has not “corrected” this to “Gone.”

25. *Work thou the way,—and that shall execute.* As Johnson and Ma-

lone have noted, *thou* must refer to his head, which he touches; and *that* to his *hand*, which he indicates by some appropriate gesture. *That* may, however, refer to *shoulder*, as W. makes it. The 1st and 2d folios have "that shalt," and the old play (followed by Capell and others) "thou shalt."

30. *Thanks, noble Clarence*, etc. "The folio assigns this line to Clarence, with a new prefix, '*Cl.*,' which is evidently a misprint of '*Qu.*;' for the line is assigned to her in the old version, and most appropriately, when Clarence kisses her son in token of reconciliation. Theobald restored it to her. In King Charles I.'s copy, however, his majesty, in the plenary exercise of his royal prerogative, and in ignorance of the old version, changed *Cl.* to *King*, which Steevens discovering, that distribution was loyally adopted, and has hitherto been preserved, although in defiance of authority, and in opposition to the finer significance of the speech" (W.).

34. *Whens*. See on i. 2. 74 above.

39. *Sicils*. See on i. 4. 122 above.

40. *Sent it*. That is, the money thus raised.

41. *Wafl*. Cf. iii. 3. 253 above.

42. *Rests*. Remains; as in i. 2. 44 and iv. 2. 13 above.

43. *Triumphs*. Pageants. See *T. G. of V.* p. 153, note on *With triumphs*, etc.

44. *Befits*. Changed by Pope to "befit."

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1877-79, p. 323) as follows:

"Time of this play, 20 days represented on the stage; with intervals: suggesting a period in all of say 12 months.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i.

Interval: March of the Queen from London to join with her allies, etc.

" 2. Act I. sc. ii.-iv.

Interval: rather more than ten days.*

" 3. Act II. sc. i.

Interval: The march to York.

* "At the beginning of the next scene 'Enter Edward, Richard, and their power,' newly escaped, apparently from the battle of Wakefield. They are yet ignorant of their father's fate when a messenger arrives to tell them of his death. 'Enter one blowing,' is the stage-direction of the folio when this messenger makes his appearance, and we must imagine that he also has but just fled from the battle; yet a few minutes afterwards, when Warwick and Montague join them, we learn that to Warwick the news of York's death is *ten days old*; and that since then, with King Henry in his custody, he has encountered the Queen at St. Alban's and been defeated—the King escaping to the Queen—and Warwick, with George of York and the Duke of Norfolk, are come in post-haste to the marches, having heard that Edward was 'making another head to fight again.'"

Day 4. Act II. sc. ii.-vi.

Interval: during which we are to suppose the flight of Henry and Margaret to Scotland; the departure thence of the latter to France; the coronation of King Edward, and the departure of Warwick on his embassy to France.

" 5. Act III. sc. i.

Interval: the journey of the captive King Henry to London.

" 6. Act III. sc. ii.

Interval: marriage of King Edward, and journey of the messenger to the French Court.

" 7. Act III. sc. iii.

Interval: return of Edward's messenger from France.

" 8. Act IV. sc. i.

Interval: a few 'dramatic' days, perhaps

" 9. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.

Interval: time for news of these events to reach London.

" 10. Act IV. sc. iv.

Interval: some weeks probably.

" 11. Act IV. sc. v.

Interval: time for news of Edward's escape to reach London.

" 12. Act IV. sc. vi.

Interval: return of Edward from Flanders.

" 13. Act IV. sc. vii.

Interval.

" 14. Act IV. sc. viii. [to line 32].

Interval.

" 15. Act IV. sc. viii. [line 32 to end].*

Interval: march of Edward from London to Coventry.

" 16. Act V. sc. i.

Interval: march from Coventry to Barnet.

" 17. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.

Interval: march from Barnet to Tewksbury.

" 18. Act V. sc. iv. and v.

Interval: Gloster's journey from Tewksbury to London.

" 19. Act V. sc. vi. †

" 20. Act V. sc. vii.

"The historic period here dramatized commences on the day of the battle of St. Alban's, 23d May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22d May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475."

* "The probability of the plot absolutely requires a separate scene here; otherwise we have Henry talking of his forces which are not yet levied as in existence, and Edward speaking of Warwick, who has only just left the stage, as now remaining at Coventry."

† "Notwithstanding Gloster's intention to make a bloody supper in the Tower on the night of Tewksbury, I incline to give a separate day to this scene. The dramatist, perhaps, would not have been prevented by the odd 130 miles between the two places from including this and the preceding scene in one day, but he has suggested a certain lapse of time by making Henry acquainted, evidently before the appearance of Gloster, with the fatal result of Tewksbury fight, and the murder of his young son which followed it. I mark, therefore, a separate day for this scene, and an interval between it and the last."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King Henry: i. 1(75); ii. 2(23), 5(78); iii. 1(60); iv. 6(46), 8(22); v. 6(49). Whole no. 362.

Edward: i. 1(5), 2(9); ii. 1(40), 2(38), 3(15), 6(23); iii. 2(57); iv. 1(63), 3(11), 5(8), 7(43), 8(10); v. 1(28), 2(4), 3(16), 4(6), 5(23), 7(30). Whole no. 429.

King Lewis: iii. 3(66). Whole no. 66.

Somerset: iv. 1(1), 3(1), 6(13); v. 1(1), 2(12), 4(4), 5(1). Whole no. 33.

Exeter: i. 1(12); ii. 5(3); iv. 8(2). Whole no. 17.

Oxford: iii. 3(19); iv. 3(2), 6(2), 8(1); v. 1(1), 2(1), 4(8), 5(1). Whole no. 35.

Clifford: i. 1(18), 3(26), 4(13); ii. 2(46), 4(7), 6(30). Whole no. 140.

Richard: i. 1(6), 2(21); ii. 1(65), 2(20), 3(13), 4(6), 6(23); iii. 2(93); iv. 1(22), 5(18), 7(12), 8(3); v. 1(19), 3(4), 5(12), 6(44), 7(9). Whole no. 390.

Prince Edward: i. 1(4); ii. 2(8), 5(3); iii. 3(6); v. 4(12), 5(13). Whole no. 46.

Rutland: i. 3(24). Whole no. 24.

George: ii. 7(7), 3(11), 6(3); iii. 2(8); iv. 1(24), 2(1), 6(9), 8(3); v. 1(22), 3(4), 5(7), 7(6). Whole no. 105.

York: i. 1(37), 2(37), 4(99). Whole no. 173.

Norfolk: i. 1(3). Whole no. 3.

Montague: i. 1(5), 2(3); iv. 1(5), 8(1); v. 1(1). Whole no. 15.

Warwick: i. 1(45); ii. 1(80), 2(5), 3(17), 6(31); iii. 3(91); iv. 2(28), 3(28), 6(22), 8(22); v. 1(34), 2(33). Whole no. 436.

Northumberland: i. 1(13), 4(15); ii. 2(2). Whole no. 30.

Westmoreland: i. 1(11). Whole no. 11.

Hastings: iv. 1(8), 5(2), 7(10). Whole no. 20.

John Mortimer: i. 2(1). Whole no. 1.

Rivers: iv. 4(7). Whole no. 7.

Montgomery: iv. 7(14). Whole no. 14.

Somerville: v. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

Tutor: i. 3(3). Whole no. 3.

Mayor: iv. 7(5). Whole no. 5.

Lieutenant: iv. 6(3). Whole no. 3.

Nobleman: iii. 2(2). Whole no. 2.

1st Keeper: iii. 1(18). Whole no. 18.

2d Keeper: iii. 1(14). Whole no. 14.

Son: ii. 5(22). Whole no. 22.

Father: ii. 5(27). Whole no. 27.

1st Messenger: i. 2(4); ii. 1(24), 2(6); v. 1(1), 4(2). Whole no. 37.

2d Messenger: v. 1(1). Whole no. 1.

Post: iii. 3(4); iv. 1(18), 6(7). Whole no. 29.

1st Watchman: iv. 3(8). Whole no. 8.

2d Watchman: iv. 3(7). Whole no. 7.

3d Watchman: iv. 3(9). Whole no. 9.

Huntsman: iv. 5(2). Whole no. 2.

Soldier: iv. 7(3). Whole no. 3.

Queen Margaret: i. 1(42), 4(53); ii. 2(22), 5(6); iii. 3(73); v. 4(50), 5(33). Whole no. 279.

Lady Grey: iii. 2(36); iv. 1(8), 4(28); v. 7(1). Whole no. 73.

Bona: iii. 3(9). Whole no. 9.

"*All*": iv. 2(1), 7(1), 8(1). Whole no. 3.

Sir Hugh Mortimer is on the stage in i. 2, the *Earl of Pembroke* and *Lord Stafford* in iv. 1, *Sir William Stanley* in iv. 5, and *Henry* (*Earl of Richmond*) in iv. 6; but they do not speak.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(273), 2(75), 3(52), 4(180); ii. 1(209), 2(177), 3(56), 4(13), 5(139), 6(110); iii. 1(101), 2(195), 3(265); iv. 1(149), 2(30), 3(64), 4(35), 5(29), 6(102), 7(88), 8(65); v. 1(113), 2(50), 3(24), 4(82), 5(90), 6(93), 7(46). Whole number of lines in the play, 2905.



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